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SCENE IN THE BAZAAR.

DAMASCUS AND PALMYRA:

A JOURNEY TO THE EAST.

WITH A SKETCH OF

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF SYRIA,

UNDER IBRAHIM PASHA.

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BY CHARLES G. ADDISON,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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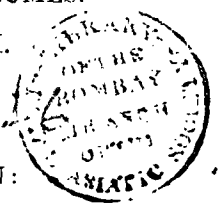

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A JOURNEY TO THE EAST.

ERRATA.

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Page 5, line 2, for "were" read "was."
184, Latin quotation, for "perellis" read "puellis."
287, line 5, for "strikes" read "strike."
341, line 17, for "eastern" read "western."
402, line 6, for "were" read "was."

A JOURNEY,

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

COAST OF SYRIA.—MOUNT LEBANON.—BEIROUT.—LAZARETTO.—GREEK AND DRUSE WOMEN.—EMIR BESHIR—DISARMING THE DRUSES.—DEIR EL KAMMAR.—IBRAHIM PASHA.—EMIRS' CASTLE AND COURT.—DRUSES.—MARONITES.—METUALIES.

"Libanus frondosa cacumina turget."

RUFUS AVIENUS.

1835. SEPT. 19th, six, A.M.—I was called to come on deck, as we were in sight of land, and looking along the water, I exclaimed, *where?* You are looking too *low*, said the captain, smiling, and lifting his hand into the heavens, he bade me mark the pointed summits of Mount Lebanon towering above the distant blue haze, and appearing of gigantic altitude. It was the grandest scene ima-

ginable; the bases of the mountains were invisible, nought but the blue peaks and waving ridges could be seen towering aloft, behind which the sun was rising in a flood of splendour.

Ten, A.M.—We are nearing the shore rapidly, and can observe the trees along the sloping sides of the range of Lebanon with the telescope;—very hot, and a dead calm.

Eleven, A.M.—Close alongside the mountains; there appear to be some magnificent firs on the summit, groves of trees, and a little village, seated on one of the loftiest ridges.

At twelve o'clock we cast anchor in the bay of Beirout, in front of a long promontory rising gradually from the water, covered with a luxuriant vegetation, above which rose the minarets and towers of the town, surrounded by gardens and groves of mulberry trees. A boat with a guard putting off from the shore, informed us we were in quarantine, and forbad any of us to land.

Three, P.M.—The Pasha's aide-du-camp has come off with the pleasing intelligence that we have been condemned to pass seven days' quarantine, as we have come from places lately infected with the plague.

Five, P.M.—We rowed in a boat to the Lazaretto, situated on a lofty rocky promontory, con-

sisting of inclosures, and stone buildings lately erected by Ibrahim Pasha. We chose two rooms en suite, opening upon a fenced court, with earthen floors and mere bare walls. Just after sunset a rich crimson glow gradually spread over the whole western horizon, against which, in strong relief, about two miles distant, appeared the sombre towers of the castle and the masts and rigging of the ships at anchor, while two long rays or pyramidal columns of light, tinged with the faintest purple, shot upwards nearly to the zenith.

Sept. 20th.—We had a glorious sunrise, and several of us jumped off the paddle-box into the sea, not without some apprehension, on my part, of the sharks.

Three, P.M.—We took our last dinner on board and bade adieu to some of our old friends, who were going on to Alexandria and to the sandy deserts of Egypt. At sunset we proceeded to take up our quarters at the Lazaretto. There was a heavy swell, and we missed our way. After rowing among breakers and rocks for some time, with the white foam glistening around us, we arrived at the landing-place, and after a parley with the guards about the lateness of the hour, were allowed to land, surrounded by officers with sticks, who, with loud shouts, warned us from

touching the infected merchandize that was piled up on either hand. We mustered eight Englishmen, besides servants, a large and formidable party for exploring the country.

On arriving at the Lazaretto, we found a cheerful fire blazing in our court, and the servants busily prepared in cooking suppers. Our carpets were spread on the ground, our travelling beds laid down on them, musquitto curtains unpacked, trunks arranged for seats, and in an hour the bare miserable rooms were made to assume a great air of domesticity and comfort.

Sept. 21st, seven, A.M.—We plunged from the rocks into the sea, which was clear as crystal, and filled with large fish. The Lazaretto commands the most glorious scenery; to the west we see the minarets, the towers, the gardens, and mulberry groves of Beirout rising over the waters; to the north the wide expanse of the Mediterranean; and to the east the lofty and picturesque chain of Lebanon. There is a large circuit of ground attached to it, and those who cannot afford to pay for rooms are obliged to pitch tents.

Sept. 23d.—We had a glorious scene this morning at sunrise; the summits of the range of Lebanon were wreathed round with snow white morning mists, above which, here and there, a

blue peak appeared, while the vast range of mountains were thrown back in deep shade; and on the opposite side the sunbeams sparkled on the waters, and shone on the minarets, castle, and houses of the town. In the course of the morning we received a visit from the captain of the steamer and the rest of our friends on board, who determined to wait and take pratique, finding that if they do not, they will not be allowed to land at any of the other ports.

A young wild Turk, who came into quarantine with us, and remained in a corner of our court-yard, often amused himself with firing a brace of immense pistols, and as the boat containing the captain and our friends pulled past the rocks, he discharged a pistol containing *four balls* directly at them, and one ball, passing through the whole party in the boat, lodged in the stern sheets, just between the captain's legs, who was steering. Our party immediately assembled, and in great indignation demanded that punishment should be inflicted on the body of the offender according to the laws of the country. Here, however, a great difficulty occurred; for the impudent rogue being in quarantine, none durst touch him except those of our party who had the same length of quarantine to pass that he had. Under these circumstances, we were

obliged to content ourselves with ejecting him from our quarter, with abusive epithets, sticks, and stones, &c.

Sept. 24th.—Bathed as usual. Several Greek and Druse women, dressed in a costume similar to the *indoor* costume of the Turkish ladies, came to pray at a little Greek church on the confines of our ground of exercise. They had wide flowing trousers of a rich figured pattern, loose robes trailing behind, with the vest open at the bosom, loose sleeves lapping down, richly embroidered, a shawl wound round their waists, and long hair hanging down their backs nearly to their heels. There were some very pretty young girls among them; they had veils, but as they were left to fall back over their shoulders, and no attempt was made to conceal their faces, we had a good opportunity of studying their countenances. Near the Lazaretto is shewn a small mosque, where it is said St. George killed the dragon; likewise a stain on the plaster of the wall made by the soap-suds wherewith the saint washed his hands after the victory! The Christians make St. George contemporary with Mahomet, and a dispute once occurring on the subject, the affirmative parties asked their opponents if they would be convinced by a miracle. The reply being favourable, a gentleman

of Beirout went in the night and buried a goat's skin full of water on the spot, but the pigs came and rooted it up, and the next morning, when a large concourse assembled to witness the experiment, the trick was exposed, to the horror of the affirmatives, and the opposite party immediately claimed the victory.

Sept. 25th.—News have just arrived from Beirout, that the soldiers have all marched off to the mountains to reinforce Ibrahim Pasha, who fears an insurrection of the Druses. We are to go out of quarantine to-morrow, and the doctor has just been to look at us; he made us stand in a row about three feet from him, and put out our tongues for him to examine.

The weather is heavenly, and the nights are most lovely; we are obliged to get under cover during the middle of the day, and creep under our musquitto nets to escape the flies, which are troublesome, but the mornings and evenings are delicious. Upon a wicker bench that has been placed in front of our court-yard, we sit and watch the bright sun sinking into the glowing waters of the Mediterranean, and the stars as they successively rise from behind the eastern mountains, or disappear in the dusky bank of fog that gradually gathers along the western horizon.

What a deep silence and settled tranquillity reign always along sea and shore, and what a balmy softness pervades the air!

Sept. 26th.—Left the quarantine early in the morning, and walked to Beirout along the sea-shore, through luxuriant hedges of the cactus or Indian fig, and amid gardens *riant* in the beauties of eastern vegetation, and shaded by trees of peculiar foliage;—wild flowers in places decked the banks, and on each side of the road were seen the beautiful blossoms of the squill plant, used in England for colds. We entered the town through a narrow arched gateway guarded by Egyptian soldiers, and wandered through crowded bazaars to a very tolerable inn kept by an Italian.

Beirout is for its size superior in point of architecture to the Turkish towns I have seen; the streets are much cleaner, and are not encumbered with the pools of filth usually met with in them. The principal houses are built of stone, something similar to Rhodes. In the evening we went up to the palace of Suleiman Pasha, a French colonel of Napoleon's army, an exile from his country. He has abjured his religion and turned Mussulman, and has obtained the pashalik of Beirout, having been for some time an efficient officer in Ibrahim Pasha's army. The scenery from this spot

and from all the eminences around, is most lovely. The undulating ground covered with green mulberry-trees slopes down to the sea, and across a wide gulph is seen the lofty range of Lebanon, the two highest points of which have exactly the appearance of snow-mountains,—I suppose from the colour of the soil at the summit. At sunset the most beautiful purple tint was spread along the whole chain.

Near this spot two antient mosaic pavements have been lately discovered and barbarously destroyed by the European consuls, who attempted to remove them; some of the fragments which I saw, appeared similar to the mosaics of Pompeii. There have also lately been found in this neighbourhood some fine sarcophagi and some valuable coins and gems. Close to the Pasha's castle are ruins of a substantial wall, supposed to be of the time of Herod the Great, and some small fragments of shattered columns may be seen scattered about on the hill,—remnants of the antient Berytus. Very few women are to be seen in the streets, which have a very dull appearance from the gloomy stone houses of which they are formed, and from the scarcity of shops. There are a great many Franks to be seen, missionaries, and merchants; and the sight of round hats and short

coats always sadly destroys the oriental character of a place.

Sept. 27th.—Outside the gates, close to our hotel, is a large burying-ground, running along the cliffs that overhang the sea; a most lovely spot, commanding a fine view of the town, its rich environs, the wide expanse of water, and the long line of mountains. In the centre stands a large dark sombre tree, and some solitary females may generally be seen hanging over a tomb, or placing sprigs of myrtle and flowers on the graves. On one stands a little pot of myrtle, and in the marble covering of another are small holes grooved, in which are placed evergreen plants and sweet-smelling flowers. Here the Moslem women resort on Fridays, the day of their sabbath, and seat themselves on the graves of their husbands and relations, bringing with them these interesting offerings, and keeping alive the remembrance of a long-cherished affection.

We went to see the manufactory of silk sashes, which are much esteemed, and are exported to different parts of the east. They are worn round the waist and are a great support to the loins in these hot enervating climates. In the evening, we walked by different winding footpaths through the mulberry-groves that encircle Beirout, these

are all young and not more than ten or eleven feet high, being constantly cut down, as the tender and juicy leaves on the young twigs afford the best nourishment to the young silk worms; numerous houses are scattered through the grove, at the doors of which were women spinning, and fine children with long braided hair were playing among the trees. By the side of the fountain were crowds of girls with their water-pitchers on their heads, and men with donkeys loaded with skins, waiting to fill them with the precious element. A fine fountain or well is indeed a treasure in these hot thirsty countries; it is usually made a pleasant place of resort, where the women lay aside their general reserve, and letting slip the veil from their faces, laugh and talk without restraint; while the men, softened by the sociability of the moment, puff clouds of smoke from their pipes, and civilly salute the Frank traveller as he passes.

We continued onwards through a labyrinth of paths intersecting each other, through lanes bordered by enormous cactuses bending over and forming a canopy above, and arriving on the summit of the hills, we looked over a rich screen of foliage, on the deep blue sea, and on the

glorious view that spreads around in every direction. We returned through a large open space planted with trees, outside the walls, filled with picturesque groups. There were men in white turbans and gay scarlet dresses smoking under the trees; women wrapped up in embroidered muslin veils, and some with their features concealed in a sort of long bag, hanging from the face down to the girdle. The Druse women are the most striking, as they have a long silver horn projecting from the forehead, from a foot and a half to two feet in length, supporting a veil that falls down on each side of the face. We passed some ruined arches and a picturesque Saracenic tower.

Sept. 28th.—This morning we received a visit from Suleiman Pasha's aide-du-camp, who brings us the news of Ibrahim Pasha's sudden and unexpected arrival at Deir el Kammar, the capital of the Druse country in the vicinity of Beirout, for the purpose of disarming the Druse and Christian population of the mountains, under the jurisdiction of the Emir Beshir, at Bteddin.

The Emir Beshir is of an old Arab family, which has for some time past reigned over the mountain population of Lebanon. He possesses

great influence over the Druses, and has frequently, from the number of armed mountaineers that he can bring into the field, rendered himself nearly independent.

At a distance from the central government, his friendship has been sought by rival Pashas. On the breaking out of the war between the Sultan and Mohammed Ali, he was induced from policy to join himself to the winning party, yet his conduct has always been doubtful, and he has been considered to have a leaning towards the Sultan.

Soon after Ibrahim Pasha had established himself in Syria, to render his authority more secure, and to repress the lawless disposition of the people, which indisposed them to settled government, he caused the whole Syrian population to be disarmed, and forbad weapons of any kind to be carried about the person. After some resistance, this was effected; but the whole Druse and Christian population of the mountains, the hardiest and most warlike of the people, still remained with arms in their hands; and the Emir Beshir could at any time collect ten or fifteen thousand armed men from the villages and towns among the mountain districts. As these men and their prince were doubtfully affected towards Ibrahim Pasha, the necessity of disarming them was evident; and it only

remained a question of time, to avoid the opposition of the Emir, and an insurrection, which once excited, might in the discontented and unsettled state of Syria, be productive of serious consequences. Ibrahim Pasha had spent the summer at Antioch, and on the northern frontier, strengthening his posts and quelling local disturbances.

Syria was tranquil, and he was on an amicable footing with the Emir. Suddenly, he dispatches orders to some newly arrived regiments from Egypt, and to all the garrisons in Syria, to march on Bteddin, the residence of the Emir Beshir, and Deir el Kammar, the capital of the Druse country, about two miles distant from each other. He sends to the Pashas of Damascus, Beirout, and Acre, to meet him there with the forces under their command, and so arranges his orders, that 16,000 men are assembled in one day at Deir el Kammar, in the heart of the Druse country.

The Pasha first, however, writes to the Emir, ordering him to disarm the Druses, then shortly afterwards sends a message saying that he is coming himself to assist him; and before the poor Emir, taken by surprise, has had time to deliberate, he finds himself surrounded by an overwhelming force, and all resistance hopeless.

News of these events have just arrived in

Beirout, and have created great sensation; many are prophesying a general insurrection, saying that the Druses are too spirited tamely to submit, and that the rest of Syria will rise, now that the troops are drawn off to the mountains. We are determined to go to the scene of action and see the Pasha.

Sept. 29th.—Our party, with the exception of invalids and their attendants, left Beirout at sunrise, and the following is a sketch of the expedition.

We crossed the plain, and stopping under the shade of a tree to breakfast, were startled by a horseman, apparently Turkish, riding up, who asked in English to partake of our fare. It was an English engineer in the service of the Pasha, just returned from Bteddin.

We ascended the mountains by a succession of terraces, which formed quite a staircase; the scenery was very striking, and the secluded Druse villages among the mountains very romantic.

The mountains here are cut into terraces, to prevent the soil being washed away by the rains, and many parts are well and carefully cultivated.

We met strings of donkeys laden with the arms of the poor Druses being sent into Beirout; arms that had descended as heirlooms from father to son, and were almost as much cherished as life

itself. It was a beautiful evening, and at sunset a warm brilliant colouring was spread over the landscape. We slept at a miserable house among the mountains, and in the middle of the night about 1000 soldiers arrived, and by their noise deprived us of all rest.

Sept. 30th.—We arrived at Deir el Kammar after a short journey through the mountains. The village, or town, is situated on a declivity at the top of the valley, and the country round about was covered with tents and soldiers bivouacking.

We sought out the quarters of Suleiman, Pacha of Beirout, and were presented to him by our friend, his aid-du-camp. He received us in the oriental fashion, placing his hand upon his breast, spoke to us in French, apologized for there being no chairs in the room, and manifested all the politeness and vivacity of a Frenchman. Pipes and coffee were brought in. He asked the latest news from Constantinople, spoke of the prospects of Syria, and remarked, that if the European nations would leave Ibrahim Pasha alone, he would remodel the whole Ottoman empire.

Our party afterwards proceeded to seek out Osman, or Omar Effendi, a young Arab who had been sent to Cambridge by Ibrahim Pasha, and had there formed an acquaintance with one of our friends.

He spoke English with perfect fluency, ordered in pipes and coffee, and said that the Pasha was then asleep, but that as soon as he awoke the object of our journey should be communicated to him.

After some time it being announced that the Pasha was ready to receive us, we walked to a small house and were ushered into a mean looking room, at one end of which, in a low chair, sat Ibrahim Pasha; by his side were Suleiman Pasha of Beirout, and Schereef Pasha of Damascus; several officers in the Nizam dress, and some slaves were standing around.

Ibrahim is a short man, inclined to corpulence, with a large head, scanty whiskers, grey moustachios, and he is pitted with the small-pox. Putting his hand on his breast he saluted us, and motioned us to be seated. There was a remarkable plainness and simplicity in every thing about him. His attendants were dressed in the usual military costume, and he himself was attired in Mamlouk trousers, with a closely buttoned vest and loose jacket, perfectly plain, without embroidery or jewels, and with a red tarbouche on his head. He appears about forty, and has a remarkably piercing eye, which he half closes, casting round the room a keen searching glance, which seems to read the

very soul. Coffee was handed round, and Omar Effendi acted as interpreter.

The Pasha inquired the object of our travelling, commented on our arrival in a steamer, spoke in high terms of the mode of conveyance, but complained of the jarring sensation. He said he should be happy to assist us in attaining the object of our travels; and on our expressing a wish for a Firman, he ordered one to be made out commanding all governors to protect and assist us, and to furnish us with an escort of soldiers in case of need. He said, if he arrived in Damascus before we quitted it, he would be happy to see us again, and would send us across to Palmyra with some troops whom he was going to despatch thither; advised us not to think of going to Djerash without taking an escort, as he could not answer for our safety any where on the other side of the Jordan.

Coffee being handed round, we understood it in the oriental sense as a permission to depart.

It was curious to see so great and powerful a person as Ibrahim Pasha, with the rulers of three great pashaliks trembling at his nod, living in mean quarters in a private house of the village, while the old Emir Beshir remained in his handsome Saracenic castle at Bteddin, surrounded by

oriental pomp, too much neglected by Ibrahim Pasha, say the Syrians, who, instead of moving at the slow pompous march so agreeable to the inflated dignity of orientals, flies over the country with one or two attendants, now here and now there, sleeping in hovels with a carpet wrapped round his body, and appearing when he is least expected, so that he is called *Lightning* by the native Arabs.

We had expressed a wish before Ibrahim Pasha to see the Emir Beshir in order to sound him, fearing lest the visit might not be agreeable to him, but he immediately approved of it, and ordered his secretary to write out a small note, which we were to present.

Leaving Deir el Kammar, we perceived the whole country covered with tents and troops bivouacking. The situation of the Saracenic Castle of the Emir, on a bold eminence at the end of the valley, about half an hour's walk from Deir el Kammar, is most romantic. It is placed amid the solitude of the mountains, between two of which a lovely burst is obtained of the sea far below. The irregular buildings and domes, the courts, arcades, and pointed arches of the palace, suddenly broke upon the eye from their commanding situation with the greatest effect. We

entered a wide quadrangle paved with marble, cooled by a large fountain, and surrounded by buildings and courts, bordered by arcades and porticos. Attendants in rich dresses and richly caparisoned Arab horses were standing about. After delivering our letter and waiting a short time, we were conducted up a staircase to an open corridor or verandah, supported by slight painted columns and ornamented with arabesque paintings and lattice work, and were shortly introduced by some gaily dressed attendants through an antechamber, into a long saloon paved with marble and surrounded by rich figured divans. The floor of the upper part of the room was raised and covered with rich carpets, and at the end, on a handsome divan, sat the Emir. The lower portion of the apartment was filled with officers and attendants in flowing oriental dresses.

A more patriarchal, venerable, and majestic figure than the Emir Beshir can scarcely be imagined. He is a fine old man, near ninety years of age, with long white whiskers flowing down on each side of his face, and terminating in a snow white beard of great length. His air and manner were most princely and court-like; placing his hand on his breast he bent to us all round, and requested us to be seated.

Black slaves in scarlet dresses presented pipes, placing one hand on their breast and making a low obeisance with their bodies as we took them; they were adorned with magnificent amber mouth-pieces set in jewels. Cups of sherbet were handed round by slaves, from which we had no sooner drank than our mouths were wiped with embroidered napkins—then came coffee.

A more strikingly oriental scene can scarcely be imagined,—the walls of the saloon were ornamented with paintings in arabesque, and in the corners of the apartment rills of water trickled down from marble fountains. Officers of the household, in light blue dresses, girt with scimitars; attendants in different rich costumes, with daggers and poignards stuck in their belts; and secretaries in long robes, with silver writing materials in their girdles, and paper in the little pockets of their vests, were grouped together in the lower part of the room, the raised part being appropriated solely for the Emir and his friends.

It was a scene of great interest,—there was a kind, fatherly manner, and a calm, settled dignity about the Emir which astonished us, and must have been sadly at variance with his real feelings at this time, lying as he was at the mercy of Ibrahim Pasha, his palace and capital sur-

rounded by troops, and companies of soldiers penetrating in every direction through his mountains, disarming his people. The Emir was handsomely attired in a rich robe edged with sable, his waist was girt with a Cashmere shawl, in which stuck a dagger covered with diamonds, and his fingers were clothed with rings. In his hand he held a long pipe, the bowl of which rested on the carpet, and the large amber-headed mouthpiece was covered with jewels. The Emir is celebrated for the number and magnificence of his pipes.

The princely air and the venerable figure of this old patriarch, riveted our gaze the whole time we remained. The chief, and almost the only topic of conversation was Sir Sidney Smith, with whom the Emir was very intimate when Sir Sidney was stationed off this coast during the war; he calls him a good man, a very fine fellow, and appears greatly to admire him. He asked us if we would like to see his horses, and an attendant secretary making a low obeisance, drew a paper from his bosom and wrote a few words on it. This was presented to the signet bearer, who drew forth from his vest a small seal attached to a chain, and the paper being duly stamped, was handed to us as the signal for departure. The Emir again laying his hand on his breast, bent all

round to us, and we withdrew. This oriental mode of salutation is very graceful and very beautiful.

On one side of the large quadrangle are the apartments of the Emir, and his harem, to which there is a smaller private court, paved with marble and cooled with fountains. On the two other sides are small detached buildings and courts for his retainers and officers of the household; and towards Deir el Kammar the quadrangle is open to the country, being merely bounded by a low wall; thus affording a view of the valley, and a lovely peep of the sea between the mountains. Proceeding to the stables, we saw some highly esteemed Arab horses, with flowing manes and tails, for which we were told the Emir would take no price. There were some small grey horses of exquisite symmetry, which were admired greatly by the whole party. They are remarkably docile, free from vice, and playful as kittens.

We were afterwards conducted to the Emir's baths, celebrated for their beauty. They consist altogether of five apartments, with vaulted ceilings stuccoed and painted, and floors inlaid with different coloured marbles representing flowers and stars. The first room was fitted with divans and carpets. Here was a messenger of the Emir's sent

to invite us to take a bath, and who, moreover, told us, that a room and supper would be prepared in the palace, where it was hoped we would pass the night. Boys, naked with the exception of a napkin tied round the waist, assisted to undress us, a large towel was then wound round our loins, another was bound round our heads, in the shape of a turban, and another let fall over our shoulders. Slipping our feet into a high pair of wooden pattens, we walked into the bathing-rooms, the temperature of which increased until we arrived at the last chamber, which was suffocatingly hot, causing a profuse perspiration to break out all over the body. The floors of these rooms were of marble, inlaid in compartments, and furnished with white marble slabs for reclining on, where we were soaped and scalded, and kneaded, and pounded by boys, in the true oriental style.

We were afterwards shewn into the apartment allotted us, and carpets and cushions were brought us to rest upon. From the window looking into the quadrangle, we saw the Emir Beshir, at sunset, mount his horse to proceed to the serai, or palace of his wife, built by him about a mile from Bteddin, a small country house, at which he always sleeps. His sons likewise mounted their

horses and rode to their different residences, close at hand among the mountains.

A supper was brought in on a round tray. In the centre was a huge pilaff of rice, and around it several small dishes of stewed meats, grilled bones, sour clotted milk called yaoort, bits of meat roasted, with slices of apple and artichoke, pickles, and boiled fowl, &c., and round the edge thin cakes of unleavened bread, and ivory spoons. A large napkin was spread over our knees, and after we had finished, a silver ewer and basin was brought; the latter had a perforated lid, through which the water ran as it was poured upon the hands. We reposed upon cushions laid down on the floor; the room contained no furniture, and we were much disturbed by vermin during the night.

Oct. 1st.—We were awakened by the sound of military music, and saw two regiments of Egyptian troops, parading in the court-yard below, who went through their manœuvres with a precision and steadiness that would have done credit to many an European regiment. The bands played with spirit some lively airs; Egyptian officers in the Nizam dress were bustling about, and shouting to their men; attendants of the Emir in picturesque costume were gazing on the novel

spectacle, and some were leading out Arab horses for their morning's exercise.

We walked out to the cantonments of the troops, who quickly gathered round us, examining and criticising our dresses and appearance, laughing heartily with each other, but in a good-natured way which was far from impertinent. They testified a lively curiosity, civilly saluted us as we approached, and followed us about, showing none of that insolence with which they are said to treat Franks.

On the Emir's arrival from his wife's serai, we sent to request an audience of leave, which was instantly granted, and we were received with the same parental air of kindness and dignified courtesy as before. Were we asked to point out the finest specimen of an old man, and the most perfect gentleman in address, it would be the Emir Beshir. If natural ease, and dignity of manner, distinguish the address of a gentleman, modern aspirants to fashion in Europe would do well to come and study the bearing and carriage of these Easterns.

Finding the Emir busily engaged with various individuals, we tendered him our grateful thanks and acknowledgments and took leave. The only

disagreeable part of the whole entertainment was now to come, as the different attendants flocked around expecting to be paid liberally, according to custom, for the hospitality that had been shewn us. Their eager importunity created an unpleasant feeling; but as we had been highly amused we satisfied them all.

On arriving at Deir el Kammar, we went to take leave of Suleiman Pasha and Osmar Effendi. On one side of a court-yard extending in front of the house occupied by Ibrahim Pasha, were the quarters of Suleiman Pasha. As we passed through this court, the door of Ibrahim Pasha's room being left partly open, we saw him within the chamber, on his legs, haranguing three or four officers in rich dresses, having the star and crescent worked in silver on their breasts. Ibrahim was plainly attired, without any ornament, and was speaking with great vehemence and stamping the floor violently. In the centre of the room was the bed on which he had passed the night, composed of boards resting upon some loose bricks and stones which served for legs, and on which had been placed a mattress and coverlid.

It is not the practice in this country to undress at night. People lie down to sleep in their clothes,

which, as they make frequent use of the bath, is not so revolting as it may appear to us at first sight. Their store of clean linen is small; and their shirts, which consist of thin transparent silk or cotton, are seldom changed. None of it is displayed about the person, as the under-jacket buttons close round the neck, except at the sleeves; where, indeed, only wealthy people exhibit any vestige of a chemise, poorer men dispense with it altogether.

Omar Effendi, who was found just returned from an excursion of *disarmament*, gave the following description of the strict and arbitrary measures pursued. Parties of soldiers are despatched from the head quarters to all the villages in the mountains. When they arrive, proclamation is made to the inhabitants to bring in their arms and pile them in the street, on pain of death, and a certain time is allowed for that purpose. These parties are accompanied by guides who know pretty well the number of inhabitants, and if suspicion is excited that arms have been concealed, the most rigorous search is made. As yet the inhabitants have all been taken by surprise, and no resistance has been offered; nor is it likely to be, for the communication of the mountaineers with the Emir

has been cut off, and no time has been allowed for combination. Ibrahim has gained his point, and has rendered the Emir powerless at a blow.

Besides the Druses, these mountains are inhabited by Christians of different sects, Maronites, and Latin and Greek Christians, who possess numerous monasteries, and are animated with the bitterest rancour against each other, particularly the latter sects, who would prefer the triumph of Islamism rather than that of the Christian sect opposed to them.

The Druses are a most extraordinary people, their real religion, if they have one, remains a mystery; though, from all I can hear, it should seem that they have no creed at all. They are every thing as it suits their convenience, Christians among Christians, and Mussulmen among Mussulmen. They here consequently mostly profess Mahometanism, although in private they are said to break through all the rules of the Koran, feast when they ought to fast, and even eat hog's flesh. Those living among the Maronites or any Christian sect of the mountains, send their children to be educated with the Christian children, and attend the Christian place of worship without believing in the Christian doctrine. Their morality is as questionable as their religion. They appear to be

given to the most vicious practices, from the indulgence of which they are only restrained by the principles and opinions of the people among whom they live. Brothers, with them, are allowed to marry sisters, and according to Burckhardt, who more than any other traveller had an opportunity of observing these people,—

"Examples are not wanting of their assailing the chastity of their mothers, and towards their sisters such conduct is so frequent, that a father never allows a full grown son to remain alone with any of the females of his family."

They appear too to be as cowardly as they are vicious; for it is said that a Druse will tamely receive an insult, a kick, or a blow when nobody is by, but if an observer be at hand, a sense of shame impels him to resent the injury.

The tie of marriage is so slight that the so called husband often dissolves the contract by word of mouth, and orders his wife out of doors to seek a lodging among her friends. Men and women too are said by Burckhardt to eat *raw meat*, and this I have heard is really the case when they are fortunate enough to get it, which is not often, as little meat is eaten by the population, who live chiefly upon vegetables. And it is the *religion* of these people which has formed a subject of specu-

lation and of curious inquiry among learned travellers! Lamartine, after some conjectures upon the subject, says that their religion is a mystery; and it is likely to remain so, as they appear to have none. They have no external forms of devotion, but they adopt any as it suits their interest and convenience, acting upon the wise principle of squaring their conduct to suit the opinions and prejudices of their neighbours. The Maronite Christians are the most powerful party among the mountains, and it is said that the Emir Beshir caused himself to be baptized, to attach the Maronites more firmly to his authority. It is averred that the Emir is Christian, and that his wife has been baptized, although he preserves the outward forms of Mahometanism. He appears somewhat like the conscientious Druses, Maronite to-day and Turk to-morrow.

The Maronites derive their origin, in the words of Gibbon, from "Maron," a saint or savage of the fifth century, who displayed his religious madness in Syria. "The rival cities of Apamea and Emesa disputed his relics; a stately church was erected on his tomb, and 600 of his disciples united their solitary cells on the banks of the Orontes."

The peculiar tenets of this sect became the subject of persecution.

"The son of the orthodox Constantine pursued with pious hatred a people of soldiers, who might have stood the bulwark of his empire against the common foes of Christ and of Rome. An army of Greeks invaded Syria; the monastery of St. Maron was destroyed by fire, the bravest chieftains were betrayed and murdered, and 12,000 of their followers were transplanted to the distant frontiers of Armenia and Thrace; yet the humble nation of the Maronites has survived the empire of Constantinople, and they still enjoy under their Turkish masters a free religion and a mitigated servitude. Their domestic governors are chosen among the antient nobility. The Patriarch in his monastery of Canobin, still fancies himself on the throne of Antioch; nine bishops compose his synod, and one hundred and fifty priests, who retain the liberty of marriage, are intrusted with the care of 100,000 souls. Their country extends from the ridge of Mount Libanus to the shores of Tripoli, and the gradual descent affords in a narrow space each variety of soil and climate, from the holy cedars, erect under the weight of snow, to the vine, the mulberry, and the olive-trees of the fruitful valley." "In the twelfth century, the Maronites, abjuring the Monothelite error, were reconciled to the Latin churches of Antioch and

Rome, and the same alliance has frequently been renewed by the ambition of the Popes and the distress of the Syrians. But it may reasonably be questioned, whether their union has ever been perfect or sincere, and the learned Maronites of the college of Rome, have vainly endeavoured to absolve their ancestors from the guilt of heresy and schism."*

These Maronites inhabit the most elevated part of the range of Lebanon, from Beirout northwards to Tripoli, and numerous monasteries are scattered over the mountains in lonely and picturesque situations, some elevated even to the borders of almost eternal snow. Around their scattered villages, the soil washed down by the mountain torrents is preserved in terraces, formed along steep precipitous descents, and presents an industrious and careful cultivation, strongly contrasting with the neglected state of the rich plain between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon.

All questions of a religious nature are decided by a patriarch, elected by the bishops and confirmed by the Pope, who has a legate residing at the monastery of Kanobin. All civil matters are carried before the Emir Beshir. The priests

* Gibbon.

are all allowed to marry, and have in general numerous families. The monastery of Kanobin, the residence of the patriarch and of the Pope's legate, is situated in a wild and solitary altitude of Mount Lebanon, almost inaccessible in winter, from the snow that covers the ravines and gorges of the mountains. It is about half a day's journey from Tripoli on a steep rock overhanging a deep romantic glen, watered by torrents from the melting of the snows. It was founded by Theodosius the Great, and is surrounded by several monasteries and the grots and cells of hermits, now deserted.

About three miles distant from this monastery of Kanobin, is the ruined convent of Bekerke, founded by a female called Hindye, a religious impostor accused of the greatest crimes and debaucheries. Atrocities are said to have been committed in the convent, nuns murdered and violated, and when a party of soldiers, dispatched by the Emir Youseef, found a nun in a dungeon at the point of death, atrocities were disclosed which made the hair stand on end.

The next considerable sect to the Maronites and Druses inhabiting the range of Lebanon, are the Metualies of the Shite sect of Mahometans, i. e. followers of Ali, the sect dominant in Persia. By

them Ali and Hossein and their descendants are considered the true caliphs, descendants of the Prophet, while the Turks cling to Omar, and the greatest rancour exists between them; the Turks calling themselves Sonnites or orthodox Mussulmen, and their opponents Shites or Sectaries. The Metualies, like the Persians, think every thing defiled that has been touched by a person not of their religion. Originally they possessed Baalbec, but were driven thence into the mountains.

The Emir Beshir, who reigns over the different sects composing this mountain population, is according to Burckhardt, of the antient Arab family Shebab, which derives its origin from Mecca, and its name has record in the history of Mahomet; he is the son of the Emir Hassan, who commanded in these mountains, and a descendant of the celebrated Abdallah, well known for his gallantry and death under the walls of Damascus, in the time of Abubeker.

The Emir Beshir succeeded to the command at an early age, and after being dispossessed of and restored to his power through the intrigues of his rivals and relations, he was at last confirmed in his command by the influence of Mohammed Ali. Deir el Kammar, the capital, is a sort of large, straggling village, said to contain a popula-

tion of some thousands; the name signifies in Arabic "the convent of the moon," so called from a convent dedicated to the virgin which once stood there. The virgin is represented by the Christians in Syria with the moon under her feet.

Oct. 2d.—I was this morning, in the principal street of Beirout, startled by the revolting sight of a man quite naked crawling along on his hands and knees. I was told that he was an idiot, and as such regarded with a superstitious veneration by the Moslems, who suppose all idiots to be under the peculiar and especial care of God, and deem it therefore sinful to interfere with them or any of their inclinations.

We find that this morning a general seizure has been made of every beast of burthen in and around Beirout to transport corn to the troops at Deir el Kammar, and the greatest confusion prevails. Old men are tearing their beards in despair, and young men are venting curses at their horses and mules, which have just brought goods from the country into the town to market, having been seized and taken away for two or three days to come. We were likewise sufferers, as nineteen horses and mules which we had engaged to carry us to Baalbec had been seized with the rest, so that we were obliged to defer our journey.

It was sad to see the treatment the poor muleteers, and proprietors of horses got from the local authorities, if they in any way resisted the seizure of their property. Tall figures with white canes in their hands, administered the "argumentum baculinum" over the heads of all such daring and impertinent scoundrels with great effect. The government, it is true, pays, or professes to do so, but at a very low rate, and totally disregards the injury and inconvenience which it may occasion.

There are in Beirout a great many American missionaries, who have schools, and educate a few Armenian, Druse and Maronite children; some one or two they have converted to Protestantism, but such proselytes are rare.

They have some excellent houses in the environs of Beirout, and were remarkably kind to a sick friend of ours.

Protestant service in English is performed every Sunday at the British Consulate.

The principal ruins of the antient Berytus extend along the promontory to the west of the town close to the sea shore, and about a mile from the western gate, where the foundations of massy walls may be seen stretching out into the sea, covered with the white spray of the breakers.

The coast is bold and wild, and the mountain scenery bounding the waters very grand.

Along the quay, and in the harbour, are great evidences of the magnificence of Berytus.

Rowing round the harbour, many fragments of fine columns may be seen, broken to serve the purposes of the Turks or Saracens, sad monuments of their barbarism. All around Beirout too, in different directions, lie fragments of fine columns partly buried in the sandy soil.

When the great heat is passed, before the breeze has died away and all nature has become hushed into the calm tranquillity of a southern evening, it is very delightful to take one of the small Arab boats, miserable as they are, and sailing away on the dancing waters, to observe the fine panoramic view of mountains, winding shores, and bold scenery that stretch on every side. The waves dash their white vapoury spray high aloft into the air, or against the dark rocks along the western side of the roadstead; the green sloping shores are covered with mulberry trees, behind which rise the dark buildings and minarets of the town, and the long range of Lebanon, mountains piled upon mountains, and rocky peaks shelving down rapidly into the blue waters, darkened by a swiftly passing cloud, or gleaming brightly in the broad, full, cheer-

full sunbeam, present a scene which must ever leave an abiding image upon the mind of the beholder.

It is a great disadvantage to Beirout, that there is no secure harbour; near the Lazaretto, however, are a curving bay and tolerably good anchorage. There was antiently an artificial port formed by a mole, which was destroyed, with other Syrian harbours, by the Saracens, to prevent their affording refuge to the crusaders.

Oct. 3rd.—We can procure no horses or mules, none having been brought near the town since the report of the press has gone abroad. We have therefore determined to go in person to the governor with the Pasha's firman, and try and get the horses that had been hired for us, and seized for Ibrahim Pasha's service. Attended by our dragoman, myself and another individual, as a deputation from the whole party, proceeded to a large court-yard surrounded by buildings; in the centre some large trees overhung a fountain, and under their shade the governor, as is always the case in the East, was holding his court in the open air. He sat upon a raised platform covered with cushions, upon which his secretary and persons of rank were seated, while the promiscuous crowd remained standing below.

An Englishman commits a great mistake, if in

going before any of these local authorities, he pays them any deference which may imply a sense of inferiority in himself, as he will in that case generally be treated with neglect and arrogance; the deference we pay to each other is not understood here, where every one exacts the degree of consideration he fancies himself entitled to from those around him. Consequently if a man proudly neglects to offer you a seat, you must take one. If he offers you coffee before the chibouk or pipe, you must send it away, and order the pipe. You will then find that his opinion of you is vastly heightened, and he will be ready afterwards to show you all manner of respect, that his own dignity may not be compromised by your taking of your own accord what he has neglected to offer; a piece of presumption which he knows not how to resent. When we arrived, therefore, at the governor's platform, we mounted the steps without hesitation, and seated ourselves on the divan beside him, making the usual salaam, which he returned courteously enough, and we then ordered our dragoman to approach and interpret.

The Pasha's firman was read with due reverence and attention, and we then told the governor that we wanted eighteen or nineteen horses and mules to go to Damascus.

Not a word was uttered in reply, and we sat in silence for a minute, when the secretary, shaking his head and stamping a paper with the governor's signet, on which were cut his initials, called to a gaily dressed character with a long cane in his hand, who quickly brought a muleteer charged to execute our orders. The man asked an exorbitant price for his mules, and we appealed to the governor, who informed us that the firman merely ordered him to procure the beasts, but gave him no orders about their price, and, therefore, that he had nothing to do with it. The overcharge no doubt went into his own pocket.

Many of the houses of Beirout present marks of the cannon balls fired at the place when the Greeks landed during the last war. The present population, I am informed by a resident merchant, is about 12,000, of which full one half are Christians.

CHAPTER II.

BEIROUT.—DEPARTURE.—ASCENT OF LIBANUS.—SCENERY.—ZAHLE.—NOAH'S TOMB.—CŒLESYRIA.—BAALBEC.—GIGANTIC STONES.—MASSIVE RUINS.—IBRAHIM PASHA'S CAVALRY.—DEAD BODY.—ARAB LAMENTATION.

Δυο δε εξιν ορη τα ποιουντα την Κοιλην καλουμενην Συριαν, ως αν παραλληλα, ὁ τε Λιβανος και ὁ Αντιλιβανος, μικρον υπερθεν της θαλασσης αρχομενα αμφω.

STRABO, LIB. XVI.

Oct. 4th. — We have been preparing all the morning for our departure. The awkwardness and stupidity of the Arabs are most annoying. It is now one o'clock, and there is no probability of starting for another hour; two or three men are occupied at a time in loading a mule, one appearing to undo what the others have just done; the court-yard is strewed with rope, hay, boxes, and trunks, and the screaming and shouting are distracting.

Two, P. M.—We are at last all mounted, and

present a long and very curious cavalcade. The van is composed of seven strong baggage mules, well laden; the centre of our eight respectable selves, mounted on broken down chargers and mules; and the rear is brought up by various grotesque figures; a very fat Maltese servant, in a round brim straw hat, on a tall, lean, broken-kneed charger with a high wooden saddle; a pale sickly looking Arab dragoman, in a white turban and long flowing robe, on a mule; a handsome little Greek boy; a black African of Senaar, wheeling about on horseback, with a double-barrelled gun slung on his back and a scimitar at his side; and last of all, the large English bull-dog, sewed up in a panier, and held on a mule by an Arab, to be kept out of mischief.

As we passed through the gate, the Arab guard drew up, the crowd collected, and when the bull-dog, with his tongue hanging out, covered with white foam, was first seen closing the procession, an universal shout of astonishment was echoed on all sides, and the whole guard turned out to witness the extraordinary phenomenon, having never seen so strange an animal before. This bull-dog, having traversed the whole of Russia, through the Caucasus, Circassia, the north of Persia, Turkey, and Syria, fighting dogs, seizing cattle and

sheep, and going through a variety of adventures, at last died at Jerusalem, and was magnificently interred by his kind master under the walls of that city, where an inscription was placed to his memory. We had three muleteers; two were on foot, and the third, who appeared to be the captain of the band, was mounted on a little frisky donkey, and preceded the caravan, regulating its pace. He was dressed in a sort of blue petticoat garment, with a voluminous sash wound round his waist, a dirty turban on his head, and a short cherry-stick pipe in his mouth. His head and legs were constantly in motion, and his high shoulders, long beard, and round face gave him a most original aspect.

The sun was already fast declining in the west. The bright glare from the lofty eminences was gradually softening into the mellow light of evening, and the women, one by one, were beginning to emerge from the houses, each with her accustomed water pitcher, as we left the shady mulberry groves that surround Beirout, and crossed over the rich plain to the south-east of the town. The lofty range of mountains, thickly studded with villages, presented a most picturesque appearance.

We shortly commenced the ascent of the chain, enjoying delightful views of the sea and of

secluded Druse villages surrounded by a few vineyards, and veiled by thin curling wreaths of white smoke.

We had ascended to a great height, and commanded an immense expanse of ocean and a wide sweep of mountainous coast, when the sun set in great splendour over the water. The air was perfectly calm and tranquil, and the broad expanse of sea blending itself with the blue sky far away in the distance, and the varied tints on the shore, presented a most lovely scene. At the same moment, the moon, in the opposite quarter, was seen rising behind the eastern mountains, and gradually blending her soft and mellow light with that of the departing day. The stillness in these mountain regions, the deep winding ravines and glens, the scanty Druse villages here and there perched on projecting eminences, or scattered in the depths below, the deep shade thrown by rugged rocks, and the picturesque long cavalcade, now disappearing in the shade and then again advancing into the increasing moonlight, were altogether most romantic. From time to time the occasional bark of a shepherd's dog or the tinkling of a sheep bell was heard high aloft among the rocks. We rode for two hours by moonlight, and then took

up our quarters for the night at a small khan, situated in a very elevated region.

Our cavalcade of nineteen horses, and a small caravan from Damascus with one hundred more, with the muleteers and travellers kindling their fires and cooking their suppers, and a few wild figures rolled up in rough capotes lying on the grass, or around the flickering flames of the fires, would have formed a fine subject for a painter. There was a small house in which some of us managed to find shelter, and the others, wrapped up in their cloaks, reposed on the flat terrace above.

Oct. 5th.—When the first streak of morning light was seen stealing along between the bends of the mountains, we were awakened by the muleteers; but the sun had arisen ere our numerous cavalcade was in train for starting. We continued ascending the mountains, and at one time enjoyed a superb view of Beirout and the vast expanse of sea far below. We passed several Druse villages, surrounded by neat vineyards and well cultivated land; the men appeared a hardy and healthy race, and the women with the tantoura, or large horn of silver or copper gilt, projecting from their foreheads, had a strange look. This custom of wearing a horn is probably of Hebraic origin, from the frequent al-

lusion to horns in the scripture. "Lift not up your horn on high, speak not with a stiff neck." Psalm lxxv. 5.—"Arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion, for I will make thine horn iron," &c. Micah, iv. 13.—"These are the horns which have scattered Judah, so that no man did lift up his head; but these are come to fray them to cast out the horns of the Gentiles, which lifted up their horn over the land of Judah to scatter it." Zechariah, i. 21.

At noon we halted for two hours at a khan, where we were joined by two Egyptian officers, whom some of our party unluckily invited to partake of a ham, for they quickly caused it to disappear. Travelling in this country with much baggage is very tiresome, and yet, to travel comfortably, a great deal is required. You have a restive mule which starts away at a gallop or begins to kick, and in the next moment your boxes and trunks are seen rolling down the mountain; sometimes a spirit of emulation arises between two mules, who begin to trot. You run after them to check the acceleration of their pace. This however has just the contrary effect; away they go, glasses, bottles, and crockery begin to shake and rattle, and are heard to perish in rude contact with each other; the perverse four-legged brute all the

while increases his pace, till at last the cords relax, and down comes the whole load with a tremendous crash. Just after one of these catastrophes, when we were surveying with vexation of spirit a heap of baggage lying in the road, with no muleteer present to replace it, one of the party observed a long dark coloured liquid trickling down the rocks, and to our horror we observed that it proceeded from a case of cognac brandy which was lying under the packages, all the bottles in which were smashed.

At two P. M. we began rapidly to descend the mountains, and saw the long flat plain inclosed between the parallel ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the antient Cœlesyria, extended like a map below. It appeared bare and arid, devoid of foliage, habitations, and water, and possessed a deserted melancholy appearance. We passed a few scanty villages surrounded by clumps of poplars, containing a population of a few families only, and at seven o'clock we arrived at a khan and a few wretched houses, watered by a small swift stream, called the Bahr Babouini, which flows from the range of Lebanon. Within a quarter of an hour's walk, on the mountain, was Zahle, one of the principal towns of the Emir Beshir. Zahle is said to contain between three and four thousand

inhabitants, but I should think half that number much nearer the mark; they are chiefly Maronite Christians, and have a bishop, several churches, and a monastery. It is a place of some trade, and various manufactured articles are sold there to the peasantry, who flock in from the mountains. The long blue cotton shirts or gowns, manufactured in the place, shoes, pipes, cloth, silk, &c., are exchanged for divers products of the country. We slept on some straw under sheds, in a large yard belonging to Ibrahim Pasha.

Oct. 6th.—The weather is very lovely, but very hot in the middle of the day. The autumnal rains have not fallen as yet, and the parched dusty soil of the plain is split into innumerable fissures.

It was fresh and lovely as we left the village, and the clear limpid water, as it rolled between its green banks, presented a delightful contrast to the yellow dusty track we were about to follow. The environs of Zahlé are watered by this river, and produce very fine radishes. We passed some low mud huts, filled with a squalid population of old men and miserable children, with their eyes disgustingly covered with flies.

Beyond the village of Kerak a Turk shouted to us, and asked us to come and see the *Tomb of Noah*, a sight not to be resisted; so we pushed our

horses on over a heap of sand, and dismounted at a long building. We entered the court of a ruined mosque and crossed to a door, where we were made to take off our shoes, and entering in, we were shewn a long narrow raised structure, about sixty feet in length, covered with blue cloth, which the Moslems call the Tomb of Noah! It is held in the greatest reverence by Mussulmen, who recount various miracles connected with it. We saw a few small villages on the right of the road near the small river Litane, which flows through the valley. The continuation of our journey was through a perfect desert; we traversed a wide plain bordered by mountains, and far as the eye could reach there was neither cultivation, habitation, nor green thing, only the parched cracked earth, scantily covered with dead grass,—dreary and endless. Yet all this vast district, the Cœlesyria of the Greeks, possesses a fine soil, capable of cultivation during the rainy season, and a considerable portion might be irrigated by the river Litane, which flows through it, could the inhabitants feel due security and protection under the government, and be for the future secure from confiscations and depredations of rival Pashas, who have for ages desolated the country. Tranquillity does indeed now reign, and the remnant of the

inhabitants, instead of being the prey of marauding Pashas and successful freebooters, are now at the mercy but of one; but they are borne down by a heavy and oppressive hand. Confidence and security are not restored, nor are they at all likely to be so.

After a fatiguing march, blinded by the dazzling glare of the sun from the white plain, parched with thirst and suffocated with heat, we hailed with rapturous joy a line of green relieving the dusty horizon in front, above which might be seen towering the grand and majestic columns of Baalbec.

We passed a small circular temple in the plain, of modern construction, and probably of Saracenic origin. It is an odd building, of the worst taste. The columns supporting the architrave appear to have been fine antient columns, barbarously divided into two pieces, as their diameter is out of all proportion to their length. Weary and thirsty we rode under the walnut trees, and through the scanty gardens of Baalbec, to the beautiful octagonal Roman temple of the Corinthian order, and letting down a bottle between huge blocks of stone, we drew up some clear cold water from a fine stream that gushed through an aqueduct below, we then took up our quarters at a Greek bishop's, who

gave us two rooms with mud walls and earthen floors.

" Also he (Solomon) built Beth-horon the upper and Beth-horon the nether, fenced cities, with walls, gates, and bars:

" And *Baalath*, and all the store cities that Solomon had, and all the chariot cities, and the cities of the horsemen, and all that Solomon desired to build in Jerusalem, and in Lebanon, and throughout all the land of his dominion."—2 Chron. viii. 5, 6.

The great and mysterious ruins of Baalbec are referred by tradition among the Arabs to Solomon, whose name is familiar to them as a mighty king and magician. He was assisted, say they, in the construction of these magic buildings by genii and devils. It is an interesting fact connected with this spot to remark that the ancient and original name, Baalbec, always preserved among the native fellahs and cultivators of the soil, has of late prevailed over the more modern appellation of Heliopolis, given to the place by the Greeks and adopted by the Romans, which name has failed to survive the occupation of the country by those two nations. The name Heliopolis given by the Greeks is a mere translation into their language of the ancient name Baalath, pronounced

probably, or corrupted into the word Baalbec, city of Baal, or of the sun, which great luminary was here anciently worshipped, having been introduced from Egypt, as we learn from several ancient authors. The worship of the sun, antiently prevalent among the Syrians and Chaldeans, is called the worship of *Baal* in Scripture. The term Baal in the eastern languages is said to signify Lord or Master, and as such is applied to the sun as the head of the starry host. The worship of "Baal," "the host of heaven," the sun, moon, &c., is frequently alluded to in Scripture as the same worship.

"And the king commanded Hilkiah the high priest, and the priests of the second order, and the keepers of the door, to bring forth out of the temple of the Lord, all the vessels that were made for *Baal*, and for the grove, and for all the *host of heaven:* and he burned them without Jerusalem," &c.

"And he put down the idolatrous priests whom the kings of Judah had ordained to burn incense, &c., in the places round about Jerusalem, them also that burned incense unto *Baal*, and to the *Sun*, and to the *Moon*, and to the *Planets*, and to all the *Host of Heaven*."—2 Kings, xxiii. 4, 5.

Whether any part of the ruins here can be re-

ferred to the ancient city of Baal, is matter of opinion; the only portion of them likely to create any doubt upon the subject are the gigantic stones along the north and west wall of the platform on which the temples stand. They are double the size of any known hewn stones in the world, presenting such an extraordinary result of human labour and perseverance, as might well give birth to the idea, among ignorant people, that none but devils or a magician could have placed them there.

These truly gigantic stones, the great wonder of the place, form part of the foundation of a large raised platform, or citadel, on which the subsequent and more modern ruins have been erected. On the west side; the lowest range of these blocks resting on a foundation of rough stones consists of eight in number, the smallest of which is thirty-one feet long, and the largest thirty-eight feet long, eleven feet broad, and thirteen feet high; and the range above, resting upon these, contains *three* single stones, measuring together *one hundred and ninety feet* in length, being severally of the enormous dimensions of from *sixty-three* to *sixty-four* feet in length.

On the north side there are ten gigantic stones, but much smaller than the above, the largest being about thirty-two feet in length and the

smallest about thirty, they are thirteen feet high, and ten feet and a half thick; these likewise rest upon a basement of rough stones, which would be called enormous any where but here; and the vast masses are so beautifully joined together, without cement, that the point of a penknife cannot be inserted between them. These last stand quite away from the citadel, forming a huge wall of single stones in front of it; through the solid mass of one, a door has been cut, by which we passed into a sort of fosse between them and the exterior wall of the citadel, planted with a few fig trees; and by means of some stones and rubbish fallen from above at one end, we managed to climb up to the top of the last range of these "*giant stones*," and paced up and down the wide terrace on their top, lost in astonishment. They have a darker and more time-worn appearance than the walls of the citadel behind. A projecting angle of the more modern walls has been brought across the line of these old stones, and a stupendous vault has been turned over and rests upon them. Dr. Richardson remarks, that "these stones are cut with the bevelled edge, exactly like the stones in the subterranean columns of the Haram Schereef at Jerusalem, which I have stated to be of Jewish

workmanship," and he also remarks, that a new surface has been cut on the old stones, to assimilate with the new masonry added to them; some of the stones being left only half finished.

It is indeed strange that so wonderful a mass of building as this should be veiled in such obscurity, and that no notice should have been taken by antient writers of these, the largest hewn stones in the known world, when much less remarkable buildings have been the subject of copious and tedious description. The quarries from whence they were cut are still visible, and in them there still exists a stone larger than any seen here, hewn out but not carried away.

Nothing at all either, strange to say, is known of the magnificent temples and ruins built on the vast platform or citadel resting upon these walls, by some referred to the Phœnicians, but with more reason to the time of Antoninus Pius, when the Corinthian order was much in fashion among the Romans. They are not described by any antient author, nor even alluded to, and the only ground upon which they have been ascribed to Antoninus Pius is the single testimony of John of Antioch, surnamed Malala, in Hist. Chron. Lib. ii., who says, " Ælius Antoninus Pius built a great temple to Jupiter at Heliopolis, near Libanus in

Phœnicia, which was one of the wonders of the world."—Some Roman medals have been found, upon the reverse of which is a representation of buildings something similar to these temples, with the inscription " COLONIA HELIOPOLITANA JOVI OPTIMO MAXIMO HELIOPOLITANO."

There appear to me to be three successive eras: 1st, The gigantic hewn stones, which may perhaps have belonged to some antient building dedicated to the worship of Baal, or the sun and the heavenly host, which are so beautiful in this climate. 2d, The Roman temples and ruins of the time of Antoninus Pius. And, 3dly, The Saracenic walls, and towers raised upon these, at the time when the place was converted into a fortress by the Kaliphs.

The Roman temples present some of the finest specimens of the Corinthian order in existence, and possess a wonderful grandeur and majesty, from their lofty and imposing situation.

The most prominent object from the plain is a lofty portico of six columns, part of the great Temple of the Sun, and the walls and columns of another ruined temple, a little below, surrounded by green trees.

Oct. 7th.—Soon after sunrise we ascended a circuitous path alongside the vast and beautiful

stone basement upon which the smaller temple stands, over vast fragments and capitals of columns that had rolled down the steep declivity from above; and, on arriving at the summit of the platform, the majestic columns and porticos, and the vast scene of shattered ruins that suddenly burst upon the sight, are, I think, as striking as the first interior view of the Acropolis of Athens.

On an elevated basement of large stones in front stand six majestic columns, supporting a richly carved entablature and frieze, the shafts of which alone, without base or capital, are fifty-eight feet in height and fifteen feet eight inches in circumference, and, including base, capital, and entablature, *seventy-two* feet in height! The basement on which they stand has an elevation of near twenty feet, so that the total height from the ground to the top of the portico is not far off from one hundred feet.

Immediately on the left is the smaller temple, tolerably perfect; of the fifty pillars which it once possessed, twenty entire columns only are now standing, of which eleven on the north side still support a richly carved arched roof of stone, covering the peristyle court between the columns and wall of the temple; this roof is divided into diamond compartments by rich carvings, in which

are sculptured various busts of mythological figures; among them is Leda being caressed by the swan, Ganymede being carried off by the eagle, &c., &c. We examined some of the enormous blocks which had fallen from above, and were surprised at the depth and smoothness of the carving. The scattered fragments of cornices and the prostrate capitals are all beautifully sculptured and deeply cut; the under parts, protected from the weather, possess a sharp edge and a smoothness as if just finished, and the acanthus leaves lap over and stand out with a boldness and high relief that excite the strongest admiration.

The effect of the Corinthian order depends as much on the execution of the sculptured details, as in harmony and correctness of proportion; and the miserable specimens we have about London, with a stunted capital and a few cramped projections called acanthus leaves, would not be known as the same order of architecture by the side of these bold, free, airy, and majestic masses of building. The shafts of the columns consist of three pieces, and some one or two of two pieces each, riveted firmly together by immense iron pins worked into a socket in the centre of each stone, the largest of the pins is near three feet in circumference, and they unfortunately afford an inducement

for the spoliation of the buildings to the Arabs and neighbouring Pashas, who have been known to knock down columns to get at the iron.

No cement or mortar is used in their construction, but the large square stones are neatly adjusted, and so closely fitted as to render the joining almost invisible. Of the pieces forming the shafts of the columns the shortest is fifteen feet in length and two and a half feet in diameter, and the largest more than nineteen feet in length and seventeen feet in circumference. One of the rich sculptured blocks, forming the roof of the peristyle court, resting on the columns, and which has fallen from above, measures sixteen feet in length.

Passing onwards from the small temple, a succession of ruined chambers and walls are seen running all round this vast area of ruins, ornamented with rich cornices and niches for the reception of statues; they appear to be ruins of the side walls of vestibules, corridors, and porticos, of which the columns are all gone, and the statues taken away. One may seek the world through, and not find a more striking picture of decay and desolation.

The great temple, and evidently the most antient, stood upon an elevated basement, and contained

ten columns in front and nineteen in flank, of which six are now standing, forming the before-mentioned majestic portico; in a line with them, are the pedestals of three others, which were standing in 1751, and at intervals, all round a vast oblong, may be traced almost all the pedestals of the other shattered columns. The basement and the pedestals on the eastern side are entirely gone, and the ground appears to have sunk, either from the effects of an earthquake, or by the giving way of one of the vast vaulted passages under the citadel.

On the northern flank, built into the modern Saracenic wall erected when the place was converted into a fortress, and parallel with the six columns and pedestals on the south side, are fourteen pedestals, upon four of which the broken shafts of columns still remain. At the end of this line of pedestals, another line of three pedestals meets them at right angles, forming what was the western point of this magnificent edifice; two of the vast columns resting on these pedestals have fallen inwards, while a third, falling outwards, has carried away the wall of the citadel, and lies shattered to pieces with a vast heap of ruins in the fosse below. Some fragments of channelled Corinthian columns lie scattered about, which

may, as in the other temple, have formed part of the entrance. The outer columns of both temples are without channellings.

The smaller temple, which appears built on the same plan, is still very perfect, and originally possessed eight columns at either front and fifteen at either side, counting the corner columns, the shafts alone of which were forty-five feet in height and about two feet and a half in diameter: of these, on the south side, on an elevated stone basement, and surrounded by green trees, four columns still remain perfect, and part of the shaft of a fifth, leaning against the side of the temple, and which in falling beat in one of the stones, broke into two pieces, and yet so strongly were the two stones composing it joined together by the iron rivet, that they remain unaffected by the concussion. The richly carved ceiling of the peristyle court on this side has all fallen, and lies buried under the heaps of ruins in the fosse below the basement.

At the west front of the temple remain three perfect columns, supporting part of a richly carved entablature, and the shattered shafts of four others, while vast fragments of the richly carved roof of the portico encumber the path with their enormous masses. Each corner of the temple is

adorned with pilasters of the Corinthian order, and all around extends a richly carved frieze. It is built of large blocks of a species of marble closely joined without cement.

The arched stone roof of the north peristyle court, resting on the wall of the temple on one side and the columns on the other, displays most elaborate carved work; sculptured lines cut one another transversely, forming diamond squares, in which are carved gods and goddesses and different mythological subjects.

The eastern front, which was the grand front of the temple, looking towards the rising sun, possessed great majesty and grandeur, but it is sadly spoiled by a modern wall built across, apparently for the purpose of closing up the entrance. Of the magnificent double row of sixteen Corinthian columns which originally stood there, two only remain, supporting an entablature and portions of the roof, so richly and floridly sculptured as to lead us greatly to regret the destruction of the rest.

Creeping through a small hole that has been knocked in the barbarous modern wall built across the front entrance, we were astonished with the magnificence of the great gateway, and the beauty of the interior of the temple, whose walls were

adorned with numerous Corinthian columns and pilasters, between which were niches for statues, and circular recesses ornamented with richly carved borders, cornices, and friezes. The grand portal, of great width and height, is much choked up with rubbish. It is composed of nine massive stones, three at either side, and three at the top, where the centre stone, dislodged from its place, probably by an earthquake, has slipped between the two adjoining stones, and descended about half a foot, by which the body of an eagle sculptured on it has become separated from its wings and two garlands which hang from its beak.

The gateway is surmounted by a rich cornice and frieze, ornamented with leaves, flowers, foliage and fruit, and surrounded by a richly carved border, composed of wreaths of vine branches hung with pendent bunches of grapes, in the bends of which are placed sporting cupids, executed in high relief, and displaying great grace and beauty; but many of them have been most barbarously mutilated by the stones and hammers of travellers attempting to knock them off and carry them away.

A border of leaves and wheat-ears, too, runs round the doorway, and the whole has been most floridly ornamented.

On either side of the portal is a staircase for ascending to the top of the temple; the one on the north of the entrance, although partially closed with stones, can be ascended. It twists round within a square pillar, and is remarkable for the beauty of its construction; the stones are worn and polished smooth by the hands of persons who have mounted long ages ago. This shews that the staircase must be pretty old.

The interior of the temple is adorned on either side by six channelled Corinthian columns resting against the walls, and three pilasters supporting a broken entablature, displaying a rich frieze of foliage, resting on the heads of satyrs, bulls, horses, &c. About twenty feet in front of the wall at the western end of the temple, are the broken shafts of two fluted Corinthian columns, supposed to have supported a canopy under which the statue of the god was placed.

As a proof that the building must be tolerably antient, it may be remarked that the wall built across the front entrance is composed of portions of the temple, which must therefore have been in ruins at the time that wall was built, and that the wall itself is not very modern, may be seen from its ruinous state, and from the shrubs and grass

now growing from between the interstices of the stones.

The total length of the body of the temple is about 160 feet, and its breadth about eighty.

A little to the northward of this temple, and parallel with it, is a high basement of stones; on the platform at their summit appears to have stood another temple, if we may judge from part of the shafts of two columns of red Egyptian granite, and some other fragments of architecture, which are scattered about.

Passing on to the eastward of the great temple, over fragments of Egyptian granite, of cornices and masses of ruins, you find the inclosed space surrounded by walls richly ornamented with mouldings, circular recesses, and niches for statues, which appear to have formed either the sides of handsome chambers and galleries, or to have been covered porticos, of which the columns and roofs are all gone.

The first of these ruined walls to which we came, appeared to have formed the three sides of a saloon, or covered portico, about sixty feet by twenty, adorned with a rich cornice, and highly ornamented recesses and niches for statues, the roofs of which were sculptured in the shape of a

large shell; the inclosed space was filled with blocks of stone and broken columns of red Thebaic granite. These walls are composed of single blocks of stone four feet thick, and averaging from ten to twelve feet in length, and five in depth. The inner faces of the stones, cut and sculptured, form the sides of the galleries or porticos.

We next came to a circular space, or large recess, about eight yards in diameter, surmounted by a low cupola, open at the top, and ornamented with cornices and carvings in roses and leaves, and six Corinthian pilasters, between which are recesses with shell-shaped roofs; and then to another line of wall and niches, similar to the first, but more ruined and disfigured by the modern Saracenic repairs for the purposes of defence, and so on all round the three sides of this vast inclosure; the plan of the buildings on either side exactly correspond, semicircular rooms being placed opposite to semicircular rooms, corridors to corridors, &c. Passing through a door at the end, we entered what had been a long and wide room or passage; at each end of it was a square room occupying the projecting bastion; the entrances were between two Corinthian pilasters, of which the capitals at the north end, boldly and beautifully

executed, preserve all their original freshness. The floor of one room has given way and tumbled into the vaults beneath.

These ruins, though so striking and magnificent, are yet, however, quite second rate when compared with the Athenian ruins, and display in their decorations none of the bold conceptions and the genius which characterize the Athenian architecture. There is a peculiar sameness in the decorations of the friezes, entablatures, and cornices; the ornaments are all alike, and the festoons of grapes and vine leaves hung on goats' and horses' heads, the pendent bunches of grapes and cupids, however rich in appearance and beautifully chiselled, can never excite such feelings as one small portion of the Panathenaic frieze of the Parthenon, or one of the metopes representing the battle between a Centaur and Lapithæ. There is a genius in these latter, a combination of talent, a soul, fire, and spirit, which are looked for in vain in the Baalbec remains. The great Panathenaic frieze of the Parthenon, which extended all round that temple, with its hundreds of horses and warriors, its spirited grouping and faithful delineation of forms and attitudes, and above it the wars of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, possessed a most exciting interest. The vine branches and wheat-ears of

the temples of Baalbec, although unquestionably very beautiful, yet appear tame in comparison, and cannot certainly be put into competition with these masterpieces of architectural decoration.

Oct. 8th.—We went by invitation, at sunrise, to see a review of two fine regiments of Ibrahim Pasha's cavalry, stationed in the plain of Baalbec, to be near at hand should any disturbance take place during the disarming of the mountaineers. We went accompanied by a French officer in the Pasha's service, and were much pleased by the condition and appearance of the troops. They went through the different cavalry manœuvres of charging, wheeling in squadrons, deploying into line, and various movements such as I have seen cavalry regiments go through at an easy pace in England, and in Italy at full gallop; and their rapid manœuvres were extended over a large circuit of country. They charged at full gallop, and halted without breaking their line—a manœuvre which only Arab horses, who are trained to it from their earliest age, can execute.

The tents of the troops were pitched under the shade of some trees in the gardens, alongside the banks of the Litane, which rises in the Anti-Libanus behind Baalbec. None but those who have been in these climates can tell the luxury of a

stream of water, green trees, and shade. As we returned to our house, I heard a most fearful crying; it was the funeral lamentation over an Arab woman just dead, a practice universally prevalent among the Arabs, and something similar perhaps to an Irish wake. I walked to the hut, at the door of which the melancholy ceremony was going on.

In the centre of a group of women, sitting round in a circle, was the corpse, and by the side of it an Arab woman kneeling, her expressive looks and gestures manifested that she was speaking to it; while the women around kept up an occasional low chaunt. In a short time she began to talk very loud to the body. Her gestures were so peculiarly expressive, that it was perfectly easy to comprehend every thing that was said, and the interpretation I put upon her actions I found afterwards substantially correct. You are only asleep, said she; wake and comfort us. She recalled the pleasant hours they had spent together, then appeared to chide the dead body for not responding to her emotions. Fear then appeared gradually to steal over her; she looked wildly around; she began to beat her breast, then to tear her hair, and gradually worked herself up to a paroxysm of grief, which, little by little, stole over the rest, and ex-

tended to the whole circle, who began to shed abundance of tears, and make loud and bitter lamentation.

When I first went up, the young girls were spinning, and seemed much amused and almost inclined to laugh at the oddity of my appearance. As, however, the discourse of the old woman became more passionate, one by one they laid down their little spinning apparatus, the tears gathered in their eyes, and in a short time they all began to sob and cry most bitterly. The corpse lying extended on the ground, the old woman supporting its head and shading the pallid features with her long gray hair, which she every now and then frantically tore out by the roots, her wild gestures, the energy of her manner, and the occasional mournful touching tones of her voice as she spoke something in admiration of the deceased, which drew forth a fresh burst of grief from the sorrowing circle of females, altogether presented a scene so saddening that I was obliged to retire to prevent the infection of grief extending to myself.

The little village of Baalbec is situated to the eastward of the ruins, and is in a sad state of wretchedness and decay. It is little more than a heap of rubbish, the houses are built of mud or sun-burnt brick, and they are covered in with flat roofs composed of poles, over which are laid the

branches of trees, and then a composition of dry grass and mud.

The population of 5000, which the town contained in 1751, has now dwindled down to barely 200 persons, and the two handsome mosques and fine serai of the Emir mentioned by Burckhardt are now no longer distinguishable; nor does each house continue to possess its "ten or fifteen cows, besides goats and sheep, the goats being of an uncommon species, worth from £30 to £35 a-piece!" The grapes, the pomegranates, and the fruit, at one time so abundant, we inquired for, but could not obtain.

Land formerly in good cultivation, and watered by manual labour from the river, is now a portion of the desert plain; its decline has been rapid and constant, and the day may not be far distant when, like other places, man may cease to exist, and the jackal and the hyena be the only tenants of the deserted ruins. Strange it is, one is tempted to exclaim, that human industry does not avail itself of a fine soil and plentiful supply of water, and that the population should thus decay; but it is only necessary to recollect the nature of the government and the state of parties for many years past to comprehend all. The different wars and marauding expeditions of the rival Pashas of

Damascus, Acre, and the Emirs of the Druses have desolated the spot, the successful parties always laying heavy contributions on the country, and draining the people of their cattle, corn, and fruits, and whatever they possessed.

Famine, the pestilence, and the sword gradually thinned the inhabitants, always destroyed more easily than restored.

CHAPTER III.

MOUNT LEBANON. — CEDARS.— ANTI-LIBANUS.— ARABS. — SURGAWICH.— ARAB VISITORS.— ARAB WOMEN.— ZEBDENI. —EL SOUK.—HUSSEIN. —RIVER BARRADA.— DUMAR.—DAMASCUS.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight,
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone.

HEBREW MELODIES.

Oct. 8th.—At five in the afternoon, as the sun was declining behind the blue range of mountains, I accompanied three of our party across the plain of Baalbec, on the way to the cedars of Lebanon. The evening was clear and lovely, and a beautiful blue haze spread itself along the mountain sides.

Mount Lebanon, the highest point, and which gives its name to the range, is the most beautiful

feature of the landscape from Baalbec, and when seen towering aloft behind the foreground of ruins in a clear atmosphere, with the white patch of snow on the summit, it presents a grand and most striking appearance. By the Arabs it is called Djebel Sannin; and, on the side of Baalbec, snow is seen upon it throughout the year, but not on the other or western side. We command a fine view of it from the porch of the house of the Greek bishop in which we reside, and have often, when oppressed with heat, wished to be near the sparkling white patch that delighted the eye by its association with coolness. No rain has fallen for *four months*, and the accumulation of snow must have been very great not to have melted away in the long drought and heat.

The following is an account of the interesting expedition of the party of three, which I regret not to have accompanied the whole way:—

"We passed the tall monumental column which rises above the plain, whose origin appears to be as little known as that of the majestic ruins and temples of Baalbec, and in three hours we arrived at the village of Deir el Akhmar, at the foot of the mountain, where we procured a guide to conduct us across the summit to the cedars, which stand on the descent of the opposite side.

From hence the road is very steep and difficult, masses of loose stones and rock cover the path. About three hours and a half after leaving Deir el Akhmar, we arrived at the small miserable village of Ainnete, and from hence to the summit the ascent took about an hour over a barren tract of sand and stones, into which we sank nearly knee deep; and the ascent was so steep, that we were obliged to dismount and scramble up on foot. The moon rose beautifully behind the range of Anti-Libanus,— there was not a breath of air upon the mountain. The stars were brilliant, and Halley's comet was beautifully seen.

"About midnight we arrived at the summit; the moon was shining brightly, and we could distinguish the outline of a glorious prospect around and below. The moonlight was sufficiently strong for us to see the cedars extending along an eminence beneath,—they looked like a clump of juniper bushes, much disappointing us in their appearance. We passed along the edge of the snow, which was frozen so hard that we could not break it with our fingers. The cold was but little felt, as there was no wind. After descending two hours we approached the cedars, which now as much struck us by the magnitude and venerableness of their appearance as they had before done by their

apparent insignificance. We could perceive the venerable old cedars throwing up their leafless branches above the younger ones, and, as we approached the deep gloom cast by their wide spreading branches, through which a few solitary moon-beams trembled, a feeling of awe came over us. Not a human dwelling was near, and, fatigued and weary, we lay down and slept under one of the largest of the trees.

"Daylight disclosed to us a grove of cedars, extending for near a mile, the only green objects in sight, and a delicious prospect in this country, where trees are so rare. In the midst of the grove may be seen the venerable giant cedars, now only seven in number, throwing up their white leafless branches, like wide spreading stag-horns, above the screen of green foliage that surrounds them, interesting as great curiosities of the vegetable world from their magnitude and age, as well as from the associations connected with them.

"One hour after sunrise we ascended to the summit of the mountain over loose stones and sand; the eye embraces a grand view of mountains, a long winding sweep of coast, and a vast expanse of sea. We descended again to Ainnete, and halted at a spring gushing from under some

walnut trees, where we were regaled by some Arabs with fresh goats' milk, and we then continued our journey to Baalbec."

These cedars on Lebanon are held in great veneration by the inhabitants. The Christians celebrate an annual mass under their shade, and the Mussulmen hold them in the greatest respect from traditionary legends concerning them.

It is even said that these trees are contemporary with Solomon; this draws rather too strongly on our credulity, though from the great age to which the cedar will attain, it is not difficult to suppose, that these form a portion of the succeeding generation, if their predecessors attained the same venerable age which these appear to possess. Their bare branches shoot up a vast height above the cedars by which they are surrounded, and the vast trunk below, is shaded with a spreading foliage of the deepest green; any one of them, independent of its situation, would be a great curiosity as a vegetable production.

It is curious that this is the only *grove of cedars* on the whole range, and that trees of any magnitude, excepting *fir-trees*, are not met with in this part of the country; they are likewise near the village of Eden.—"And all the trees of Eden, the choicest and best of Lebanon." Ezekiel, xxxi. 6.

—And if, as there is reason to suppose, they were formerly more numerous, and of the same size as the few specimens of the antient forest that are left, we need not wonder that they have been the subject of such frequent allusion in Scripture, and have been spoken of with such admiration. "With the multitude of my chariots I am come up to the height of the mountains, to the sides of Lebanon, and will cut down the tall cedars thereof, and the choice fir-trees thereof." 2 Kings. —"And upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up, and upon all the oaks of Bashan." Isaiah, ch. ii.—"Behold the Assyrian was as a *cedar in Lebanon*, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high, with her rivers running about his plants. . . . . Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitudes of the waters which he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations." Ezekiel, ch. xxxi.—But year after year these giants of the vegetable

world have been sharing the blighting influence that blasts the whole country; and in the words of Scripture—"The earth mourneth and languisheth, Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down, Sharon is like a wilderness; and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits."

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, between thirty and forty of the large old cedars were counted, by some of our early travellers. In 1750, seventeen are mentioned to have been seen; afterwards twelve are described; now seven only remain; and the prophecy of Isaiah appears at last to be fulfilled, that the time would come, when "the rest of the trees of his forest should be few, that a child might write them."—ch. x. ver. 19.

Oct. 9th.—This afternoon we explored some of the large subterranean passages that lead under the great citadel of Baalbec, immense vaults of very massive architecture, and beautifully constructed. They are now used as storehouses and granaries. The key of the gate leading into them is kept by the Aga of the village, and at present a quantity of dry grass and straw belonging to the cavalry is stored withinside, consequently we were not allowed to take a light. I have no doubt, if they were explored, and if excavations were made, that something interesting might be

discovered within their gloomy precincts. From an eminence behind Baalbec there is a fine and extensive view; and in the rock, at intervals, are excavated cisterns, something in the shape of a bee-hive, having a narrow circular entrance at the top; they are lined with a beautiful hard polished stucco. The walls of the antient Heliopolis are traceable in many directions, and shew that the antient city must have been of considerable extent.

Oct. 10th. — At noon we left Baalbec, and halted at the great quarry, about a quarter of a mile from the village, from whence the large stones were hewn.

The vast block which we saw and walked upon, now lying there, smoothed and planed, and ready shaped, but not carried away, measures *sixty-nine feet two inches* in length, *twelve feet ten inches* in breadth, and *thirteen feet three inches* in thickness. Mr. Wood, the architect, who saw this stone in 1751, from its admeasurement, computes that it contains 14,128 cubic feet of solid matter, and would weigh, supposing it to be of the same specific gravity as Portland stone, 2,270,000 lbs. avoirdupoise, or 1,135 tons; and this stone was hewn out by manual labour, and prepared to be transported a mile to be built into a wall!

The morning is cloudy, quite a phenomenon,

and we are delighted at being sheltered for a season from the burning rays of the sun. Soon after leaving Baalbec we commenced the ascent of the range of Anti-Libanus, and from the eminences, we had a fine view of the opposite bolder and more lofty chain of Libanus, at the northern end of which a few showers flying about, the first rain for four months, gave great effect to the scenery, and imparted a delicious coolness to the air. Whirlwinds of dust rolled from the plain beneath in tall spiry columns, which every now and then giving way at the base, left a dense cloud of dust, careering high in the air.

The scenery, consisting of steep ascents and descents, was as pretty as it could be, without foliage, habitations, or water. We passed a ruined village of mud huts, in which not one soul existed, nor has the wide prospect we have frequently enjoyed from these elevations hitherto displayed a single village, cultivated tract, or sign of life, except a few miserable scattered cabins, and an Arab boy tending a flock of goats.

When will the despicable and scanty remnant of the inhabitants of these regions assume courage to shake off the grinding despotism that cramps their industry and bows their energies to the dust? When will they raise themselves from the brute

slavery and nothingness into which they are fallen, and in the words of Pope,

> . . . . . " teach the tyrant, trembling on his throne,
> This world was made for many, not for one."

I am afraid they are too deeply fallen ever to rise again; and that the reformation, when it does come, must come from abroad. They have no spirit, no sense of independence left; they are unresistingly struck and kicked by their so called superiors; and so completely accustomed are they to this treatment, that no other consideration very often will move an Arab, but money or the argumentum baculinum; they are careless, slovenly, lying, and deceitful, and nothing can moderate and correct these bad habits but the stick.

I of course here use the term *Arab* in a confined sense, meaning the settled inhabitants of Arab origin, and by no means extend it to the Bedouin of the desert, who is a far different being. I have heard Englishmen condemn, and very properly, their countrymen for lifting their hands against an Arab, and say, you would not do it if you thought he would turn again. True, but it is difficult sometimes to restrain yourself, as the Arab, like the school-boy, will be ruled by nothing else. For instance, you hire your horses by the day at

a good price, and the Arab will never make so good a bargain again, consequently he will endeavour to make three days' journey out of two, by falsifying distances, marching slow, and putting up for the night at some village, telling abundance of lies to induce you to go no further. He is obstinate, and if you are alone and unaccustomed to the country, you give way; finding he has succeeded here, he will try and impose on you still further the next day. If you offer him money it acts like magic, but if you seize your stick, and putting yourself earnestly in a rage, apply it to his shoulders, he is suddenly transformed into a different being, and hastens to execute your orders with a promptness and alacrity quite astonishing.

At sunset we traversed a steep precipitous descent into a deep valley, at the bottom of which flowed a stream, its course being marked by a brilliant line of green foliage, for where there is water there is vegetation, and of the brightness and beauty of that vegetation none but those who have been in this country can have an idea. By the side of the stream far below, like a thread, extended a winding road, along which a long string of camels were moving at slow and stately pace, with the camel bells round their necks tinkling musically as they passed along.

There is something particularly soothing and pleasing in the tinkling of the camel bell, which is suspended round the neck of every camel, and I have often listened to its monotonous music with great pleasure on a still evening. On the other side of the valley rose the dark perpendicular cliffs of Djebel Sheikh, the base of which we soon reached. We wound along the valley, passed a few houses by the river side, and in about an hour we reached some gardens and groves of trees surrounding the village of Surgawich or Zurgeia, pleasantly situated in the narrow valley along the borders of the stream, and hemmed in by precipitous mountains. Here our servants and muleteers soon procured for us the best house in the place, where we were hospitably received.

On the earthen floor of a large room, the roof of which was thatched with mud, bushes, and straw, mats were placed upon which our servants unrolled the beds, and then kindled a great fire outside the door to cook the supper. On the arrival of every stranger, the first charitable offer to him is always of a mat and of a pitcher of water; the first to serve the double purpose of saying his prayers and resting himself upon, and the other of washing himself for prayer and quenching his thirst. After supper, the villagers dropped in, one

by one, made us the graceful and courteous salaam, placing one hand on the breast, and then sat down in a row along the opposite wall, with their legs crossed under them. They seemed astonished and amused at our appearance and dress, and gazed with wonder at our knives and forks, which they begged to be allowed to inspect.

Wonderful stories were then told by the spokesman of the party about their use and intention, with various shrewd remarks upon Frank manners and customs, to all which they listened most attentively; but what confounded them were the air-cushions belonging to some of our party; they could not at all comprehend the hissing noise that the air made on being allowed to escape, and seemed strongly inclined to think they were talismans, or that we had got some evil spirit fastened up inside.

Oct. 11th.—Six, P.M. The baggage is all strapped and fastened upon the mules, and we are surrounded by a crowd of women, who have come to have *their* look at us. Some of them are creeping behind hedges, and shrouding themselves as much as possible from observation; their dresses, although dirty, had a graceful appearance. There was a remarkably tall, pretty girl, who surveyed us at a distance from under a tree; her beautiful long

braided hair fell down her back; a long white linen veil fastened to the top of the head, fell down also over her shoulders behind, nearly to her heels; a piece of embroidered cotton in imitation of a shawl encircled her waist, having a large knot on one side; and in her hands she held a stick, on which she was spinning cotton yarn.

After leaving the village, we as usual took leave of trees and cultivation, and traversed a bare uninteresting valley, bounded on the left by a bold range of dark perpendicular cliffs. We passed some wild, half-naked people on horseback, with long shaggy hair hanging over their shoulders, and a tall masculine woman with a child in her arms. In one hour we descended to the village of Zebdeni, situated in a delightful valley, surrounded by beautiful gardens and rich groves of fruit-trees and poplars, and watered by the stream of the Barrada, which, rising in the mountains above the village we started from this morning, runs through this valley, and waters the whole plain of Damascus. Here at Zebdeni it is joined by a rivulet, called Moyeh Zebdeni, rising in the mountain behind the village.

A find stream of water from the river is carried by a canal along the sides of the mountain, and is then divided into several small streams, which are

made to flow down through the rich gardens into its natural bed, thereby irrigating the soil and causing it to produce abundantly. We halted in a large square in the village filled with women, to give the horses some water. It is inhabited by Arabs, a few Turks, and some Greek Catholics.

Hence we travelled through luxuriant gardens inclosed by a hedge beautifully bound together, and amid the overhanging branches of the walnut, the mulberry, and a forest of fruit-trees, under which the rich soil was neatly cultivated with melons, radishes, and vegetables. Streams of water gushed along the road and through the gardens, and a cool fragrant air was diffused under the branches of the trees. This was too good to last, and we shortly emerged upon a naked marshy valley surrounded by mountains.

We passed a beautiful spring of water, which the Arabs pointed out to us as one of the sources of the Barrada, and about mid-day we halted under the shade of some walnut trees, to refresh the horses and cook our dinners. It is very agreeable gipsying in this way, taking care to provide fowls, &c., in the different villages, and to store your provision chests with sundry little delicacies, which conduce most materially to the preservation

of health, and also to the contentedness and good humour of a large party.

At two P. M. we left the walnut-trees, and passed through the mountains to the banks of the river Barrada, now much swollen by the junction of its two branches. We followed its winding course through a grand pass in the mountains, hemmed in by dark perpendicular cliffs, through which the stream rushed sparkling with white foam. A little further on, it formed a beautiful cascade of two falls, tumbling over the rocks, and numerous surging and boiling streams of water gushed through the broken and dissevered masses. Below these falls we crossed the river by a stone bridge, called Djissr el Souk, at the commencement of the Wady Barrada, or Valley of the river Barrada, and on the right of the road we saw six chambers excavated in the rock, presenting small doorways with buttresses between them, inaccessible without scaling ladders. They are no doubt very antient, and were constructed either as dwellings or tombs; the Arabs ascribe them to the Franji, who inhabited the country before the Turks took possession of it.

The valley now expanded a little, and gradually lost its wilder and bolder features. In a quarter of an hour, we arrived at the small village

of El Souk, surrounded by bright green trees and refreshed with an abundance of water. Souk signifies in Arabic, market, and the name is often applied to the small villages where commodities are bought and sold.

From Souk the course of the river Barrada was overshadowed by trees, and marked by a zig-zag of lively and refreshing green, presenting a charming appearance when contrasted with the white cliffs and hills on either side. We followed the course of the river to the end of this delicious little valley, and then left it for the barren parched mountains, which we ascended amid glare, heat, and dust. We shortly, however, descended again into the luxuriant Wady Barrada, and in less than an hour arrived at the village of Hussein, where our Arabs wished to stop for the night, although we had three hours more of daylight; and they thus wished to take two days and a half over a journey, which is usually performed in one day and a half. The impudent dogs took us off the high road into the village, and began to unload the mules, when seeing by our violent gestures, menaces, and brandishing of sticks, that we would not allow the piece of knavery to be perpetrated, the few articles that had been taken off, were replaced, and we quietly resumed our route.

In about half an hour we passed a little to the west of another village, called Souk Barrada, crossed a dreary barren district, and nearly lost ourselves in the dark. We crossed a wild heath, when the Arabs wished to stop again and disputed as to which was the right path; pushing on, however, through water and swamps, we reached an eminence above the village of Eljdide, close to a small hamlet called Senie, built on the declivity of a hill. Our muleteers took the horses to the village, and we encamped under some trees, spreading our carpets on the ground, and kindling a roaring fire, as the night was cold.

Oct. 12th.—We started at sunrise for Damascus, between four and five hours distant, following the river, whose banks were beautifully clothed with mulberry-trees and tall poplars, and inclosed by sterile white chalk mountains. We passed the small village of Dumar, crossed the Barrada by the Djissr Dumar, a bridge of two arches, and then took leave of the valley and passed through a desert region over sterile white chalk mountains, unenlivened by a green leaf or a trace of vegetation.

After ascending the hills for some time, we descended to a narrow, winding, rocky path, dazzled with the glare of the sun, and oppressed by

heat; and by direction of our Dragoman, leaving my horse and climbing up the rocks to a small cupola supported on columns, the tomb of a Santon or of a Sheikh, one of the most magnificent prospects in the world suddenly burst upon my sight. Like the first view of Constantinople, it is unique, and will bear comparison with no other that I have seen. I called up my companions, and one after another as they arrived, they stood electrified by the charming prospect.

Conceive our sensations after journeying in this country, through thirsty, dusty plains, across white sterile mountains, diversified only with ruined villages and collections of miserable mud huts, suddenly to find ourselves standing on a lofty ledge of rocks, and looking down from an elevation of one thousand feet, upon a vast plain, bordered in the distance by blue mountains, and occupied by a rich luxuriant forest, of the walnut, the fig, the pomegranate, the plum, the apricot, the citron, the locust, the pear, and the apple, forming a waving grove more than fifty miles in circuit; not such a wood as one sees in France, England, or Germany, but possessing a vast variety of tint, a peculiar density and luxuriance of foliage, and a wildly picturesque form, from the branches of the loftier tress throwing themselves up above a rich

underwood of pomegranates, citrons, and oranges, with their yellow, green, and brown leaves; and then conceive our sensations to see grandly rising in the distance, above this vast superficies of rich luxuriant foliage, the swelling leaden domes, the gilded crescents, and the marble minarets of Damascus, while, in the centre of all, winding towards the city, ran the main stream of the river Barrada.

White morning mists veiled the eastern end of the valley, and a light blue vapour hung in curling wreaths over the city itself, giving a dimness and indistinctness of outline which added much to the grandeur of the scene.

We feasted our eyes, as we descended, on the lovely prospect, and we all agreed that we had never beheld a view more striking; here and there, the openings in the trees displayed little patches of bright verdure, or a glimpse of richly cultivated gardens; the whole of the rich tract was surrounded by a mud wall, beyond which all was arid and desert.

Descending to a level with the plain, we skirted the base of the mountains that border it to the north, passed several ruined tombs of Sheikhs or Santons, situated just within the gardens, and leaving the village of Salahieh, we turned to the

right along a broad well paved road shaded by the overhanging branches of immense walnut-trees, and through the rich gardens of Damascus.

These shady environs, and this abundance of water, are indeed luxurious in such a climate. Swift streams tumble through the mud walls and run through the gardens in different directions, diffusing blessings as they flow; the branches of the trees form a canopy of green over head, and below, beds of cabbages, enormous water-melons and gourds, fruits, radishes, vegetables, and pendent bunches of fine black grapes proclaim the fertility of the soil, and the careful cultivation. The various large and small streams, conducted with care to trees and vegetables, and the peculiar features of the landscape, made me call to mind the description of the orchard belonging to the enchanted castle, in the story of the third calendar in the Arabian Nights.

"This delicious orchard" (says the writer) "was watered in a very particular manner; there were channels so artificially and proportionably cut, that they carried water in considerable quantities to the roots of such trees as required moisture; others conveyed it in smaller quantities to those whose fruits were already formed; some carried still less to those whose fruits were swelling, and

others carried only so much as was just requisite to water those which had their fruits come to perfection and only wanted to be ripened. They far exceeded the ordinary size of the fruits in our gardens. Lastly, those channels that watered the trees whose fruit was ripe, had no more moisture than what would just preserve them from withering."

The writer must surely have studied his description at Damascus.

The vast thickly wooded orchard that surrounds the city, is entirely produced by the river Barrada, which is divided into three or four heads at the spot where it issues from the mountain; the centre or main channel runs straight towards the city, the others diverge to the right and left along the rising ground on either hand, and are made to flow in small streams down the gradual descent, till they are either exhausted by irrigation or fall again into the main channel, distributing on each side vivifying streams, without which the whole would be an arid desert, like the vast surrounding plains, where the soil is in parts even finer than it is here. The gourds, water-melons, and radishes are of gigantic size, and are indeed somewhat "larger than the ordinary fruits of our gardens."

These rivers of Damascus seem to have been as much valued in the most antient times as they are at present. We find in the Second Book of Kings, Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, when told by the prophet Elijah to wash himself in the Jordan seven times that he might be cleansed of his leprosy, replying—

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean? so he turned and went away in a rage."*

Turning from the broad paved road along which picturesque groups of men and women, long strings of donkeys and mules, and a few dromedaries were passing and repassing, we entered a narrow lane to avoid the sight of so many Christians passing through the principal street and the crowded bazaars at the most bustling period of the day. We continued for near three quarters of an hour more riding through the delicious environs under the shade of the trees; we crossed a large cemetery, containing some very handsome tombs, and then passed through a low narrow gateway into a fine lofty bazaar, crowded with all sorts of strange figures in the wildest and most

* 2 Kings, ch. v.

picturesque costumes. They stared at our long cavalcade in silence, six Christian Franks, (two of our party had left us, on a visit to Tyre and Sidon,) with their servants and retinue, had never been seen riding through a bazaar before on horseback, and the absence of all tumult and insulting expressions shews what a wonderful change has of late been effected in the opinions and fanaticism of the people. Ten years ago, a Christian dared not make his appearance within the gates in a Frank habit, and every inquiring European, who wished to visit the town, was obliged to put on the dress of a Syrian Christian merchant or Bedouin Arab, and slip in as a native of the place.

In the garb of the despised Christian race, he dared not formerly mount a horse, but was obliged to content himself with the humble jackass, and even to think himself fortunate if he was not compelled by insults to dismount, and lead his donkey by the bridle, when passing through the bazaars, while a haughty Mussulman, curvetting along on his Arab steed, preceded by black slaves armed with white sticks, would drive him with blows and insults from the centre of the road. If, too, the stranger investing himself in the habiliments peculiarly appropriated to the Moslems was

discovered to be a presumptuous Christian, he would perhaps be fortunate to have escaped without suffering gross insult and severe injury, and without being stripped and kicked out of the town in a most ungentle manner.

Here and there a scowling look, or a smothered cry of Yaoor, or "Infidel," after we had passed, were all the tokens of discontent we perceived.

The late residence of a British consul-general at Damascus, who speaks Arabic fluently, has won the respect of the principal people of the place, is the known friend of Ibrahim Pasha, and well maintains the dignity of his country among these fanatics, has in a great measure effected this change in the sentiments and bearing of the inhabitants towards Christian strangers, assisted of course by the efficient protection of Ibrahim Pasha, whose will is law in Syria.

We were struck and astounded, on our immediate entrance into the city, by the vast number of blind and disfigured people, who presented quite a ghastly sight. Every third or fourth person that we met was blind of an eye, and sometimes of both, caused we were told by the ophthalmia, which prevails here dreadfully, and in all places in Syria surrounded by land extensively irrigated.

The quantity and profusion of fruit, the piles of

enormous water melons, pumpkins, radishes, pomegranates, and grapes heaped up on either side, presented a most striking appearance as we passed along.

Threading our way through some narrow streets, we arrived at the Francescan convent, the courts of which were filled with enormous heaps of fine black grapes, which were being unladen from a string of camels before the door. The holy fathers seemed busily preparing a fine supply of wine for the ensuing year.

CHAPTER IV.

DAMASCUS. — BATH. — GREAT MOSQUE. — PASTRY-COOKS. — ARABIAN NIGHTS. — BOOK BAZAAR. — COUNTRY VILLA. — SALAHIEH. — CEMETERY. — DAMASCENE WOMEN. — FUNERAL. — SAUL OF TARSUS. — ORIENTAL SCENES.

"Ἐδει γὰρ οἶμαι τὴν Διὸς πολίν ἀληθῶς, καὶ τῆς Ἑῶας ἁπάσης ὀφθαλμον, τὴν ἱερὰν καὶ μέγιστὴν Δαμασκον λέγω, τοῖς τὲ ἄλλοῖς σύμπασιν, ὁιον ἱερων κάλλει, καὶ νέων μέγεθει, καὶ ὡρων εὐκαιρία καὶ πηγων ἀγλαία καὶ ποταμων πλῆθει, καὶ γῆς εὐφορία νικῶσαν."

"It deserved in truth, as I conceive, to be called the city of Jove, and the eye of all the East; I mean the great and sacred Damascus, surpassing in every respect both in the beauty of its temples, the magnitude of its shrines, the timeliness of its seasons, the limpidness of its fountains, the volume of its waters, and the richness of its soil."

JULIAN, EPIST. XXIV. p. 392.

Oct. 12th, eleven, A.M.—A jolly friar with a bunch of keys in his hands shewed us into a long room, with no other furniture in it but two or three old bedsteads, some very suspicious looking mattresses, and an old chair.

We made a general clearance, had the room

swept, our carpets spread on the floor, and our beds upon them, the musquitto nets suspended, and in half an hour the aspect of the old room was wonderfully changed for the better.

The next and important object was to throw off our dirty clothes and go to the bath. Here the proper and delicious custom, so often mentioned in the Arabian Nights, universally prevails, of going to the bath before putting on clean clothes. Every individual makes up his little bundle of clean things, and sends them down to the bath by a slave before he presumes at any time to change his habiliments. After roughing it in the country, sleeping in your clothes, and in huts well stocked with fleas and vermin, it may be imagined the keen delight with which we packed up our linen and an entire change of dress, and forwarded it by our servant to the bathing establishment.

Preceded by our little bundles, we were conducted to the principal bath of the city, called the Bath of Musk, to which we approached through a court ornamented with a fountain, which threw a stream of water twenty feet into the air, producing a sweet murmuring, and a pleasant coolness. We entered through a small door into a vast circular apartment, surmounted by a large

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dome, and paved with marble. In the centre a large fountain, bubbling over and rolling into a circular marble basin below, produced a refreshing coolness.

The scene on entering to a novice is very astonishing. Around the large circular hall were raised platforms or terraces covered with carpets and small beds, on and around which might be seen the most extraordinary grim figures imaginable, some rolled up in towels and napkins, lay extended at full length smoking, others sat up sipping coffee. Some were divesting themselves of their garments, assisted by a black slave, and others were in a complete state of nudity, in the act of having a towel wound round their waists, just before going into the bath. They presented the most extraordinary and comic aspect imaginable, with their shaven heads and long beard; (the heads of all Mussulmen are shaved quite bare, with the exception of a tuft on the very top, which is left for the angel of the tomb on the day of judgment, say they, to grasp and carry them up to heaven by;) besides these, other objects are seen wrapped up in towels, with black grisled beards tickling their breasts, and tottering along on a high pair of pattens or rather stilts, at the imminent danger, as it appears, of breaking their

necks. They push onwards to the bathing rooms, while crowds of pale, waxy-faced attendants, all stark naked with the exception of a towel wound round their waists, and with shining shaven crowns, are walking about with bundles of towels, cups of coffee, pipes, and nargillas. The whole scene, although a busy one, is silent, ceremonious, and quite bewildering.

We were allotted a raised recess covered with carpets, upon which six little couches were quickly prepared, with cushions and linen sheets spread over them; our little bundles of clothes were deposited by the side, and we commenced undressing. A naked attendant stood close at hand with towels, and as we were successively reduced to our last garment, he wound a towel round our waists. Being then completely stripped, a long towel was thrown over our shoulders, and another wound in the shape of a turban round our heads.

As we successively descended the platform, a pair of pattens, called kabkabs, about a foot or a foot and a half high, were placed for us to get into, to protect our feet from the wet, cold, marble pavement. I had not taken three steps in these unlucky machines before I tottered and tumbled, and should have broken my head if I had not been caught and steadied by two of the attendants.

I immediately shook off the detestable kabkabs and walked on to the door of the bathing-rooms, where we were confounded by a pack of naked, tallow-faced, shaven-crowned wretches, with pale bloodless skins, shiny, greasy-looking, and covered with perspiration, who rushed upon us, shouted at us, grinned and chattered, and poked us with their thin, lanky, white fingers. Not comprehending the nature of the attack, we were putting ourselves in boxing attitudes, and should certainly have shortly astonished them as much as they did us, had not our dragoman, who was behind, told us that they were only contesting with each other which was to have the honour of serving us in the bath, and that we must each choose our man, whose services were indispensable inside.

We accordingly made our choice, and entered the first room, which was moderately warm, vaulted, and paved with marble, and then passed on through a suite of rooms, each succeeding one becoming hotter and more clouded with steam, through the dense atmosphere of which might be seen strange unearthly objects. Some lay extended on their backs upon the floor, where wild-looking naked men with bald heads were pounding and kneading them; some stood up to their knees in a large circular basin of hot water;

some were seated on their haunches, covered from head to foot with soapsuds, which were lathered over them with an implement like a horse's tail; others were being drowned with hot water, which was poured over them in buckets; and others sat quietly smoking or sipping coffee on marble benches, unmoved by the puffing, ha-aing, washing, and scrubbing around them, while old men with grey beards, and young boys without any beards at all, all equally in a state of nudity, were poking about, appearing and then vanishing away again in the fog.

We sat down on a marble bench in the last room of all, the atmosphere of which was very hot and oppressive at first. This, however, soon goes off, when a profuse perspiration breaks out and trickles down from every pore; coffee was brought in and handed round to us, and then pipes. It is usual to rest about half an hour or longer, according to fancy, to allow a thorough perspiration to break out.

After talking and sipping our coffee for some time, the different attendants we had chosen came up and made overtures to us to come and be scrubbed, which we successively yielded to, as our pipes were finished and our coffee drunk; and we were each one of us successively conducted to

some quarter of this or the adjoining room, under a cock of hot water. The following is a description of the process:—

The attendant puts on a mohair glove and commences rubbing every part of your limbs and body, which are moistened with perspiration, until he brings off more dirt than you conceived ever to have defiled your person; this operation lasts about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. The attendant constantly dips the glove into hot water, and almost brings away the skin by the hardness of the rubbing. When he can get no more dirt off your body, he draws a long breath, uttering an ejaculation of "*Taieeb, taieeb!*" (Good, good!) expressive of satisfaction, and then pushes you down on your back, extending you at full length on the marble floor. He now pinches, and squeezes your shoulders, arms, and all your limbs, then pulling your fingers, he makes the joints crack with a startling loudness; he then applies himself to your arms and legs, moving the bone about in the socket in an alarming manner. You call on him to stop, but he does not understand, or not thinking that he has executed his duties satisfactorily, he again applies himself with renewed vigour, swearing at the obstinate limb, and although frightened, you cannot refrain laugh-

ing at your companion, on the other side of the room writhing and resisting the infliction of the same process upon himself. Now seizing your shoulders, he pulls you up, and putting his knee into the small of your back, gives you a twist, and a crack, that makes you jump, and then clapping his hands, shouts "*Taieeb, taieeb, taieeb kateir!*" meaning to say that the whole thing has been capitally done. He then places you in a sitting posture close under a cock of hot water.

A large bowl, with a bit of soap at the bottom, and a long wisp of tow are now brought, hot water is spouted upon it, and in a few seconds a fine thick lather of soapsuds is formed, which in an instant is spread all over your eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, and for five minutes you are soaped and lathered in style; you cram your fingers into your eyes, which smart terribly; then come buckets of almost boiling hot water, laded out of a large marble basin, in such rapid succession, that you are almost suffocated, and at last get up, nearer drowned probably than ever you were before. An attendant now appears and binds a dry towel round your waist and your head, and another over your shoulders, as at the commencement, and you are led out scarcely able to stand, if it is your first bath, through the heated rooms, into the cold external

hall, where the transition is just as great as that of a man going out of a warm room naked, on a winter's night, into the external air when the thermometer is ten degrees below freezing point; the temperature of these baths being from 100° to 105°, and the external hall at the time we visited it 65° to 70°. The effect, however, is very different; cold is said never to be taken, and we never experienced aught but the most pleasant and agreeable feelings. You are immediately led to your couches, cups of coffee are brought, then pipes or nargillas, with which you smoke through water, and an hour is usually spent in the most delightful manner.

Reclining on these couches you feel younger and more active, and in the highest spirits. Stiffness, pains in the joints, and fatigue vanish away, and you think of nothing but pleasure and happiness, enjoyment and satisfaction. The resolution you have previously come to, if a novice, of never taking a bath again now begins to be shaken, and it is seldom that you are not induced to make a second trial, after which the habit gradually increases, and it becomes at last quite necessary to comfort.

Lying here and smoking, it is most curious to watch the different strange figures coming in and going out, to see the barbers going round to those

who want their heads shaved, or the superfluous hairs taken from their bodies by means of a little preparation which they possess, said to be a mineral compound imported from Cos.

Twice a week after mid-day this bath is appropriated to the use of the women, and no man dare enter under pain of death. The male attendants are of course all cleared away, and the whole establishment and its furniture are taken possession of by females. These assemblages of the Moslem women at the bath form their greatest enjoyment. Precisely the same process is undergone by them as with the men; they smoke, they drink coffee, they are rubbed, pounded, and squeezed, &c.; but being more playfully inclined there is much more noise and romping. Nearly every week there is a wedding, when the young bride is bathed in state, and perfumed, and anointed, and led round the hall and presented to the matrons, from whom she receives presents, the whole company being reduced to a state of nature. On these occasions the whole bath is taken by the bride and her friends for a certain period, and strangers are not admitted. When in the bath, the delicate skins of the ladies are anointed with an ointment brought from Cos, which makes them white and shining,

and their bodies are sprinkled over with the most delicious perfumes.

The expense of our bath was two shillings each, including every thing, and we paid four times the sum paid by the natives.

We returned home by the way of the great mosque, formerly the Christian church of St. John. There is a large thoroughfare through the great court from one bazaar to the other; on entering which the Mussulmen take off their shoes and carry them in their hands. We were about to enter with the rest, but were rudely stopped by two individuals, who were apparently worked up to a great pitch of excitement at the sight of six infidel dogs profanely daring to cross the sacred court. They chattered very fast and shewed their teeth, as if inclined to spit at us; a crowd quickly collected, and we thought it better not to attempt entering, but remained at the door looking at the interior, whilst the collected crowd looked with equal intentness at us. The dragoman we had hired to pilot us about earnestly begged us to come away, as no Christians, known as such, had ever been allowed to pass through, and he said the crowd might shortly insult us for stopping where we were; so we made a detour through the ba-

zaars to the opposite gate of the mosque, and like Agib and the black eunuch in the 115th night, "passed through the great squares, and the public places, where the richest goods were sold, and took a view of the superb mosque of Damascus at the hour of prayer." It was sunset, and although we could not get into the mosque, yet we could see the Moslems preparing to say their prayers in the court before it, while the muezzin chaunted the long melodious call from the minaret.

A portico of granite pillars, of the Corinthian order of architecture, extends round three sides of the court, and on the fourth side stands the mosque. The interior is plain; it is divided into three long aisles by rows of handsome granite Corinthian columns, and a large dome surmounts the centre of the building. It is said to have been erected by the emperor Heraclius, and there can be little doubt but that it was in existence as a church before the capture of Damascus by the Saracens, from the order of architecture. The Turks call it the Mosque of St. John Baptist.

Oct. 13th.—Some of the party are gone this morning to pay a visit to Mr. Farren, the British consul-general of Syria, who resides at the village of Salahieh, about two miles from Damascus, to ascertain if it is possible to get across the desert

to the ruins of Palmyra, and the rest of us have been lounging with a guide round the different bazaars. These bazaars are very extensive, and I think wider and better built than those of Constantinople. There appears, too, to be more bustle and a greater degree of business transacted in them and the adjoining khans; but they display a less gay appearance, not being adorned with so many rich goods and costly articles.

From ten to twelve o'clock, while the auctions are going on, they are dreadfully crowded and very noisy, from the shouts and cries of individuals running about with bundles of old clothes hung over their arms, flourishing different articles in their hands, and loudly vociferating the last price bid. You may walk on interminably through these passages, lined with goods and piled with all kinds of fruits, of which there is great profusion, enormous water-melons, apples, pears, grapes, lemons, pistachio nuts, dried apricots, plums, and all kinds of vegetables. The inhabitants chiefly live on bread and fruits; and the usual fare of the lower orders consists of a thin cake of unleavened bread and radishes, which last grow to an enormous size, and are very cooling and delicious. Here you see bon bon sellers, their trays hung to their necks by a strap. They sell sugar, pistachio

nuts, and sweetmeats; in their hands they hold little rods to beat off flies, and they vend their commodities to the passengers by measure, having a little scale and weights for that purpose. There are also all sorts of pastry-cook shops, piled with pans and kettles, in which hot cakes, stuck with bits of almonds or parched seeds, sour curds, and hot tarts are sold; the number of these pastry-cooks made me call to mind the comic story of Buddin ad Deen Hussein, the pastry-cook of Damascus in the Arabian Nights, who, when Agib and the black eunuch approached his shop, thus addressed them:—

"I was making (said the pastry-cook) cream tarts, and you must, with submission, eat them. This said, he took a cream-tart out of the oven, and after strewing upon it some pomegranate kernels and sugar, set it before Agib, who found it very delicious. . . . . When they had done he brought them water to wash, and a very white napkin to wipe their hands. Then he filled a large china cup with sherbet, and put snow into it, and offering it to Agib, This, said he, is sherbet of roses."

Sherbet of roses is the pink sherbet, kept in tins, and still sold to the thirsty inquirer in round cups with a lump of snow in it. The piles of

pots and pans too still seen in these shops, call to mind the scene when the men with sticks, under the guidance of the black eunuch, and by the order of Shumsee ad Deen, " broke in pieces the plates, the kettles, the copper pans, and all the other moveables and utensils they met with, and inundated the sherbet shop with cream and comfits. Was it not you, said they, that sold this eunuch the cream-tart? Yes, replied Buddin ad Deen, and who says any thing against it? Instead of giving him an answer, they continued to break all around them, and the oven itself was not spared.

" Shumsee ad Deen called for Buddin ad Deen, and gave orders in his presence to prepare a stake. Alas! said Buddin ad Deen, what do you mean to do with a stake? Why, to impale you, replied Shumsee ad Deen, and then to have you carried through all the quarters of the town, that the people may have a spectacle of a worthless pastry-cook, who sells cream-tarts without pepper."

Seeing so much around that reminded me of the delightful stories in the Arabian Nights, I went into the book bazaar close to the mosque, and inquired for an original copy of them; at the first two or three book-stalls I was unsuccessful, and was told they were very scarce and very dear;

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but we presently found an old man, with a long pale face and a long grey beard, who said he would procure me a copy, beautifully written, on the following day. We asked about other books, and then inquired for a copy of the Koran—that instant his eyes flashed fire, his beard wagged with indignation, and he shouted at the pitch of his voice, *Yallah, yallah!* "Go, go, get you gone!" with sundry uncourteous expressions and rude epithets, among which that of "Infidel dogs" was more than once repeated.

Finding all further negotiation broken off for the present, and a crowd gradually collecting, we made as decent a retreat from the spot as we were able. It is considered sinful by these Mussulmen to allow the sacred book to be profaned even by the touch of an Infidel, and no strict Mussulman, unless bribed, will sell a Koran to a Frank; but it may generally be obtained through a third person, who will buy it for you.

The Koran is written in pure Arabic, and is not allowed to be written or circulated in any other language—nor is it touched with unwashed hands, or without a solemn obeisance. The purest Arabic is considered to be that of the Arab tribes in the neighbourhood of Mecca and Medina; its pronunciation varies among different tribes, and

in the large cities and towns of Syria, it is more corrupted perhaps by the admixture of other languages than elsewhere.

We dined in the refectory of the convent, and were attended upon by some of the good friars, who are kind hospitable people. These worthy fathers keep a school, and bastinado the boys with great effect; every now and then we are regaled with the noise of the instrument and the roaring of some youngster. These boys, I am told, are taught at the expense of the convent, but those parents who can afford it are naturally expected to contribute towards their education. The quantity of wasps at present harboured on the premises is quite terrific. They are attracted by the heaps of grapes piled upon the pavement ready for wine making. Attached to this establishment is an old dusty library, and a tattered, moth-eaten collection of books in Spanish, French, Latin, and Italian, chiefly theological. There are some French romances, and some elementary works in Arabic for the use of the monks studying that language.

Oct. 14th.—The consul has procured us a new residence—a country villa close to his own house at the village of Salahieh, to which we are to remove to-morrow.

I went this morning into a large open space

surrounded by green trees, fruit-stalls, and pedlars' stalls, in which a number of horses and mules are kept for hire and for sale. We found some tolerable saddle horses, and took a ride in the environs.

Matters are now much changed from what they were when Maundrell visited Damascus in 1697. "In visiting these gardens," says he, "Franks are obliged to walk on foot or ride on asses,—the insolence of the Turks not allowing them to mount on horseback. It is apt sometimes to give a little disgust to the generous traveller to be forced to submit to such marks of scorn; but there is no remedy, and if the traveller will take my advice, the best way will be to mount his ass contentedly, and to turn the affront into a motive of recreation, as we did."

The former insolence of the Damascenes is now, fortunately for travellers, effectually curbed.

The mud walls that border the roads and lanes on every side of Damascus sadly interfere with the prospect of those on foot; but on horseback we can look over them into the luxuriant orchards and gardens on either side, where the cultivators of the soil may be seen hard at work, gathering the fruit or sowing the seed.

Green foliage and a beautiful face, say the

Orientals, are the best antidotes to melancholy; and certainly the waving foliage of Damascus, lit up by the bright Syrian sun, the sparkling waters, the azure sky, and the distant blue mountains, present a cheerful delicious aspect, which can hardly fail to drive away the melancholy of the most morose. To the northward of the plain extends a bold range of picturesque mountains, forming a fine background to the view; and, as we approached the outskirts of the shady environs, the sight of the monotonous lifeless plain extending beyond made us turn away, from its dreary contrast to the scene behind, and retrace our steps towards the favoured city with increased delight.

About an hour and a half's ride in an easterly direction from the town is the marshy bog in which the river Barrada loses itself after issuing from the gardens. It is called Behairat el Merdj, or "the Lake of the Meadow." In the summer and autumn it is a pestilential swamp, sending forth pestiferous exhalations, which are no doubt the chief cause of the intermittent fever called the Damascus fever, which prevails so dreadfully at that season of the year. In the winter the circuit of the bog is much increased; and the low ground being then flooded by the river, a lake is formed.

Finding this evening, to my great annoyance, that I had left a valuable gold watch at the bath, I procured paper lanterns, without which you are not allowed to walk about Damascus after dark, and summoning the cicerone, we proceeded into the dark winding streets. The bazaars were shut, and the wind greatly endangered our lights; had they been put out, we should have been locked up all night by the police. These lanterns are made of oiled transparent paper, and are constructed so as to expand or contract at pleasure. Finding the bath shut, we proceeded to the private residence of the superior of the establishment, threading our way through a great variety of narrow dark winding passages and streets. The Damascenes seemed astonished at the sight of a Christian Frank wandering about at so late an hour by the light of a miserable lantern, knocking and hammering at different doors. Some followed us talking and surmising, and some said "Look at the unbeliever," "Mark the uncircumcised dog." At last we halted at a low door, and after some loud taps had been given, a female voice was heard from behind a lattice, in a trembling agitated tone, in fear probably lest the governor's slaves or some of the Damascene police had come to take off her husband's head. We were informed that the master

of the bath was entertaining himself with one of his favourite wives at a kiosk he possessed in the gardens, where he generally slept in hot weather, and that he could not be spoken with until the following morning.

Oct. 15th.—Leaving the convent amid bustling preparations for our removal to the new residence, I proceeded to the bath in search of my lost watch, and greatly to the credit of the establishment, it was immediately produced by their chief, whose honesty deserves to be recorded.

A traveller, in his observations upon national peculiarities and characteristics, must be much struck with the listless apathy that is displayed by these easterns,—the dreamy state of existence they seem to lead, and their want of curiosity.

I have heard them frequently express surprise that an Englishman should come so far from his own country, and wonder what can be the motive for giving himself so much trouble; they themselves express no curiosity about foreign lands and distant regions. If you tell them that people in England have ascended into the skies in a balloon, or have been whirled along at thirty miles an hour over the country without horses, they shake their heads, saying, God is great, and although they don't dispute your word, yet generally set

you down in their own minds for a liar; they would not take the trouble to investigate the truth of your assertions, not they, what would be the use? When they have seen us running about the town looking at different objects, they have wondered why we should take the trouble to walk so much, when we had divans at home to sit upon and pipes to smoke. The appearance of so large a party in the Frank dress, did not excite much sensation or curiosity in the minds of the people. When we passed, there would perhaps be some ejaculation of God is great!—or God is merciful!—Look at the infidels!—See the unbelievers. Our appearance in the Frank dress in Damascus was just as strange to the natives as would be the sight of six Turks in turbans and scarlet cloaks walking through the streets of London. But the effect upon the minds of the populace in the one case, was far different from what it would be in the other.

Damascus is, I think, superior in interest to any other oriental town I have seen. There is certainly not so much to strike and astonish one at first sight as at Constantinople. There are no such grand and striking points of view in the city itself, no vessels of war, winding waters, swift swallow-boats, lovely shores, and groves of cypresses;

these I put aside: but confining one's observation simply to the interior of the town, to the bazaars, and the streets and khans, to the crowds wandering about, and to the different scenes observable around, there is, I think, something more peculiarly oriental, and a style and character more perfectly original, about Damascus, than about any other eastern town I have seen.

The assemblage of people whose appearance and dress is so varied and so strange, the different articles exposed for sale and piled up on either side, the vast variety of smells and perfumes that pervade the air in the different quarters of the town, and the varied costumes of the Bedouin, or the Maronite, the Druse, the Turk, or the Syrian, successively met with in the bazaars, cannot but strike an European most forcibly with their novelty and singularity.

It is the most difficult thing in the world, to find one's way about a populous oriental town from the intricacy of the streets, and the numerous winding bazaars, which are dreadfully confusing. Sometimes you are pinned up in a corner for several minutes by a long string of camels, who take up the whole passage between the shop-boards on which the goods are exposed for sale, and sometimes you are run down and covered

with filth by a string of donkeys, who trot heedlessly on with noiseless tread over the sandy soil.

The different merchants and shopkeepers who are vending their wares, appear to be most independent and luxurious gentlemen; you see them reclining on a small carpet, leaning their backs against a soft cushion, and balancing their nargillas, a peculiar kind of pipe, in their hands, from which they are puffing clouds of smoke. Their shoes are neatly placed together at one corner of the carpet, and an earthen jar of water stands close to their elbow, to which they make frequent applications to slake their thirst; they serve you with civility, but dignity, not putting themselves the least out of the way, or in the slightest degree hurrying themselves to meet your wishes.

At two o'clock I walked up to our new residence at Salahieh along the broad paved road, and amid the waving foliage of the surrounding gardens. I was guided to the mansion by a little boy, and found our large party busily engaged in settling themselves in their new domicile. The house, Mr. Farren informs us, belongs to a descendant of the celebrated Abubeker, and although in a sadly ruinous and neglected state, possesses considerable remains of its former magnificence; richly painted ceilings, inlaid wainscoting, numer-

ous apartments, ruined fountains, and remnants of handsome marbles. In front of it extends a spacious court surrounded by buildings and trees, in the centre of which is a circular reservoir supplied by fountains constantly pouring in jets of water. Behind the house flows one of the branches of the river Barrada, and surrounded by green trees and rich gardens, it presents a most delightful contrast to our late dwelling, and to the mud houses, heat, and dust of the town.

A little beyond the house is the village of Salahieh, which possesses a considerable population, several mosques, several villas and gardens, and a good bath; directly behind rises a line of bold rocky mountains, presenting a fine background to the green foliage and the pretty minarets.

In the adjoining house is the harem of a Damascene, and whilst running about the premises surveying all the wonders of our new dwelling, I walked on into the adjoining court-yard, and suddenly popped upon an elderly lady and two younger ones, who were cleaning rice for their dinners. Having, for greater comfort laid aside their veils, they screamed most heartily when they saw me, and a little boy running out from the adjoining mansion joined his shrill pipes to theirs with such effect that I took to my heels,

in fear lest some black eunuch with a naked sabre might make his appearance. These ladies afterwards became more accustomed to us; and before we left the neighbourhood, grew so familiar as to offer to wash our dirty linen.

At five P. M. we dined with the British consul, in whose beautiful residence European elegance and comfort are tastily combined with the splendour and luxury of the east. We were received in a saloon paved with marble, from which branched off on either side raised floors covered with Persian carpets and rich divans; geraniums and exotics, twined round the open windows, scented the air with their blossoms; and the water from the fountain trickling down into the marble basin, produced a delightful murmur. Mr. Farren, who is particularly kind to all English travellers, told us, he would send a letter to one of the Arab Sheikhs, with whom he has great influence, requesting him to give us a safe passage through the desert to Palmyra.

Friday, Oct. 16th.—Being the Sunday of the Turks, I strolled through the large cemetery, which presented one of the most extraordinary and interesting sights imaginable. I should think about seven or eight hundred women were collected round the tombs, some bearing sprigs of myrtle or

young green plants, to place on them; some watering a few drooping flowers, some saying their prayers, some smoking and chatting, and here and there a solitary woman crying as if her heart would break over the tomb of a deceased relative. In some parts of the cemetery, the demonstrations of grief from the women on every side, hanging over the little marble urns, were most afflicting and heart rending. Nothing was to be heard but sobbing and crying. Many of them were sitting with their veils thrown aside and their eyes filled with tears. I remarked a very young woman, quite a girl, sitting on a carpet by the side of a tomb, with her hands crossed over her knees, and her long hair trailing on the ground behind. Some fresh flowers and young plants that she had brought to place on the tomb were lying by her side. A little further on sat two women, one of whom was leaning against a marble turban, under which in gold characters was written the name of the deceased to whose memory it was erected; she was crying and recklessly plucking up the weeds and bits of grass that grew round the simple monument. Can all this be a mockery of woe? Impossible. The number of disconsolate weepers at first sight induces one to think so; and with many, such may be the case; but the

greater part are influenced by deep and genuine emotion; and certainly those must be who steal here day after day, in solitude and silence to give vent to their sorrows over the tombs of those they have fondly loved; fancying as they do, (and is not the idea beautiful, though erroneous?) that the spirits of the departed hover round the hallowed spot, and regard with fond satisfaction these melancholy tokens of attachment.

The road was thronged with women, many of them having their veils hanging loosely down, and the number of pretty faces and beautiful eyes that I saw, inclines me to think that the beauty of the Damascene women has not been exaggerated. They had mostly fair complexions, with dark eyes and hair. We wandered about unmolested, taking care not to appear too narrowly scrutinising what was going on.

I have heard many instances of the strong affection of women in this part of the world for their husbands. The most erroneous notions are prevalent among us as to the grievous bondage in which, as it is called, they are held, and as to the way in which they pass their lives. From inquiries I have made of different Levantine and Frank ladies in the habit of visiting the harems of the east, I understand that the fair occupants of them

by no means covet the degree of liberty claimed and enjoyed by our European ladies, and think that a married woman should enjoy no other male society but that of her husband, that her whole time should be given up in studying to amuse him, and in the nursing and education of his children, which pleasing task they never delegate to another. They seem, it is said, to look upon the very restraint in which they are kept, and the watchfulness with which they are guarded, with a feeling of pride and satisfaction, thinking it a proof of the estimation in which they are held, and the value attached to them by their husbands. Thus, the most flattering epithet that can be applied to an eastern lady is said to be that of the "*concealed treasure*," "*the guarded jewel*," "*the well watched angel.*"

The degree of restraint imposed upon them, however, is much less than is generally imagined. Wrapped up in their loose walking cloaks, and shrouded in their veils, they are to be met with in all public places, shopping at the bazaars, or paying visits to their friends, undistinguishable even by their own husbands. They congregate together and pass their afternoons in the baths, and unrestrained by the presence of the men, enjoy dancing and music. If a husband possessing

only one wife, which is often the case, be kind and attentive to her, the strength of affection centered in him is naturally very great. The retirement and solitude of the harem afford little of change, and few worldly amusements, to divert the mind from the one absorbing passion; and when death has separated them from those in whom they found the greatest enjoyment of existence, the anguish of the mind must be indeed acute, and the sorrowing mourner attempts to solace her wounded spirit by those touching attentions to the memory of the dead so universal in the solemn solitary burying grounds of the east. Of these marks of affection, how pleasing is the fond occupation of watering each day a few flowers planted over the grave of a husband or a child, or replacing every evening with fresh blooming blossoms the withered plants of the preceding day, fit emblems of mortal man, "who cometh up and is cut down like a flower;" but the most beautiful and touching of all these tokens of affection is the one of hanging over the tomb a cage with a few singing birds, who are fed with religious care morning and evening, and are supposed to cheer the spirit of the departed by their sweet songs.

" Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

" And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

" Away, we know that tears are vain,
That death nor hears nor heeds distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet."

HEBREW MELODIES.

Oct. 17th.—Our change of residence is indeed most delightful and beneficial; instead of the hot confined air and the musquittoes of the town, we are refreshed by the cool breezes which play among the foliage, and the constant murmuring sound of running water. We have no furniture beside our travelling stock, but manage with temporary contrivances. We have put into requisition old presses and cupboards, inlaid with

different coloured woods and mother-of-pearl, broken, disfigured, and apparently disused for at least half a century. The whole house is now sadly ruinous, but it appears to have been a very handsome and commodious mansion. We are in a very retired situation, and can branch off through lanes shaded by the overhanging boughs of the trees to the banks of the Barrada, and for miles onward, amid the gardens of Damascus.

Our next door neighbours are some Damascene women, who have been occasionally seen wrapped up in napkins and shawls, appearing for a moment and then disappearing again. Their lord and master, rather a fine looking fellow, made his appearance this morning in our court-yard. A little boy and girl, belonging to the establishment, are constantly in attendance; the latter is a pretty delicate child with black eyes and hair, about nine years old, but very wicked, mischievous, and amazingly pert and impertinent; she is an excellent mimic, and whenever we interrupt her in any of her saucy pranks, she mocks the tone of our voices, and mimics our peculiarities in a laughable but rather provoking manner. Through her instrumentality we have made arrangements to have our linen washed by the females of the adjoining harem; and as we have succeeded in

purchasing an iron in Damascus, we now intend to exhibit ourselves great dandies.

Sunday, Oct. 18th.—After hearing prayers and a sermon at the consular residence, Mr. Farren mounted us all on Arab horses, and kindly offered to conduct us to the spot where, according to tradition among the Christians, Saul saw the light from heaven. Accompanied by three dragomen on foot with long white wands in their hands, we formed a most respectable procession. Mr. Farren was himself mounted on a splendid Arab mare, possessing that peculiar proud neck and fiery eye which distinguish the thorough bred Arab horse.

We wound round the walls and pulled up on the outskirts of the city at an hospital of lepers, into which, after procuring sundry Damascene youths to hold our horses, we entered. Leprosy is a most horrible disease, and is still prevalent in many parts of the east. It first manifests itself in large white patches which break out in different parts of the body, and turn to sores. The poor objects suffering under the malady are generally shunned; but it is considered very meritorious by the Moslems to give them alms, and a duty to treat them with kindness. The individuals I saw in this hospital, which was a most wretched establishment, did not appear to suffer so acutely from the

malady as many I have seen sitting by the road-side begging. The disease appears perfectly incurable; none are now "cleansed of their leprosy." On the wall is an Arabic inscription, "O God, for the sake of thy leprous prophet, a friend of our prophet, and for the sake of all the other prophets, give unto us health and peace." We gave alms to these poor unfortunates, and turned with pity from their misery.

Remounting our horses, we rode along the walls until we came to a part where they were broken at the top, this was pointed out as the spot where St. Paul was let down in a basket to escape the indignation of the Jews, when "the disciples took him by night and let him down by the wall in a basket."—Acts, ix.

From hence passing onwards through some pretty lanes, we came to an open green spot, surrounded by trees, over the tops of which were seen the distant summits of Mount Hermon. At this place we were informed Saul had arrived when, "as he journeyed, he came near Damascus, and suddenly, there shined round about him, a great light from heaven."—Acts, ix. 3.

These localities are pointed out with the greatest confidence by the Damascene Christians of all sects, Catholics, Schismatic Greeks, Maronites, &c.,

and are held in great veneration; nor is it difficult to suppose, that the true localities have been handed down by tradition from their early Christian brethren.

It was a lovely evening as we returned to Salahieh, making the entire circuit of the town round the walls. Christians and Jews, Syrians and Turks, were perambulating the delicious environs in their respective gay costumes, and a party of horsemen were exercising themselves at the djereed. This is a fine manly sport, and when the riders are mounted on fine horses, and are well dressed, it is a most interesting and beautiful sight; they gallop round each other, dart their white javelins, pull their horses up dead, or twist them round with surprising dexterity, and the well trained animals seem to enjoy the sport as much as their riders. When the contest becomes very keen and animated, a knot of spectators is often formed, who applaud the individual shewing the greatest skill in avoiding the thrusts of his antagonist.

Riding on through the trees towards the banks of the river Barrada, we saw picturesque groups perambulating along the meadow which extends on either side of the river, and a regiment of Egyptian soldiers were going through various

military manœuvres with great steadiness and precision. The variety of costume, the various coloured turbans and dresses; the crowds of Christian women intermixed with a few Moslem ladies; the slow and stately walk of many of the orientals, each bearing in his hand a long pipe; and the dashing figures in gay dresses here and there trotting along on horseback, altogether presented a striking and most interesting scene.

As this patch of green grass, divided by the river Barrada, is the only meadow land close to the walls of the town, and is near the western gate of the city, it must be the spot alluded to in the hundred and eleventh night of the Arabian entertainments.

"Shumsee ad Deen arrived at a pleasant mead a small distance from the gate of Damascus; they halted and pitched their tents upon the banks of a river, which fertilizes the vicinity and runs through the town, one of the pleasantest in Syria, once the capital of the Kaliphs, and celebrated for its elegant buildings, the politeness of its inhabitants, and the abundance of its convenience."

CHAPTER V.

DAMASCUS.—STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.—KHAN OF HUSSEIN PASHA.—SCENE IN THE KHAN.—BAGDAD CARAVAN.—BEDOUIN WOMEN.—MILITARY DIVAN.—EGYPTIAN OFFICERS.—FUNERAL.—HIRED MOURNERS.—ORIENTAL SCENES.—ENVIRONS OF DAMASCUS.—CALL TO PRAYER.—MUSSULMAN PRAYERS.

"And there was a certain disciple at Damascus called Ananias. . . . . And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus."

ACTS, IX. 11.

OCT. 19th.—From our residence to the northern gate of Damascus is a delightful walk of about twenty minutes, through the gardens and under the green foliage of the walnut trees. After passing through the gateway we come into the street called Straight, a mile in length, so called because it leads direct from the gate to the castle or palace of the Pasha. The house of Judas, to which Ananias went in obedience to the command of God, is still pointed out by the credulous

Christians, who invariably find out a locality for all the principal occurrences in the New Testament. The house of Ananias also is pointed out at a short distance from the convent, and the worthy fathers of that establishment have lately purchased it of the Turks. A venerable old friar accompanied us with the key, and introduced us into an old vault, into which we descended by several steps. There is an altar, a crucifix, and a couple of candles, before which the holy fathers occasionally say mass. The worthy monk told us that the identity of the spot was indisputable, and that it had always been held of great sanctity by the Turks before it came into the possession of the convent!

We paid a visit to the mosque of the Dervishes, one of the principal edifices of the town, and possessing two of the loftiest and finest of the minarets. There is a central dome, surrounded by numerous smaller ones, extending round three sides of an open court. All these domes are very low and flat, scarcely rising to an arch. A number of Dervishes are located in this building, who on Fridays exhibit fanatic tricks, something like the dancing Dervishes of Constantinople, twisting and twirling themselves round, and going through a variety of ludicrous manœuvres, propagating the

notion that they are inspired; the other six days of the week, however, they are happily better employed, in weaving silk in a silk manufactory attached to the establishment, and in one single hour of that period contribute more to the happiness and comfort of mankind than in years of their twirling and twisting. We visited several of the khans, establishments appropriated for the reception of merchandize, and for the barter and exchange of goods. These khans are peculiarly interesting, from the strange beings that frequent them, and the curious costumes that one meets with from every part of the east.

The Bagdad caravan has just arrived, with several thousand camels laden with merchandize, and the bazaars are consequently now filled with Bedouin Arabs.

In the course of the morning I spent half an hour in the khan of Hussein Pasha, the largest and handsomest in Damascus. In the centre is a fountain, surmounted by a large dome supported on pillars and arches, and around these runs a large arcade. On each side of the principal entrance a stone staircase leads up to a corridor, running round the whole building, and communicating with various small apartments, the counting-houses of different merchants. Two English mer-

chants are established in this khan, and their apartments are surrounded by the blue crockery ware, cutlery, spoons, brushes, sugar, and printed cottons of England, which are here disposed of to the Damascene merchants, or transported across the desert to Bagdad and the banks of the Euphrates.

The court of the khan is paved with large flat stones, and the pointed arches, circular roofs, the Saracenic decorations, and the walls and pillars, formed of alternate layers of black and white stone, have a most striking appearance. It answers to the London Exchange.

From the upper gallery I enjoyed one of those true oriental scenes in which Damascus so richly abounds. The court below was completely filled with Bedouin Arabs, who had a slovenly, dirty appearance among the trim, gaily dressed Damascenes; a sort of loose cloak with wide sleeves, striped white and black, called the abba, decorated their persons, and a large handkerchief was bound round their heads and fell down on their shoulders. A bargain was going on between the principal Sheikh of these Bedouins, the principal merchant of the Bagdad caravan, and two of the principal merchants of Damascus; the latter were sitting on a raised divan upon a rich carpet, smoking two

handsome Egyptian pipes covered with silk and fringed with gold. On their left sat the Sheikh of the Bedouins, with a bright yellow scarf wound gracefully round his person; next to him was the principal merchant of the caravan, the richest man, I was told, in the East; behind these sat three rows of Bedouin Sheik h, and below, in a circle, stood a large crowd of Arabs.

The haughty gravity of the Damascus merchant was curiously contrasted with the violent gestures and earnestness of the Sheikh and merchant of Bagdad. The anxious crowd of Bedouins below and around the fountain, upon the agitated waters of which a solitary sunbeam was playing, and the masses of dark figures behind, moving about under the gloom of the arches, altogether presented one of the finest scenes for the painter I ever witnessed.

Damascus is a true oriental city, and possesses much more character than Constantinople. Here every thing is eastern; there are no Frank quarters and shabby beings in black hats and pea-green jackets wandering about, and no fantastic aping of Frank dresses and Frank follies by the command of an innovating Sultan. But in the bazaars, and in the streets, the wild Arab of the desert is seen wandering about with wondering eyes,

and merchants of Bagdad, of Persia, of Egypt, and the farthest India, thread their way through the crowded thoroughfares, displaying a vast variety of costume, and a vast peculiarity of physiognomy.

In running about the bazaars this morning we have been highly amused with the appearance of the wild Arab women of the Bagdad caravan, the children of the desert. Some were seen with a hole bored in their noses, through which a silver stud was passed, others had a point of silver extending from the forehead to the nose, to which were attached several beads; the lips of these ladies were stained blue, and blue marks imprinted on their cheeks, their arms, their foreheads, and their necks, together with their dark swarthy features, gave them a peculiarly savage appearance. They were dressed in a long loose blue cotton shirt: and without veils they gazed wildly and with astonishment at every thing around them.

An individual who rode out a few miles from Damascus to see the Bagdad caravan encamp the night of their arrival, in the Ghouta adjoining the plain, represents the scene at sunset as most imposing. The line of camels, several thousands in number, extended, says he, to the verge of the horizon; tents were pitched, the merchandize was

unladen, and guards appointed to watch it. Innumerable fires glittered in every direction, and around them were seen groups of wild figures eating their frugal meal, or stretched on the ground to sleep. Three caravans go annually to Bagdad and take from thirty to forty days on the journey. They pay tribute to the chief Bedouin tribe of the district through which they pass, to secure the protection of the wild Ishmaelites, and a safe passage through their desert, to pass which without the aid of, and in opposition to the Arabs, would be impossible. The Bedouins, for a stipulated price, escort the caravan, find dromedaries for the transport of the merchandize and passengers, and thus take into their own hands the whole carrying trade, at a certain duty or toll imposed.

Oct. 20th.—We went this morning with Mr. Farren's dragoman to a military divan, which was unfortunately just over ere we arrived. We had, however, an opportunity of observing several of the officers, who were handsomely dressed in the Nizam costume, being that appointed by Mohammed Ali for the dress of his soldiers; it is more convenient than the loose flowing robes, and the Mamlook trousers, and being eastern in its

style, and containing no copy of detested Frank habits, no prejudice appears to be excited against it in the minds of the people.

We were introduced to the apartments of one of the colonels, a fine handsome young fellow, who received us with true Asiatic grace and courtesy; his easy carriage and smooth way of speaking conveyed to us the idea of a perfect gentleman. He congratulated us on our arrival, said he hoped one day to travel in our country, apologized for his rooms not being so handsome as those we might have seen in an English barrack, and remarked that every thing in Syria was in its youth, that they had shaken off the decrepitude of age, and were commencing with new institutions, and that he hoped in time they would equal France and England.

Pipes and coffee were handed round, and we took our leave. The room was neat and clean, floored with a large mat, and surrounded by a figured divan. This gentleman spoke very slightingly of the Sultan, as the Egyptian officers generally do, remarking they would march to Stamboul to-morrow and make prey of all the Sultan's harem but for France and England, who would not allow that monarch's power to be crushed.

The streets of Damascus are clean and tolerably

paved. Most of those at a distance from the great thoroughfares are very dull, silent, and empty. The houses have externally a very mean appearance, presenting only a dead wall of sun-burnt brick towards the street, with one or two windows sometimes stuck at one corner of the building, sometimes at another, and generally covered with a thick lattice-work of wooden bars. There are no glass windows, and the cold air is excluded at night by a sliding shutter fastened by a wooden bolt of curious construction. In wet weather I am told the streets are dreadfully muddy, from the heavy rains which wash down the earthen walls. These would in fact be quickly consumed did they not take care to thatch them with bushes and straw to throw off the wet.

Damascus is celebrated for the number and elegance of its cafés, sherbet, and smoking shops, and certainly in that respect it is the Paris of the east. There are several large establishments of this kind in various parts of the town, but those on the banks of the Barrada, and under the shade of the trees in the outskirts of the city, are the most frequented; and some of them are certainly very pleasant and agreeable when compared with any thing of the same kind to be met with in the east. The first offer on entering is that of a pipe or a

cup of coffee; the coffee is poured out in little cups about the size of half an egg, dark and muddy; the liquid is not allowed to settle before it is drunk off, and as the Moslems take no sugar, the mixture is not very palatable to an European.

Returning home through the great cemetery to the eastward of the town, I observed a funeral issuing from the gate of the city opening on the cemetery, aptly called "The Gate of Tombs." It appeared to be that of a person of some consequence, as several horses were led in state at the head of the procession. Hired mourners beat their breasts; a string of old men, mostly blind, chaunted the customary chaunt of "God is great," &c., *La-i-la il-la-Allah Moham-madoor ra-soo-loo.* Then followed a string of Dervishes and Santons bearing the koran, and afterwards the male relations and friends surrounding the corpse; over the bier was thrown a large shawl, and a turban was placed at the head of the coffin; the numerous male friends of the deceased congregating together, vied with each other in paying a last tribute of respect, by bearing the body a short distance on its journey towards the tomb. Behind the bier came the female relatives of the deceased, whose sorrow was no doubt genuine. "The afflicted mother," says the Arabic proverb, "who has lost

her children is not like the woman who weeps for hire."

The hired mourners frequently make a great outcry, and shout out the praises of the deceased. The noisy expressions that they use on going along, I am told, are generally to this effect. "Oh, what a fine man he was! Oh, what a beautiful turban he had! Oh, what a fine horse he rode! Oh, what a kind master he was!" &c., &c. And, if a woman, "Oh, what a lovely person she was! Oh, what a soft eye she had! Oh, what a fine veil she wore! Oh, what will her husband do?" On arriving at the grave the coffin is taken to pieces, and sufficient space is always left by arching the grave, or disposing fragments of wood so as to support the soil, to enable the deceased to sit upright; for, say the Moslems, as soon as a man is quietly located in his grave, two terrible angels pay him a visit, whom they call Munqueer and Guannequeer, and putting the soul back into the body, in the same way as a man putteth on his shirt, they raise him on his knees, and immediately cross-examine him on his past life, when if his answers are unsatisfactory to the dread messengers, the one immediately knocks him six fathoms deep into the earth with an iron hammer, and the other tears his flesh with red hot pincers

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until the day of judgment; if, however, the poor resuscitated man replies to their satisfaction, they vanish away in smoke, and two divine beings clothed in white appear to comfort and protect him until the day of judgment.

The evenings are at present lovely, and the sunsets most beautiful. From the burying-ground, and along the bases of the mountains rising abruptly to the north of Salahieh, the most lovely view is afforded of the domes and minarets rising above the vast plain of rich foliage.

As the last rays of the setting sun are reflected from the mosques, minarets, and buildings, and the soft mellow tints of evening are spreading over the landscape, we generally wander along these mountains, and survey the lovely prospect, the waving mass of foliage, and the grand and striking appearance of the town. The tinkling bells of some sluggish caravan may be heard approaching the town, and a few solitary women, robed in white, may be seen wandering among the tombs in the burying-ground.

The village or suburb of Salahieh, contains a population of some thousands; it consists chiefly of one long, narrow, dark street, running parallel with the mountains and cutting the great road into the town at right angles. It is seated just on

the borders of the rich waving green orchard, and the houses on the northern side rest on the bases of the barren parched mountains, and look out on a dreary, arid prospect of sand and rock, while those on the south overlook the delicious gardens and the bright mass of green foliage. On this southern side are numerous villas and country houses, the resort of the wealthier Damascenes in the summer time; some of them are planted round with a few cypresses, which do not, however, flourish in Syria, and with various species of the rich fruit-trees which grow so luxuriantly in this district.

We have a good bath close to our residence; there are several mosques in the village, and an excellent bazaar, where a great variety of fruit and many useful commodities may be purchased. Crowded thoroughfares, however, everywhere in the vicinity of Damascus, produce a disagreeable effect upon the mind, from the vast quantity of mutilated human beings that are seen on every side, poor miserable objects with only one eye, and many with no eyes at all, the sad effect of the ophthalmia, the scourge of the spot. This disease appears to exist everywhere in the East where the soil is artificially watered. At Damascus the havoc that it has made with the eyes of

the population, is really dreadful. I have asked many of these poor objects what they conceived to be the cause of the malady; many of them fancy it to be the wind, and a poor tailor, who could hardly see at all, told me he was sitting in his shop when a puff of wind came into his face, his eyes began to smart, and he was laid up for three months, and only recovered with the entire loss of one eye and the partial obscurity of the other.

That the disease is owing to the exhalations from the ground arising from irrigation is manifest, as whenever you get away from irrigated land it entirely disappears. The malady is unknown in the desert; it is unknown among the mountains, and in the dry uncultivated plains, where you may sleep all night in the open air without injury. In Damascus and in the villages, it is the custom of the people to sleep on the open terraces of their houses during the hot nights, which is one very fatal cause of the complaint.

Oct. 21st.—Our mode of living here at Salahieh is delightful, and we are in the enjoyment of many comforts and even luxuries. We are surrounded on every side by rich waving foliage, and the swift stream of the Barrada, which rolls under our windows, would at any time afford us a luxurious

bath, did not the vapour baths of the city, with the scrubbing and pounding, afford a superior attraction and a more luxurious refreshment. Our mansion, to be sure, can boast of no other furniture than one iron bedstead, but we manage to convert trunks and baskets into seats, and a large deal box is occasionally turned into an excellent table. Tolerable mutton is procurable in the town, and we have hired an Arab cook of great local celebrity, whose services, however, are seldom required in consequence of the generous hospitality of the English consul.

An amusing incident that occurred here not very long ago, has just been recounted to us. Mrs. Farren, being fond of riding, shortly after her arrival accompanied the consul on horseback, dressed in a handsome blue English riding dress, velvet cap, &c., and mounted on a fine Arab mare. The guard at the gate having received orders to turn out and present arms whenever the British consul made his appearance, hurried to obey the orders on the day in question, when the riding party, preceded by a mounted dragoman, came in sight. Mr. Farren, who rode first, was allowed to pass without the slightest notice being taken of him, but when Mrs. Farren came up in her long flowing dress, velvet cap, and gold band, much

the most imposing figure of the two, the whole guard, taking her to be the consul general, presented arms!

By putting on the Mussulman dress, a stranger may obtain admission to the mosques of the city, which however possess but little architectural magnificence. They are always open from daylight until two hours after sunset, but the hour of prayer should always be avoided by a Christian visitor, from the circumstance of so many fanatic Moslems being assembled together at that period. If he attempts to pass off as a Mussulman he will assuredly be discovered, from his inability to go through the different praying ceremonies that are adopted.

There are two Imauns to each of the large mosques, one who recites the every-day prayers, and another who acts only on the Friday. There is no religious establishment, and the Imauns possess no spiritual authority, and are in nowise distinguishable from their fellow-citizens; they are chosen promiscuously from among the tradespeople, or more generally from among the schoolmasters, and continue to carry on their respective occupations and handicrafts during those hours when they are released from attendance in the mosque; they are changed or removed at the will

of the congregation, and the most pious and strict Mussulman is usually chosen to fill the office.

The muezzins, of whom there are sometimes more than one, are generally selected for the fine tone and power of their voices; they have rather a fatiguing occupation, as they have to chaunt the extra calls to prayer in the middle of the night; in most of the principal mosques where this is done, however, there is generally more than one muezzin. One of the mosques possesses a very fine tall minaret, entirely cased from top to bottom with painted tiles. The interior boasts however of nothing very remarkable, mere white-washed walls. There are door-keepers to all the mosques, appointed to light the lamps, sweep the floors, clean the mats, attend to the due supply of water in the fountains, and to kick out all Christian dogs who may presume to enter.

The weather still continues very lovely, and while the surrounding deserts are cracked, parched, and dusty, we are here surrounded by the fresh fragrant air that always plays among shady groves and a luxuriant vegetation. Very tolerable horses, with gay saddles and crimson housings, are procurable close to Salahieh, and the rides in the lovely evenings about different parts of the environs, present beautiful points of view, and most

interesting oriental scenes. As the sun is declining in the west, you see little caravans of dromedaries, or a few mules slowly emerging from the gloomy gateways of the town, to gain a few hours' march to some neighbouring village in order to commence their journey in earnest at an early hour on the morrow. From your horse you see over the mud walls, which impede the view of the foot passenger, into the different gardens, where donkeys with a basket slung on either side of them are being loaded with enormous radishes, gourds, and watermelons, grapes, pomegranates, and different species of fruit, according to the season, about to be transported into the town. By the side of the donkeys stands a grim figure with one eye, and with a long white stick in his hand pointed with iron, at the first movement of which, the donkeys start off headlong with their load of vegetables, clearing away right and left, and upsetting people in the dust unless they make a timely retreat, from their silent arrival, which is often unobserved from their soft tread on the sand. A little farther, you observe a string of dromedaries, some tired muleteers, and a party of tottering weary travellers, exhausted by the heat of the sun and parched with thirst; a woman, perhaps, with a young child screaming with thirst, is nodding to and fro

in a takh-tar-a-van, or species of cradle fastened on the hump of a dromedary and covered with a tilt; they have made a long journey, and their countenances beam with joy as they gaze around on the refreshing foliage, and pull up with rapturous eagerness at the first flowing stream they come to, to get a draught of water. Soon they disappear among the trees, and then spurring along on an Arab charger, may be seen a gay figure in a scarlet cloak, preceded by attendants with long white sticks, running on either side of his horse's head. He is the Aga or the Sheikh of some neighbouring village, who has been to town for the purpose of paying his contribution into the coffers of the governor, or to order himself a new scarlet robe. You wander about wherever you please, unmolested and unattended. You may ride into some neigbouring village and smoke a pipe with the Sheikh, who will be most happy to see you, and whom you will find seated in the open air at the door of his house ready to hear the complaints of those under his jurisdiction, and equally ready to impose a fine or administer a bastinado.

As you approach the city at the hour of sunset, you hear from some neighbouring mosque, the wonted call to prayer from the gallery of a minaret, *La illa illa Allah Mohammed re sul Allah*,

&c., &c. "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet; come to prayer, I summon you with a loud voice." I never hear this long melodious chaunt breaking upon the soft stillness of the evening without emotion. Some of the muezzins have remarkably fine voices, and the long cry, when pitched in a high key, is most musical. You then see those Moslems that happen to be near a mosque, gathering within its walls to obey the summons; those that are in the gardens, approach the banks of the stream and plunge their bare arms into the water to purify themselves;—"the body," says Mahomet, "appears before God as well as the soul, it must therefore be cleansed from all stain before the performance of any religious act." You see them kneeling down under some tree, or along the edge of the highway; the soft, mellow, subdued light of a Syrian evening is gradually diffused over the surrounding landscape —the warm flush of the western horizon is seen at intervals through the spreading foliage—the rocky mountains are tinted with deep blue—the stillness of night is gathering around—and you gaze upon groups of human beings, kneeling upon the ground in the attitude of prayer.

The extreme beauty of the autumn sunsets in

these southern climes, as the rich evening flush gradually fades away along the distant hills, and all nature is hushed to silence and repose, must ever excite an holy and absorbing feeling in the mind of the beholder. And with what a touching and thrilling effect at this soft silent hour, this "melancholy pause of nature," does the clear deep chaunt of the muezzin from the lofty minaret of the mosque strike upon the ear; or under an Italian sky, the deep tone of the village bell from the steeple of the distant church tolling the Ave Maria,

. . . . . "l'ora che volge 'l disio,
A' naviganti e 'ntenerisce il cuore
Lo di ch' han detto a 'dolci amici addio,
E che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore."

DANTE'S PURGATORY, CANTO VIII.

"When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime!

Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
The voiceless thought which would not speak, but weep,
A holy concord—and a bright regret,
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?"

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

It is the hour of all others in these clear unclouded climes that most disposes to devotional feelings and religious contemplation, when we are passing with the rapidity which characterizes the transition in these southern regions from the light of day to the darkness of night; when we observe the sun rolling away from our hemisphere to gladden with life and light the opposite half of the globe, and some solitary star just appearing above the eastern horizon, the harbinger of the coming night.

There are certainly fewer public demonstrations of religion in England than are met with in most countries. Our churches, instead of being open like the mosques or the churches in Catholic countries, from sunrise to sunset, and filled at stated hours of the day with humble suppliants, are mostly closed from week's end to week's end. We have no call to prayer shouted from our steeples in the cold grey of the morning or at the dead hour of midnight. We are not reminded, like the poor Catholic amid the solitude of his mountains

or the wild scenery of his rocky glens, by the sound of the village bell at sunset, of the duty and of the necessity of prayer.

Our religion appears a cold and formal religion; it is not the religion of the heart, nor so bound up with our every day existence as I have seen religion elsewhere. If we regard the aspect of the congregation, in too many of our churches, you would think the major part of them went there more from habit than a feeling of duty; and never have I experienced those emotions in an English church, amid a congregation boxed up in wooden partitions fortified with locks and keys, that I have felt in a large Catholic cathedral on seeing two or three thousand people of all ranks kneeling side by side on the cold marble pavement,—the Italian brunette in her robe of silk and the Tuscan peasant in his wooden shoes, the noble and the plebeian side by side,—while the swelling tones of the organ reverberated the hymn of praise through the long aisles; or in the court of the Mussulman's mosque, under the shade of the green tree or by the side of the flowing stream, where all seem intent upon one occupation,—heedless alike of place or circumstance,—that of prayer. I have seen the solitary Mussulman on board ship, amid the howling of the storm, drenched with rain and by the

spray of the shattered billows, kneeling at his devotions at the accustomed hour of prayer, while English sailors have laughed and jeered at the conscientious discharge of his duty.

We experience in England few of those touching emotions which call the mind away from the busy occupations of life and dispose us to serious meditation. Religion appears with us to be quite a secondary consideration, and with how many of us is not a fear of ridicule more potent than a feeling of religious duty? We all profess to believe in a future state of existence, but how few short fleeting moments of our long day of twenty-four hours are spent in the recollection of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul.

There is another period of the twenty-four hours in these eastern climes well calculated to excite a novel and powerful emotion in the mind of the European stranger—when the night call to prayer is chaunted from the minaret at dead of night. At some mosques a muezzin is appointed to deliver two of these additional calls during the hours of darkness between sunset and sunrise; and more than once since I have been in the country of the Mussulman, whilst lying in bed heated and restless, with the lattice opened to admit a fuller stream of cool air, have I heard the

simple and solemn melody of the deep prolonged chaunt of "Prayer is better than sleep" pitched in a high key, stealing upon the silence of night, followed, perhaps, by the admonition, "There is no God but God, the living, the self-subsisting, who hath created the heavens and the earth, and ordained light and darkness. To him belongeth dominion: he giveth life and causeth death: unto him is owing whatsoever happeneth by night or by day: it is he who heareth and knoweth. Say, shall we take any other protector but God, who feedeth all and is not fed by any? This present life is no other than a play and a vain amusement, but the future mansion shall be for those who fear God. God delivereth us from grief of mind, from the darkness of the land and the terrors of the sea. When we call upon him humbly, he will direct us in the right way. How are the true believers happy, who humble themselves in prayer, and eschew all vain discourse. O thou wrapped up, arise to prayer and continue therein during the night; verily, rising by night is more efficacious for stedfast continuance in devotion; for in day-time thou hast long employment."

I first heard the night call to prayer from the minaret of the mosque of Boujah in Asia Minor, and I have heard it many a time since. The

burthen of the call has been explained to me; it varies according to the good pleasure of the individual chaunting, as passages from the Koran are frequently introduced and chaunted out, admonitory of the duty of attending to the call.

CHAPTER VI.

DAMASCUS.—HOUSE OF ASSAB PASHA.—HOUSE OF ALI AGA KAZINI KATIBI. — PLACE OF THE SEPARATION OF THE WATERS.—ARRIVAL OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS.—PRAYERS.—DINNER. — DAMASCUS SUGAR MERCHANT. — DEPARTURE FOR PALMYRA.—BEDOUIN ARABS.— THE ÆNEZE TRIBE.—THE BEDOUIN SHEIKH.

" Mother-of-pearl, and porphyry, and marble
Vied with each other on this costly spot;
And singing-birds without were heard to warble;
And the stained glass which lighted this fair grot
Varied each ray; but all descriptions garble
The true effect, and so we had better not
Be too minute, an outline is the best,—
A lively reader's fancy does the rest."

DON JUAN.

Oct. 22nd.—Accompanied by Mr. Farren's principal dragoman, a most gaily dressed shewy young Syrian, who speaks English beautifully, we proceeded to pay a visit to Assab Pasha, one of the principal men in Damascus, for the purpose of inspecting his very handsome house. When we

arrived at the front of the mansion, we were surprised at the meanness of its appearance—at the walls of sunburnt brick, and the few miserable windows, stuck here and there without order or arrangement, possessing no glass, but covered in with a thick lattice formed of cross bars of wood. Great, however, was the contrast between the exterior of the house and the scene that presented itself when we passed through a door opened by a slave.

We saw, to our surprise and pleasure, a spacious and magnificent court, paved with Dutch tiles and marble. In the centre of it was a large fountain, bubbling over into a cool, clear, circular reservoir of water filled with pet fish. Around this court extended a range of buildings one story high, of a pretty fantastic style of architecture, decorated with Moorish or Saracenic ornaments. At the upper end of the court was a grotto, or alcove, floored with various coloured marbles opening on the spacious area, but elevated three steps above it. A rich figured divan extended around the walls, and the little secluded spot presented a cool and delightful smoking retreat, from whence the large court and the murmuring fountain were most agreeably surveyed.

Seating ourselves on the soft luxurious divan,

we were served with coffee. Some black slaves in scarlet dresses, with long white wands, then came to conduct us to see some of the apartments of the mansion and of the harem, the ladies of which were absent at a summer villa in the gardens. The buildings on the western side of the court contained a succession of detached handsome rooms; the floors were covered with a thick matting, and the ceilings were painted in a beautiful manner and with great taste. The walls were adorned with rich carving and gilding, and all around them, raised about a foot and a half from the floor, extended a divan covered with the rich figured mixed silk and cotton stuff of Damascus manufacture. The grand saloon or reception hall, on the ground floor, on the northern side of the court, in which strangers and visitors are received, was by far the finest apartment of the place. We first came on to a square floor paved with different coloured marbles, having a fountain in the centre, and over head a handsomely painted and gilded ceiling. From this first floor we ascended by steps to other raised floors, paved with marble and covered with a very handsome matting. Scrolls and different devices were painted around the walls, something in the Chinese style, and divans extended all around

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DAMASCENE LADY.

the apartment, placed against the wall; all persons before stepping on to these divans slip off their shoes, and the ladies themselves recline on them either with bare feet, or clothed in purple embroidered velvet slippers. Whenever they step off these luxurious couches, they put on a species of high patten, the same as that used in the bath, but made of costlier materials, very frequently of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl; from long habit they are enabled to run about in these things, and even up and down stairs, with the greatest agility without falling.

After satisfying our curiosity we proceeded with the dragoman to the beautiful house of Ali Aga Kazini Katibi, which possessed the usual plain sun-burnt brick exterior. We knocked at the gate, and were admitted by a black slave into two handsome courts paved with marble, and surrounded by low buildings, ornamented with Arabesque paintings and fretted work. In the last court we found Ali Aga Kazini Katibi in the midst of brick, dust and mortar, superintending the construction of a new range of buildings. We were presented to him as friends of Mr. Farren, desirous of seeing his celebrated and beautiful new room. He received us in the most condescending manner, and forthwith conducted us into

a most gorgeously ornamented apartment opening upon the last court, the fittings up of which Ali Aga told us cost him upwards of 200,000 piastres, more than £2000 sterling.

The ceiling was formed of a species of gold carved tracery, resting upon a ground of crystal, or rather glass, producing a most splendid effect.

The walls, a short distance below the ceiling, were gaily painted in the form of buildings, fantastic porticoes, and columns, through which in the distance were glimpses of the sea, and blue mountains, and here and there foregrounds of the weeping willow and the cypress, painted by artists from Stamboul. Below these were recesses with folding doors, richly inlaid with different coloured woods, and ornamented with light tracery and figured work. Around them were scroll patterns of clusters of arms and weapons, and portions of the walls on each side were richly inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl.

A rich figured divan of yellow silk extended round the room, on which we seated ourselves, and surveyed to the satisfaction of Ali Aga this most gaudy apartment. Gilded bowls of sherbet were handed round, with slices of lemon and chopped almonds floating in it; then came a black slave, who held in his hands an embroidered

handkerchief, which he just pressed to our lips when we had ceased drinking. The presence of the slaves was commanded by clapping the hands, as mentioned in the Arabian nights. Cups of coffee were then handed round, which according to custom were first presented to Ali Aga, who waved them away with a graceful motion of the hand to his visitors.

Ali Aga most politely pressed us to stay and eat with him; he said his repast would be shortly ready; but being much too large a party to trespass on his hospitality, we withdrew greatly pleased with what we had seen.

The rich decorations in the interior of these houses astonished us much, after what we had heard of the exactions of the government and of the poverty of the people. There are also a number of other houses, though inferior to these, yet richly and expensively decorated, and hundreds that present a striking contrast inside to their external humbleness and meanness. In a large capital like Damascus, with a dense industrious and mercantile population, public opinion must have some force, and the government must feel itself restrained in the exercise of gross oppression, by the likelihood of dangerous insurrection. Superior knowledge and power of combination gives

increased strength, and checks to a certain extent the grinding and arbitrary oppression that desolates the provinces.

Oct. 23rd.—We mounted on horseback and rode along the gardens to the beautiful spot called "the separation of the waters," at the gorge of the mountain from whence the river Barrada issues, and where it is divided into different branches; a most delightful journey through the rich gardens, the shadowy trees, and the green lanes. Having arrived near the end of the valley, we dismounted, and leaving our horses with some Arabs, we walked through the gardens to the river side, and were oftentimes greatly puzzled to get across the fine streams of water that rushed along in different directions. Here and there, embowered in trees, was a lovely secluded patch of green, sheltered by the wide spreading branches of the walnut, or screened by the denser foliage of the pomegranate and the orange. It is wonderful to see the luxuriant fertility of the soil, although covered by the interweaving branches of thickly planted trees.

The river where it issues from the mountains is hemmed in by lofty perpendicular rocks, which appear to have been burst open, as if to afford the water a passage right through the mountain chain.

It is curious to observe that the road from Baalbec follows the side of the river, along the Wady Barrada, until it meets the chain of mountains, when leaving the refreshing banks of the stream, it passes over their bare and arid surfaces, while the river on the other hand, as it were disdaining the impediment, bursts through the dissevered rocks, and flowing down a deep confined gorge, to the bottom of which the sun scarcely ever penetrates, suddenly advances into the plain of Damascus, and is divided into four branches, which water the whole luxuriant district. This is the favoured resort of the Damascenes, the much admired "separation of the waters."

From the supposed agreement of this spot with the Bible description of the river that watered the garden of Eden, the Damascenes have ventured to assert, that their favoured plain was the Paradise of our first parents.

"And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. . . . . .

"And a river went out of Eden, to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into *four heads.*"—Genesis, ii.

The subsequent description does not, however, at all agree with these four rivers.

But climbing up the rocks, and surveying on one side the dark gloomy pass, the black waters of the river far below, and on the other the wide expanse of rich, waving foliage, the slender poplars, and the tall cypresses, the flowing streams, and the light tapering minarets of Damascus, bounded by the blue peaks of far off mountains, and lighted up by the brilliant sun and cloudless skies of this "clime of the east and land of the sun," who can wonder that the enchanted beholders should, in the exultation of their hearts, have called it, the noble, the beautiful, the perfect Eden, the terrestrial Paradise?

On a patch of green grass, under the shade of some trees by the brink of the stream, a group of women had spread out a carpet, and were indulging themselves in the luxury of a pipe. We pushed onward at random through the gardens, at every turn meeting with a fine gushing stream of water.

. . . . . "fuimi cristallini
Vanno inaffiendi per diversi rivi,
Un numero infinito dei giardini
Non mai di fior, non mai di fronde privi."

On returning to the house, we found that a large party of Bedouin Arabs had arrived with their Sheikh, and two of the Sheikh's relations, with six

horses, and six dromedaries, to conduct us across the desert to Palmyra; and that they had just gone round to pay their respects to Mr. Farren. I ran through the garden, and arrived before them. When they came to the raised part of the room, the post of honour, covered with a rich carpet, the Sheikh and his two relations threw off their shoes, stepped on to the carpet, stood still for a moment, placing their left hands upon their breasts, they then advanced to the consul, bent one knee, touched his breast with their right hand, and then their own breasts and forehead, uttering an ejaculation of, *Salaam aleikoom*, "Peace be with you," which was replied to by *Aleikoom salaam*, "To you be peace," and without saying anything else, they went and sat down on the divan, crossing their legs under them; then they ejaculated, *Alek toi*, "I hope you are well," to which the reply was, *Taieeb*, "Well."

The Sheikh was small in stature, slight, active, and well made, with lively piercing black eyes, a soft expression of countenance, and a peculiar mildness of manner. The conversation between him and Mr. Farren, who speaks Arabic with fluency, soon became very animated, and I was astonished and charmed with the sweetness, the ease, and benignity of manner of the wild Bedouin,- so

different from what I had expected in the fierce robber of the desert.

These Bedouins sat on the divan with bare feet, their shoes being left on the marble pavement below; they were habited in a loose unbleached cotton shirt with wide sleeves, this was fastened at the waist with a leathern girdle, and over it was worn the abbah, a sort of loose wide short cloak. Around their heads was bound the keffie, an embroidered handkerchief or shawl, fastened to the top of the head with a cord of camel's hair, the end being left to fall gracefully down on the shoulder. Arrangements were made for their reception and accommodation at our mansion, and after conversing with Mr. Farren, they withdrew to look after their dromedaries and horses, and to make preparations for the ensuing journey, on the understanding that they were to join us at dinner at sunset.

As they were to be our guides and protectors across the desert, we were of course anxious to shew them every attention in our power; and knowing well what stress the Bedouins lay upon the due and proper exercise of the rites of hospitality, we were anxious to shew them to the best of our ability, that hospitality which they so generously and honourably bestow upon every

stranger. A room was therefore prepared for them; inquiry was made among those parties most likely to be acquainted with the peculiar habits and tastes of the Bedouins as to the description of food that was most palatable to them, and a large increase of dinner, consisting chiefly of an immense pilaff, was ordered, and sundry directions were given to the cook.

A pilaff is a composition of boiled rice well seasoned with mutton fat, and if made delicately and luxuriously, long strips of mutton are intermixed with the rice. The great art in manufacturing the composition, consists in keeping the grains of rice separate and unmashed. It is the favourite dish of the Arabs, and also of the Syrian population generally.

In our ante-room or reception-hall, as it had been in by-gone times, preparations were made for the feast. An old door was quickly taken off its hinges, and some bricks being piled up, it was soon converted into a table, and sundry trunks, boxes, and baskets were arranged around it for seats. The rooms were swept, a mat was procured for the Bedouins, and we were all to meet at the appointed hour of sunset to receive our guests in state. In the mean time hurrying off to the quarters of our female acquaintances in the

neighbouring house, on business connected with clean linen, I penetrated in my eagerness rather farther into the sancta sanctorum of the mansion than usual; and was gratified by the sight of a new, youthful, and rather pretty face uncovered, being that of a young lady who was assisting the old beldame with whom we generally communicated upon subjects of business, in various little domestic occupations. There was great squalling and screaming at my appearance, and cries of Shoof!—Shoof!—Yallah!—Yallah!—and of "O my misfortune!" and "O my sorrow!" In which exclamations the old beldame, who had often spoken to me before unveiled, was the loudest, thinking, I suppose, that having a new face present, she was bound to shew due horror at the dreadful intrusion. I kept my ground, however, and tried by sundry ejaculations and signs to make them understand what I meant, when they both burst into a laugh, shouting and screaming to me to retire; and a little boy and girl making their appearance, ran towards me in such warlike attitude, and the latter made such demonstrations of using her nails, that I was obliged to beat a retreat and dispatch one of the servants to explain my wishes.

The sun was now retiring behind the waving

foliage of the gardens, and we were all assembled expecting the arrival of our Arabs. The whole party very shortly made their appearance walking into the court-yard at slow and stately pace with the Sheikh at their head, attending whom was his nephew, and a great African slave, six feet high and black as Erebus. They mustered six in number, and as they approached we rose to receive them; numerous were the salaams, the taieebs, and the salutations on the occasion. We motioned them to come into our hall or vestibule and be seated, but they preferred congregating round our large circular reservoir of water in the centre of the court, and curious was the scene that shortly ensued.

Plunging their arms up to the elbow in the water, they began to wash and scrub themselves with great gravity; they then set to work with their beards, washing and combing them through with their fingers; they then dashed the water into their faces with the palms of their hands, sniffed it up their noses, and then putting their mouths over the gushing water-cocks from whence the water was wont to spout high up into the air, they squirted the water from their lips in all directions, with great energy and with strange

noises;—you would have thought them a pack of school-boys at their gambols, but for their age and the gravity of their appearance.

After watching their proceedings for some time, in hopes they would come and be seated, in order that we might have dinner, we were astonished to see them leisurely begin to wash and scrub their feet,—but enough. We at last got them into the room, and safely brought to an anchor on the mat, after much bowing and scraping, and placing of hands upon the breast, &c., and orders were immediately dispatched for the dinner to be brought in.

Taking our seats on trunks, boxes, and baskets around the old door which we had converted into a dinner table, we anxiously awaited the arrival of the repast.

The sun had just set, and at this moment the Muezzin from the neighbouring mosque of Salahieh chaunted the first adan or call to prayer, and up got our Arabs,—their abbahs or loose outer cloaks were taken off and cast upon the ground, and then a discussion arose as to where was the east, and which was the direction of Mecca; this point being settled, they turned their faces the right way, placed their bared feet close together,

folded their hands with grave and composed looks, in front of them, and began to mutter several pious ejaculations.

In the mean time, the dinner arrived, and we all sat in silence anxiously regarding them, and much chagrined to see that the dinner was likely to get cold, and that praying instead of eating was, for the present, to be the order of the day. They held up the palms of their hands before their eyes, looking at them stedfastly and composedly for a short period; they then put them up to their heads, spreading the palms out on either side, and keeping their thumbs close to their ears, muttering to themselves, then stooping down and placing their hands upon their knees, they ejaculated with more energy; thus they continued slowly rising and stooping, now lifting their hands to their heads, now placing them again on their knees. After sundry obeisances in this fashion, our Arabs went down upon their knees one by one, and successively touched the ground with their foreheads; they then sat back upon their heels, folded their hands, and seemed lost in a fit of religious meditation.

Not knowing how long this would last, some of the party suggested the propriety of beginning dinner before the meat was cold. This, however,

was overruled by the more prudent, who remarked, that we were entertaining a Bedouin Sheikh, a man of consequence and authority among his own people, and with whom we were to live, and under whose protection we were to remain for the next fortnight, and therefore, that we should be particularly cautious of doing any thing that might appear a slight to him; they judiciously remarked, that the Arabs were very punctilious on points of hospitality, and therefore that we had much better put up with some inconvenience, and be too ceremonious rather than otherwise, as the treatment we should get at their hands in the desert would mainly depend upon that which they might receive at our hands as our guests at Damascus; besides, remarked the principal speaker, I should like to give them as favourable an opinion as possible of the British nation. This last argument was unanswerable. So we continued quietly to pull our bread to pieces, and pick up the crumbs, sometimes venturing to tear off a green leaf from a lettuce, *pour passer le temps*, gazing the while upon the praying Arabs. Now they one after the other bent down, placed the palms of their hands on the ground, and touched the dust lowly and reverently with their foreheads; then throwing themselves back again

upon their heels, they rested their hands upon their knees, and repeated their prayers with increased loudness. Some of the party rattled the dishes, thinking the association of ideas might hasten them a little in their operations, but there was not the slightest wandering of the mind or the eye, they were entirely and very properly wrapped up in the performance of their duty. Thus they continued to throw themselves backwards and forwards, muttering and ejaculating, and we continued to keep our seats, as it is considered sinful to pass close before a Mussulman at prayer; and if we had ventured to interrupt them or to address them, we should have been ten times worse off, as they must have begun again from the beginning and have repeated the whole ceremony.

I have since obtained information of the meaning of their different motions, and the general tenor of their proceedings, which consist chiefly in ejaculations of prayer and praise, and in repeating passages taken out of the Koran.

When standing erect they pronounce various ejaculations of praise and admiration, such as "God is great!" "O absolute glory of God!" "Abundant praise be to God!" "Praise be to God," &c., &c., or something to that effect; then

when they stoop down and put their hands upon their knees, "May God hear those who praise him!" And thus they go on first saying something in praise of God, then stooping and saying, "May God hear those that praise him," &c., &c. When they have got down upon their knees, and are touching the ground with their foreheads, they utter aloud, "I proclaim the glory of God,—the Most High,—the Most Merciful,—the Most Bountiful,—the Most Mighty,—the Creator,—the Forgiver," &c., &c., touching the ground every time they pronounce any one of the attributes, High, Mighty, &c.

When they sit back upon their heels, they repeat supplicatory passages taken from the Koran, frequently commencing with the first chapter, which begins thus:—

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful; the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way; in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray." Or—

"Praise be to God who hath sent down unto his servant the book of the Koran, and hath not inserted therein any crookedness, but hath made

it a straight rule, who hath not sent down the Koran unto us, that we should be unhappy, but as an admonition unto him who feareth God." Ch. xx. and xviii.

Some of their invocations of the Supreme Being, as I have since heard them explained, are most beautiful, all of course taken from the Koran. "O God, who formed and exalted the heavens, and spread out the earth over the watery ocean, who shifteth the night and the day, who driveth forward the clouds, and gathereth them together and layeth them in a heap, and maketh the rain to fall from the midst thereof, to revive the dead country.

"O thou who reignest in darkness vigilant, and rulest the night and the day; thou who decreest the length of life, and determinest the hour of death; who givest life to all that breathe, and hast numbered and appointed the destiny of all, be merciful unto us and gather us together at the day of resurrection.

"Thine anger is as the stormy cloud from heaven, fraught with darkness, thunder, and lightning, sharp as the edge of the sword, like unto the lightning, swift to destroy. Alas, our sins are many, but God hath prescribed unto himself mercy.

"It is God who hath created man out of the

miry clay, and hath prefixed his term of life—God who hath spread out the heavens above him and made the rivers to flow under his feet. Unto whom belongeth whatsoever is in earth, but unto God? With him are the keys of the secret things, he knoweth that which is on the dry land and that which is in the sea; there falleth no leaf but he knoweth it, neither is there a single grain in the dark parts of the earth nor a green thing but it is written in the perspicuous book. He sends punishment to us from above or brings it from under our feet. He destroyeth man in his sins and raiseth up other generations after him. He taketh away life and bringeth the dreary darkness. Alas, our sins are many. But the mercy of God is most abundant. Let us be constant in prayer and give alms, that we swallow not down into our bellies the consuming fire."

After numerous ejaculations in honour of God, and the repetition of various passages from the Koran in illustration of the attributes of the Supreme Being, they put up various petitions for happiness in the next world in the Jannat Ferdaws, the Garden of Paradise, and Jannat Aden, the Garden of Eden; the length and number of which are in proportion to the piety of the suppliant, and are couched in language according

with his peculiar taste and ideas as to the merits of the numerous delights shadowed forth in Mahomet's paradise.

They call on God to make them smell the sweet smells of the garden of delights and not the unsavoury odours of hell—to extend shade to them in that day when there shall be no shade for God's enemies—not to blacken their faces when he blackens the faces of the unbelievers, &c.

All their happiness, it will be observed, is simple sensualism. The Mussulman in his heaven hopes to be entertained with the ravishing songs of the angel Israfil, and the melodious voices of the daughters of paradise; to listen to the bells which hang on the boughs of the trees, and are put in motion by wind coming from the throne of God. He hopes to travel onwards for a thousand years amid the golden trees loaded with rubies and pearls, which produce the sweetest music as they clash together on the pendent branches; to revel in the shady groves, to repose by flowing streams, to be caressed by dark-eyed damsels, the Hûr al oyûn, who live secluded from public view in pavilions of hollow pearls; to inhale the sweetest perfumes, to be washed, and bathed, and pounded, and squeezed, by dark-eyed amorous virgins beautiful as the hyacinth; to repose in marble

palaces on silken carpets, or amid flowery meadows and crystalline rivers; to be clothed in the gorgeous garments of paradise; and, reclining on velvet couches, to be regaled with delicate viands and rosy nectar, &c., &c., &c.

" Ipsa Venus campos ducet in Elysios;
Hic choreæ cantusque vigent passimque vagantes
Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves;
Fert casiam non culta seges, totosque per agros
Floret odoratis terra benigna rosis.
Hic juvenum series teneris immista ~~puellis~~ puellis
Ludit, et assidue prœlia miscet amor."

TIBULLUS. ELEG. LIB. I. 3.

The duration of the prayers depends entirely upon the piety of the individual and the religious fit that may be on him at the time. With the mass of the people it appears a mere routine; yet a great gravity and sincerity, and a due sense of the duty which they are discharging, seems fully impressed upon the minds of all whom I have seen at their devotions.

To return to our Bedouins. At the expiration of about a quarter of an hour we were delighted to observe that their prayers were finished, and to see them gathering around the pilaff, which had been brought in an immense cauldron about

the size of a small copper, and which was placed on the raised part of the floor close to our temporary table; the six Bedouins immediately squatted round it with their legs under them, and without waiting for grace or any signal of commencement to be given by us, thrust their hands into the pot and shortly buried their arms in the rice almost up to the elbow, stirring the composition round and round, when their eyes being attracted by the little bits of meat mixed up with the rice, a demur immediately took place about the appearance of the flesh, and we were made acquainted with a suspicion that had arisen in their minds that we had put pork into the composition, which being in their estimation unclean, would have defiled the whole, and they began to look blank at the very idea, fearing lest they should lose their dinner. On being positively assured however to the contrary, six enormous handfuls rose in the air, and being well squeezed and matted together were rolled round into a ball and popped into their mouths. The stirring, pounding, and squeezing of the rice went on till all disappeared, when our guests looked at the cauldron and then at their fingers in the most expressive manner. We hurried off a messenger into the kitchen, knowing well that among the Arabs themselves it is, and

very properly, the greatest disgrace if a guest is allowed to remain hungry; the individual at whose tent such a dreadful occurrence has taken place being ever after jeered at as the man who allowed his guest to lie down *hungry* to rest.

It was to our great satisfaction, therefore, that an enormous dish of mutton cutlets made their appearance, the half of a sheep that had just been laid in by the cook for the next two days' provender, and a large basket full of bread. The cutlets seemed to excite infinite admiration and amusement; and after being surveyed for some time, and turned round and held up between them and the light, and smelled at, to see that they were not pork, a sudden dart was made at the bread, and these too entirely disappeared. We began now to feel rather uneasy, but happily bethought ourselves of an omelet, for which the cook was celebrated, and sent into the kitchen for a large basket of eggs that had been purchased in the morning to be put into requisition, and messengers to be dispatched for any others that could be procured in the village. This, too, made its appearance with unexpected rapidity, (the Arab cook having estimated the appetites of our guests much more correctly than ourselves.) Two minutes, however, sufficed to make a complete

finish of the omelet, and in utter amazement, we hurried off servants to purchase whatever provisions they could find in the bazaar of Salahieh, who shortly returned with a large basket of grapes and radishes and piles of bread; upon this fare we choked them off, and before the grapes were finished they one by one began to lick their fingers and look satisfied.

These Bedouins appeared all to be on a perfect equality. The Sheikh was in nowise distinguishable from the rest but by his dress; and they all, including the Sheikh's black African slave, ate together.

Pipes and coffee were put into requisition, and the Sheikh gave us the gratifying intelligence, through the mouth of the interpreter, that he and his Arabs had never before eaten so much to their satisfaction. Towards bedtime they were ushered into a large old empty apartment, surrounded by shattered wainscoting, ruined fountains, and possessing a handsomely carved ceiling in a sad state of neglect and decay.

Just as I had extinguished the candle in my own room and was retiring to bed, I was startled by a strong bright light that came through a recess at the further end of the apartment, and rushing to the spot in the act of calling out fire, I

found that the recess, which I had never before examined, opened upon a gallery looking down into the room allotted to the Bedouins, who were seen squatted in a circle round a large fire they had kindled on the floor in the centre of the apartment, holding up their hands to the fire or poking the embers with a long stick, and talking with the greatest animation. Their black shining eyes, long hair, their swarthy features and strange dresses, now brightly seen and now lost in obscurity, as the flames brightened up or died away, altogether presented the wildest and most picturesque scene imaginable. They looked around them, from side to side, above and below, and I fancied that these children of the desert, who live in tents and never abide in one place, were instituting comparisons between the advantages attendant upon their mode of life as compared with that of the settled householder.

Oct. 24th.—We were all busily preparing from an early hour for our departure, and immediately after breakfast I walked down with an Arab servant into Damascus, to purchase some necessaries for the journey. It was a lovely brilliant morning, and we stole along under the shade of the wide spreading walnut trees to the gate of the town. There were strings of donkeys going into

the city laden with fruit, others were coming out, adorned with scarlet and embroidered housings, bearing along women in loose flowing silk dresses, holding their children in their laps in front of them. Strings of dromedaries were moving along at slow and stately pace, and a party of women, attended by a black slave, were venturing out on foot to breathe the morning air. Near the gate were some beggars, in humble and suppliant posture, asking for alms in the name of the most merciful God; and in a narrow street there was a quarrel and loud talking between two Arabs, whose two donkeys, with a panier on either side of them filled with radishes, were jammed together in the narrow way between the houses, and both struggling in opposite directions, remained immovably fixed by the entanglement of their loads. The two men continued to shout and to quarrel and growl at each other, making a vast deal of noise, but taking care never to come to blows. To see two Arabs quarrelling, you would think they were going to tear each other's eyes out; but it all ends in talk,—he that can talk fastest and loudest generally appears to be the conqueror.

I was commissioned to purchase some sugar, plenty of which, imported from England, can be bought in the bazaars. The Arabs are very fond

of it, and we were advised to take a quantity for making presents to the Bedouins and their children.

I pulled up at one of the gayest shops, and asked for some *sookhar*. Some small loaves, done up in the well known blue paper, were handed me to inspect; but as I was not at all pleased with the colour, the master of the shop told me he had a fresh batch just arrived in his warehouse, only five minutes' walk from his shop, and that if I or the dragoman would stop and mind his goods till he came back, he would run and fetch it.

Being rather tired, I mounted to the carpet on the elevated board which the little sugar merchant had just quitted, and seating myself on his cushion, I directed the attendant in the meantime to march off for something else, which was to be bought near at hand, with injunctions to return to me at the sugar shop; and in the mean time I laid hold of the merchant's pipe, which he had left burning, and *pour m'amuser* began to smoke.

The sight of a Christian in the Frank dress, seated all alone quietly smoking his pipe upon the shop-board of a Damascus sugar and spice merchant in the middle of the bazaars, soon excited a good deal of speculation and curiosity among the

SHERBET SELLER.

passers-by, who successively stopped to ruminate upon the strange occurrence; "God is great!" said some—"Praise be to God!" said others—and "God is merciful!" cried a third stroking his beard and looking very wise. "What is that infidel?"—"Who is the unbeliever?" with questions of the like purport I could plainly perceive were put to the neighbouring shop-keepers; and I heard the word *Inglees* or *Indjeleis* successively bandied from one to the other with a look of quiet indifference. At last some wag or impertinent Damascene, thinking it a good opportunity to have a joke, or to fling a jeer at the infidel, came up and pretended he wanted to purchase some articles, and apparently intended by his manner to abuse me. Not being able to answer his questions, I made him a polite bow, and handed him the pipe I was smoking to take a puff, one of the greatest compliments you can pay, and one of the most polite things that one man can do to another in the east. This simple and involuntary act on my part seemed to produce a great sensation among the bystanders, and to draw forth great manifestations of satisfaction and approbation; the expression of their countenances changed instantly, and I could hear the words, *Taieeb, taieeb kateir!* with remarks, as I understood them, that I had behaved very pro-

perly on the occasion, while the Arab who had accosted me seemed confounded by this piece of politeness: however he put his hand on his breast, made me a low bow, thanked me most civilly, and immediately dropped all his impertinence, and the rest of the time that I remained, the greatest harmony and good feeling prevailed between me and the bystanders who endeavoured to talk to me, and make me comprehend by signs and motions what they meant.

Tired of the non-arrival of the servant as well as of the merchant, I laid down my pipe to see the hour, when to my horror I perceived a flea skipping about over my white trousers. I leaped from the cushion on which I had been seated down into the bazaar, upsetting half-a-dozen old sabres that stood in my way, and greatly astonished the worthy people around, who seemed to think I was suddenly possessed with an evil spirit or was gone daft; when however they understood the cause of the sudden movement, their merriment was great, and they wanted to convince me it was nothing to be disturbed at by drawing up the sleeves of their dresses, in order to shew me, as I suppose, that they tolerated the existence of such vermin with perfect resignation and sang froid, and to prove to

me that I need not feel alarmed or disturbed at their presence as they were nowise dangerous.

On arriving at Salahieh, I found the whole party busily preparing for the journey; there was Mr. Farren's showy and handsome dragoman in animated conversation with the Bedouin Sheikh, impressing upon his mind the care he was to take of us, and telling him how that quick as lightning —terrible as the thunderbolt—with several other oriental similes and expressions, would be the punishment on his head and that of his devoted followers, if any harm came to us; every sentence being enforced by a loud clap of the hands at the end of it. The Sheikh all the while sat composedly upon the ground, leaning with his back against the wall looking very patient and submissive, and only ejaculating every now and then *taieeb! taieeb!* "very well, very well."

The black slave came to know at what time the horses and dromedaries were to be brought to the door, and we arranged to sleep at a neighbouring village about three hours from Damascus.

It is a very favourite plan of the Arabs to commence their first day's journey late in the day, to travel only for an hour or two, and then to rest and prepare in earnest for the coming journey. The Sheikh and his nephew went again to take

leave of Mr. Farren, and received strict charge and exhortation to attend to our safety and comfort on the journey. The influence that Mr. Farren possesses with this Bedouin Sheikh is a strong instance of the gratitude with which these Arabs universally repay a benefit conferred.

The Arabs of the great Æneze tribe inhabiting the desert of El Hammad, which borders upon the eastern frontier of Syria, when the pasturage in the desert is burnt up and wasted by the drought and heat of summer, take up their head quarters close along the cultivated land of Syria, where pasturage and water is more plentiful, and encamp all along the vast plain of the Haouran.

During the dominion of the Sultan over Syria, and during the first year of Ibrahim Pasha's reign, they were in the habit of exacting tribute from the frontier villages, and were universally dreaded from their strength and numbers. Since, however, a stronger and more settled government has been dominant in Syria, and since Ibrahim Pasha has taught them in some hard fought battles, that their valour and enthusiasm cannot prevail over the discipline and regular array introduced into his army from Europe, they have felt the necessity of controlling their depredatory incursions, and even of submitting to pay tribute for pastur-

ing their cattle, and pitching their tents in the Haouran, and along the eastern Syrian frontier.

It is manifest, that the governor of Syria, when unopposed by rival Pashas, can with a strong body of forces, and some good cavalry, always convert the Bedouins from enemies into faithful allies, from the impression he can make upon all that portion of the desert within a day or two's march of the frontier, the portion most necessary and valuable to them during the summer months. Consequently, an alliance has been formed between the great Sheikh of the Æneze tribe, and Ibrahim Pasha, the former of whom has agreed that his people shall refrain from marauding excursions to the Syrian villages, and shall pay tribute of so much per tent to Ibrahim Pasha, for being allowed peaceably to pasture their numerous flocks and herds in the vast plains bordering the Syrian frontier, which can be at any time penetrated by the Pasha's troops. The Pasha's friends are moreover to be the friends of these Bedouins, and *vice versâ*.

The great Æneze tribe is divided into several bodies, and these again into smaller tribes, who have each a Sheikh at their head. It is the Sheikh of one of these tribes under whose protection we are to proceed to Palmyra, and this

Sheikh, through the interest of Mr. Farren with Ibrahim Pasha, has lately been invested with a pelisse, and appointed to collect the tribute from the different Arab tribes who in summer pasture their herds in the desert adjoining Damascus, and between Damascus and Palmyra.

After his appointment he came to thank Mr. Farren for the service he had done him, and requested, that if ever he could be of the slightest use to him or to his friends, he hoped he would command his services. Consequently, on our arrival, a messenger was dispatched to his camp in the desert, requesting him to guarantee us a safe passage to Palmyra, which he answered by presenting himself and a portion of his tribe, with dromedaries and horses to carry us thither and to bring us back; announcing that he would himself accompany us and guarantee our safety; and when once the stranger has accepted the hospitality of the Bedouin, or the Bedouin that of the stranger by, in the simple expression of their language, eating bread and salt with him, he is equally protected by his host and by the whole tribe.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE FOR PALMYRA.—MOUNTING DROMEDARIES.—BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENTS.—SHAM COMBAT.—BEDOUIN WAR CRY.—NEBK.—ARAB VILLAGERS.—DESERT.—BEDOUIN CAMP.—SHEIKH'S TENT.—SUPPER.—BEDOUIN ARABS.—THEIR MIGRATIONS.

"Arabes . . . . . malefici omnes"

STRABO, LIB. 16.

. . . . . "gli Arabi avari,
Ladroni in ogni tempo e mercenari"

LA GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

OCT. 24th.—At three o'clock in the afternoon, under the shade of the trees outside the house, we found the dromedaries ready arranged for the journey; they were lying on their bellies, twisting their heads from side to side, and grunting when any one approached them. The Bedouin Arabs were busily engaged with ropes and packing apparatus; and the great beasts made strange noises

as our slight provision of food and baggage was placed on their backs, and the water-skins, which had been just purchased new at Damascus, to carry our water across the desert.

Soon after three o'clock we all mounted on horseback, and were highly amused at the fright of the Maltese servant preparing to vault into the saddle, stuck on the hump of a dromedary, the Bedouin Arabs pressing all the time with their whole weight upon the legs of the animal to prevent his rising, and recommending the poor Maltese, who was a very fat man, to be quick, and hold fast to the saddle before and behind; as unless great care is taken, when the huge animal springs up with his forelegs, he will inevitably tumble you off over his rump, which if you escape, you have the same chance of being pitched over his head when he afterwards brings up his hind legs to gain his proper erect position.

Away went the hat of the poor Maltese, down he came upon his back, and the instant after, was pitched over on his stomach; but clinging fast, he saved himself from falling. The other servant, who was an Arab, managed better. Our long procession, with the Sheikh at its head riding an Arab mare, and the different Bedouins, excited

quite a sensation as we passed through the village of Salahieh.

The afternoon was lovely, and we skirted along the edge of the luxuriant orchard and gardens, and admired the light, elegant minarets and domes rising above the dense waving line of green foliage.

No horses can be got at Damascus, even for a day's journey into the desert, without a deposit of the full value of the animal, from the great risk that is run of their being seized by the Bedouins; and the only way of making the journey is under their protection, and with their own horses.

It was wonderful to see the agility of the Arabs, in leaping on to the dromedaries; they merely placed the ball of the foot upon the projecting bone of the dromedary's hind leg, and leaped on to his back as he was walking. They sat with their legs doubled under them, as they would upon a divan; two or three leaping on to the same dromedary, one behind the other.

After passing through a grove of very fine olive trees, and crossing a fine stream of water, we arrived for the night at a small village on the outskirts of the cultivated land that surrounds Damascus, having made a short journey of

three hours only, and were immediately taken to a friend of our Sheikh's living in the village, in whose house we were allotted mattresses; but being located in a dark, confined room, with no windows to it, we passed rather an uncomfortable night.

Oct. 25th.—We departed at sunrise.

After leaving the environs of the village, we no longer feasted our eyes on a verdant green, and a riant cultivation, but a flat arid plain covered with clumps of withered grass extended around us, bounded on the left by a line of mountains.

We were leaving the Ghouta or Merdj or Meadow, as it is called, of Damascus. Above the level flat in front, rose several blue mountain peaks, and beyond lay extended the continuous blue outline of the desert of El Hammad. Further on the right, was the waving ridge of the Djebel Haouran; and from the plain rose numerous spiral columns of smoke from different Bedouin encampments, driven in from the interior of the desert by the aridity and drought of summer, being then always obliged to encamp near pools and wells, to procure water for their large flocks and herds, who pasture for several hours round the encampment under the care of shepherds. In

winter, when the grass and plants are juicy and covered with moisture, the flocks are made to do without water.

Immediately after the first rains, we were told that these different encampments would break up and retire into the interior of the desert, towards the Euphrates; an event that might be daily expected.

They carry with them a provision of corn and barley for the winter, bought by the produce of their butter and the sale of their sheep, goats, and horses, milk, and charcoal.

For pasturing here, they pay an annual tribute of so much per tent to the Pasha of Damascus, no longer having it in their power to impose tribute on the villages.

It was now beginning to feel hot, and we stopped at a stream to fill our water-skins, when the Sheikh, with his black slave, left the party and galloped off to a village on the right, where the Bedouins had left their arms, not being permitted to carry them into Damascus. We traversed the bare solitary plain in the direction of the mountains, at the base of which we were overtaken by the Sheikh on his mare, and his black slave on a dromedary bearing the arms, which consisted of long spears made of bamboo from Bagdad, pointed

at each end with iron, and at the smaller end ornamented with a large tuft of ostrich feathers—an old matchlock, clubs loaded with iron, daggers, &c., &c. The Sheikh was accompanied by another Bedouin Arab on horseback, who was said to be the Sheikh of one of the neighbouring encampments, come to keep our chief company on his journey.

They appeared delighted to clutch their arms again, and feel that they were once more free upon the borders of their boundless home. The Sheikh's black slave raised himself on the dromedary, and lifting his lance shook it until it vibrated with the most rapid motion, and then screamed the war-cry of the Bedouins, the most fearful screech that ever was heard; other Bedouins advanced with their lances, all quivering them in the same way, dodging and retreating, and going through a mock combat, all screeching fearfully; but the black slave beat them hollow—I never heard such a loud frightful cry as he uttered. One Bedouin, seated on the hump, guided and urged the dromedaries, while another behind him, seated on the animal's rump, manœuvred his weapons. The sport being finished, they turned laughingly round to us, shouting *taieeb, taieeb,*—as much as to say, isn't it well? And now the two Sheikhs ahead, catching the life and spirits of the rest,

put themselves into battle array, and charged each other with their lances, now galloping furiously towards each other, then dodging and turning sharp off to avoid the thrust of the spear, and turning and whisking their horses round in the most beautiful manner with a mere halter, keeping them in perfect command without either bit or bridle. I never saw any thing to equal their management of their horses—they turned them sharp round at full gallop, then pulled them up at a dead stand, and then made them dodge about with all the activity of dogs at play. The beautiful creatures seemed to understand every look and gesture, and to be as much interested in the sport as their masters who were riding them, while the Bedouins shouted and clapped, and bestowed tokens of applause upon him who shewed the greatest degree of skill and activity.

Our dromedaries, too, snuffed the air, and quickened their pace into an ambling trot, with an instinctive consciousness of their approach to their wide native plains; and the whole party was buoyant in the extreme,—we, animated by the novelties around, and the still greater ones in expectation, and the Bedouins by their return to the wild fearless independence of their native deserts.

We crossed a chain of barren mountains, a portion of the Djebel Ruak, which runs towards Palmyra, and from the eminences enjoyed a most striking and singular view,—to the southward extended the long blue wavy ridges of the mountains of the Haouran, at our feet lay a vast flat desert plain, from one or two parts of which a thin wreath of smoke from a Bedouin camp curled upwards, and to the eastward extended the vast blue flat expanse of the Great Syrian Desert. We continued marching over a wild solitary uninhabited country, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, after a nine hours' march, we arrived at the village of Nebk, surrounded by a few green trees and some scanty gardens. We were obliged to dismount to pass through a low narrow gateway, built purposely small to protect the villagers from the sudden incursions of the Bedouins, and in passing through it my water-bottle, slung to the pommel of the saddle, was unfortunately broken, so that I had now no other resource but that of applying to the dirty unsavoury water contained in the goat-skins.

We entered a narrow lane, bordered on either side by miserable mud huts, and stopped at the house of the Sheikh of the village, who allotted us a long room to sleep in, and wished to give us a

supper, but we preferred having it cooked by our own servants, and ordered an immense pilaff. The door of our apartment opened upon a large terrace on the top of the house; and, shortly after our arrival, visitors from all quarters made their appearance, who gazed with astonishment at our persons and figures, never having seen Franks in Frank dresses before. Each man brought his pipe, and as they arrived they seated themselves in rows, with their legs crossed under them, around the Sheikh, the master of the house, whose guests we were.

Most of them were remarkably fine looking men, good natured, pleasing, and lively in their manners, and appeared amused and astonished beyond measure at the strange spectacle of so many Franks. They, in a respectful way, came and examined our dress, asked the use and the name of every thing, and were delighted beyond measure with our buttons, which they wished to cut off and keep. Here we had a little dispute with our Bedouin Arabs as to their being fed at our expense, and made an arrangement which was satisfactory to them.

The Sheikhs we invited to eat with us, and the greater part of the pilaff which remained for the servants' dinner had scarcely left the door on its

way to the kitchen, when the Arab visitors made a dead set at the dish, to the great dismay of our two servants, and quickly cleared it of its contents.

It was a lovely starlight evening, and we lit our pipes, and walked upon the terrace. I happened to have brought with me from England a large box of the latest improved phosphoric matches, consisting of a small wax taper, with a glass tube containing the acid which ignites the phosphorus. When the Arabs came round poking and peering at my dress in the dark, I suddenly popped one of the matches into my mouth, bit the glass tube asunder, and immediately the bright light showed all our faces, white, swarthy, and black, in the most curious and striking contrast. The Arabs shouted and screamed with astonishment; they called to their companions above and below, and some stretched out their hands to take the little wax taper, which was still burning brightly, and they handed it round from one to the other, petrified with astonishment. Some rushed down to communicate the news to their distant friends, and in a short time the whole village was in greater commotion than on our first arrival. They clamorously called for a repetition of the miracle, and all the remaining time we spent in the village,

I was constantly pestered for some of the magic candles. One man had got a wife who would die of disappointment unless she obtained one, another wanted to take one and shew it to his old father, and a third wanted to know at what price I would consent to part with only one.

Oct. 26th.—We rose at five o'clock in the morning, but were detained until nine waiting for barley which our Sheikh had bought and wished to take to his encampment in the desert, at which we were to spend the night.

Our hospitable host, the Sheikh of the village, and his brother, when we departed, ordered their horses to be saddled, and insisted on accompanying us part of the way on our journey: they were most agreeable and pleasant fellows, and we left the village most favourably impressed by the kindness and gentleness of its inhabitants. A hundred yards after quitting the village all cultivation ceased, and we passed along a solitary parched valley bordered by mountains, affording a scanty herbage of dried plants and thistles for the goats, numerous herds of which were seen winding along the plain. After accompanying us three miles on our route, the Sheikh and his relation left us with many respectful salutations of Salaam aleikoom, or "Peace be with you."

Ten, A.M., we came to a marshy district, and a pool of brackish water, at which the dromedaries drank, and afterwards to a plain of salt, the dry bed of a salt lake, the water of which had been evaporated by the hot summer's sun; the crystals were very large, and of an arrow-headed appearance. We walked our horses across the salt, and continued our journey through a wide solitary plain bordered on each side by a bold range of blue picturesque mountains; the soil was good and covered with long dry grass and camel's thorn; it appeared only to require water to be capable of producing anything. The ride was very monotonous, not a living being besides ourselves was in sight the whole day, and the same unvaried lifeless plain extended around us until sunset. The two Sheikhs always rode some distance ahead of the party, and at midday chose the spot for halting by sticking their lances upright in the ground, at the sight of which the different Bedouins and stragglers concentrated themselves to that one spot, kindled a fire with dry camel's dung, lighted pipes and produced food.

An hour before sunset, the Sheikh dispatched one of the Bedouins on a dromedary in the direction of the mountains, and we were told he was gone off to the Sheikh's flocks to fetch a kid to be

killed in honour of our arrival. At sunset he reappeared with a poor kid suspended to the dromedary's saddle, with its throat cut. As soon as it became dusk, we could perceive in the distance, numerous twinkling lights, which marked the site of a Bedouin encampment, and after another hour's march over undulating ground, as we ascended a slight hillock, the wild solitude suddenly became enlivened by a line of bright flickering fires, the barking of dogs, the indistinct forms of dromedaries and herds grouped together, and shadowy rows of dusky tents. It was the encampment of our Bedouins; they uttered a shout of joy, the dromedaries trotted down the declivity, and in an instant we pulled up at the door of the first tent; it was the Sheikh's, who was already dismounted, and at the door of the tent prepared to bid us welcome with Bedouin hospitality.

The Sheikh's tent is always the first tent of the encampment, and is placed in the direction that strangers are generally supposed to come, in order that he may have the first opportunity of dispensing hospitality. At the door of the tent, the Sheikh's lance, with its nodding plume of ostrich feathers, was stuck in the ground, and in front, the horse he had lately rode was tied up and carefully fed. A carpet was spread for us on entering, and

a fire was immediately kindled of dry camels' dung and shrubs.

The tent was supported in the middle by three poles fixed strongly in the ground, and on either side were three other poles supporting the tent covering, which was stretched firmly across them by means of ropes fastened to stumps driven into the ground; the sides of the tent were covered in by strips of cloth, which were suspended from the upper tent covering, and fastened to the side poles by iron hooks, forming side curtains which could be removed at pleasure. The side from whence the wind came was thus covered up, while the other was left open, and around the open side a crowd of Bedouin Arabs shortly assembled, kindled a blazing fire, and collected in a large circle, pipe in hand. The Sheikh's black slave seemed to be a great favourite, and appeared to be giving them a history of all that had taken place since they parted. The meeting and salutations of these Arabs one with another were most affectionate; they kissed each other on either side of the cheek, touched the palms of their hands together, and then laid one hand on each other's breasts. The tent was divided in the centre by a curtain, which separated the women's apartments from that of the men's, and several of these dark ladies, unable

to restrain their curiosity, were seen peeping over the top of the curtain to get a look at the Frangi. They commenced roasting and pounding coffee, and as supper was not ready, I went out and strolled through the encampment.

A line of dusky tents extended towards the mountain, before most of which a fire was brightly flickering. In front of them a rope was stretched along the ground, fastened to stumps, to which were tied some young dromedaries and colts; other horses were pasturing about with their two fore feet chained together, or fastened to a stump driven into the ground. Some strings of dromedaries had just returned from pasturage, and as they successively arrived, they laid themselves down for the night in lines around the tents, while flocks and herds, driven in by the shepherds, presented a most interesting pastoral scene. After the first novelty of the thing is worn off, this mode of life appears comfortless, monotonous, and irksome; its only charm is its perfect freedom and independence in a part of the world where all others are slaves. The tents appear disorderly and cheerless; the floor is deep in dust, the wind draws through in every direction, and water-skins, goats' hair sacks, leather buckets, saddles, and other rubbish, piled round the centre

tent poles, incommode and inconvenience the occupant.

Shortly after we had returned to the Sheikh's tent, an immense wooden bowl made its appearance, filled with the kid, which had been torn into small fragments and was swimming in butter and gravy; our appetites were too keen to be particular, so we all gathered round in a circle, and the Sheikh plunging his hand in, tore asunder several choice morsels, presented them to us, and then licked his fingers with delight. Piles of hot thin cakes of unleavened bread, baked upon the hot ashes, and tough as leather, were brought in; and being placed on our knees, they served the treble purpose of plates, napkins, and food. Water being a scarce commodity, we unfortunately could procure none to wash our fingers after this greasy repast. The cooking, the baking, and all the preparations for the feast had, as is always the case, been duly performed in the women's apartments, where fires had been blazing, meat hissing and cracking, and pots and pans rattling ever since our arrival. The simple manners and customs of these nomadic tribes, afford an exact counterpart of what we read of in the lives of the first patriarchs. These wild unconquered children of the desert, the descendants of Ishmael, still preserve

intact their original and simple customs, and unmoved amid the changes of modern society, afford a most interesting subject of observation to the inquiring traveller.

In the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, we find Abraham, perceiving, as he thought, three men standing at the door of his tent, thus addressing them:—

"Let a little water I pray you be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves.

"And Abraham hastened into the tent, unto Sarah, and said, make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.

"And Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf, tender and good, and gave it unto a young man, and he hasted to dress it. And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them."

We had an immense kettleful of coffee in addition to that which the Sheikh offered us, made by our servants, handed round in cups and tins and distributed to the whole party. The two Bedouin Sheikhs only sat in the tent, while the rest of the Bedouins formed a large circle outside, and we spent the few remaining hours before bed-time stretched round the fire smoking our

pipes and sipping coffee in the most delightful manner.

These people present a far different character from the settled inhabitants or Fellahs of Syria and the Turks. Their wild, free, airy independence is marked in their outward demeanour; they appear like a family of brothers, manifesting a gentleness and kind familiarity towards each other particularly striking. They have none of the stately pomposity or hauteur of the lordly Turk, none of the chattering or cringing quarrelsome demeanour of the Fellahs or settled Arabs. You see none of the pale loathsome visages that distinguish the sedentary and vicious occupants of the Syrian villages, but fine dark clear complexions shaded with long curls of hair, teeth white as ivory, black, sparkling and expressive eyes beaming with mirth and good humour, small but light, active, and supple forms, and their whole demeanour manifests a lively interest in each other. They are a fine band of men, apparently knit together in the closest bonds of affection and sympathy.

The Sheikh is in nowise distinguished from the rest except by some trifling difference of dress; he eats out of the same dish, and never indulges in any luxury apart from the rest, except on the ar-

rival of a stranger. He possesses no power but that based on sentiment and opinion. True the title is hereditary, and in every tribe a particular family has been exalted above the rest, in which the titles of Sheikh and Emir in general hereditarily descend; and the Sheikhs and Emirs possess considerable pride of family, and glory much in their nobility of birth; yet instances have not been wanting when these rights have been waived and set aside by the tribe, from incapacity or the superior qualifications of another family, who have been elected to the post. These changes are however rare and dangerous, as they often lead to disputes and to the breaking up of a tribe, as the different families are merely held together by the ties of blood, or a mutual and voluntary compact. The desert is open, their steps are free and unconfined, and if not contented with one head they will seek another. The Sheikh consequently never ventures to beat or ill-treat an Arab, but in all things he is constrained to consult the wishes of his tribe, and his conduct is entirely controlled by the opinion of his followers, who are however always inclined to yield and pay a deference to the opinions and wishes of their chief, as long as they are just and reasonable: if the Sheikh's conduct is correct he will always carry the tribe with

him, and his power and influence will be proportionate. It is the Sheikh's office to pitch on the most favourable spot for encamping, but he must consult the tribe in his choice. He has however little legal jurisdiction, and for settling disputes and quarrels a judge called the Cadi is elected.

The Sheikh informed us that the encampment would shortly break up and retire into the interior of the great desert, where they would find an abundant pasturage during the winter. It must be recollected that the great Syrian desert and its borders are not a bare wide waste of sand like the great African desert. The application of the term desert must be confined to deserted of settled inhabitants, towns, villages, and houses, peopled only by roving pastoral tribes. Instead of sand, the uninhabited district we have hitherto passed through consists of a fine black soil covered with long burnt up rank grass and herbs, and peopled by antelopes, wild asses, and wild boars, who search out the thinly scattered spots where water is to be found. The same description of country, we are told, continues the whole way to Palmyra, which is seated on the edge of the great desert, the flat level surface of which is likewise covered with vegetation. In the interior, sandy districts are met with, but even there a scanty herbage is

to be found. This vegetation is propagated in the following manner.

In the summer the soil is parched and cracked into innumerable fissures by the burning rays of the sun, the herbage and vegetation are all killed, but having previously come to maturity and scattered their seed upon the ground, no sooner do the winter rains commence than the dry grass is beaten down and rotted, and the seeds, moistened by the abundant and copious wet, sprout up with astonishing luxuriance; and no more striking and delightful contrast can be presented to the eye than the appearance of these vast plains changed from the dusty, white, arid look which they wore when we saw them in the autumn to the verdant carpeting of green variegated by flowers which they present in the spring. In the summer the Bedouin herds and camels feed upon the dry dead herbage, and are obliged to congregate in the vicinity of pools and wells, but in the winter the Bedouins spread themselves over the wide surface of the desert, and make long journeys with their flocks and herds, which no longer require water, the plants being juicy and full of sap. They pack water-skins on their dromedaries to serve in case of necessity, and themselves subsist sometimes for weeks on milk, which is then their only drink,

and is abundant and delicious. Their long cavalcades during these migrations present a curious and most striking appearance.

The armed horsemen and the armed Bedouins on dromedaries ride in front, then come the numerous crowd of she dromedaries with their young ones skipping and grazing the herbs as they go along, followed by the heavy dromedaries bearing the tents, tent poles, baggage, provisions, &c., &c., and last of all, the women and children similarly mounted. Their seat is a sort of cradle covered with a tilt of red camel's leather, and ornamented with cloth cuttings, ostrich feathers, and little bells.

The larger tribes are accompanied in their migrations by vast numbers of these animals, from three perhaps to six thousand, and sometimes many more; they spread over the desert for miles, and when any of the chief tribes congregate together for offence or defence, the vast assemblage of tents, dromedaries, and horses cover almost the whole visible horizon of the level plain. Fifty or sixty thousand fighting men have been assembled to attack and pillage the caravan to Mecca. Of these tribes the Great Æneze tribe, to which our Arabs belonged, amounts to some hundreds of thousands, and the Bedouins composing it are scattered over a wide

extent of country along the eastern limits of Syria; they form as it were a great nation under one great Sheikh, but are divided and subdivided into different sections, and these into smaller and larger tribes down to the master of every family, who is himself the head of his little tribe of wives, servants, slaves, and children. The congregation of these different tribes and families together is more or less numerous according to interest, convenience, or inclination, and it is only on urgent occasions, and in case of war, that the different sections and divisions concentrate together for the general good.

The Sheikh told us that it was only the rich men among them that possessed the fine breed of horses, as one horse cost more to keep in good condition than several dromedaries, and could not bear the fatigue of long marches like the latter animal. The possession of a horse confers a mark of distinction, and horses are chiefly valued and esteemed on their predatory excursions and in conflicts. On these occasions the horsemen mount the dromedaries and lead their horses by the halter, keeping them fresh until they approach near to their foes, when, seizing their spears, they mount and dash into the thick of the enemy.

The choice beautiful Arabian horses are very scarce, and a mare of good blood is so valuable, that she is often held in partnership by several Arabs, who divide between them the profits arising from the sale of the foal.

The Sheikh apologized to us for not being able to give us such good food and accommodations as we had given him and his companions at Damascus, said they never ate so much to their satisfaction as when they were eating of our pilaff, and remarked that they were a plain, simple people, and that a very little suffices for man.

Every now and then some of the Bedouins who formed the large circle just outside the tent door, would go for a fresh batch of fuel, consisting of dry stubble mixed with camels' dung, which they threw on to their fire, making a cheerful blaze. We had purposely provided ourselves with a plentiful store of tobacco, and a large bag of it every now and then made the round of the circle. The peculiar kindness and amenity of these people towards each other, and their soft gentle manner and smooth way of speaking, were very striking and very pleasing, so different from what we expected in the fierce robber of the desert. It

was strange to think that these very individuals who were treating us with such generous hospitality, and would peril their lives in our defence as long as we were their guests, would at the same instant, if they had caught sight of an unfortunate human being in the neighbouring plain who was a stranger, and had not eaten "bread and salt with them," have stripped him to the skin and have left him naked to perish. With each other they seem to live as brothers, and with the stranger under their roof who has eaten food with them, but with all the rest of the world they are at open war.

About ten o'clock the different Bedouins departed. We continued to sit over the smouldering embers of the fires, which every now and then flickered wildly upon the confused assortment of furniture in the tent. The young moon shone softly and tranquilly upon the dusky plain, and a light breeze every now and then rustled the dry grass and waved the pendent curtains around us. Spreading our carpets on the dusty ground, we prepared to retire to rest. The floor was in places nearly ankle deep in fine dust, which sadly incommoded us, as it penetrated through our clothes to the skin.

Through a hole in the tent covering I had a view as I lay on my carpet of two or three bright twinkling stars; the silence of the wide wild surrounding solitude was undisturbed even by the bark of the watch-dog, and the camp had been long hushed and quiet ere I could get to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEDOUIN CAMP.—DROMEDARIES.—HORSES.—BREAKFAST.—BEDOUIN WOMEN.—DEPARTURE.—DESERT.—CARIATEIN DESERT.—DJERBOAS.—BEDOUINS OF THE BAGDAD CARAVAN.—HALT.—SCENE AT SUNSET.—NIGHT MARCH.—RUINED TOWER.—SCENE AT SUNRISE.—JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT PLAIN.—PALMYRENE TOMBS.—GREAT DESERT.—TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS.

"From dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To reason, that heav'n lighted lamp in man,
Once more we wake."

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

OCT. 27th.—Being roused before sunrise by various busy sounds, we got out of the dust in which we had been rolling all night; and to add to our discomfort, we had no water to wash ourselves.

The encampment presented a very busy scene. The she dromedaries were being milked in wooden bowls, and hot cakes of unleavened

paste mixed with butter, were baking for breakfast. These cakes are baked by being spread upon hot stones, upon which a fire has been kindled, and then heaped over with burning ashes. Numerous dromedaries of all sizes were wandering off into the desert to seek for pasturage, among which were some beautiful young ones of a cream colour. Some were much lighter and more elegantly formed, with longer, straighter legs than the others; these the Bedouins train expressly for riding, and some of them will trot very fast, and will perform very long journeys.

I must here remark, that the camels possessed by the Arab tribes are all of the species called dromedary, distinguished from the double humped Bactrian camel, by having only one hump. The double humped camel is unknown among the Bedouins of these parts. Of these dromedaries there are two species, the one strong and heavy, calculated to bear heavy burthens, the other light and active, and trained for riding, called *deloul*, presenting the same difference between each other as exists between the English cart-horse and the race-horse.

At the appointed hour of prayer, it is usual for a Bedouin to place himself at one of the tent doors and call the tribe to prayers. The

cocks in some camps where poultry is kept, are named muezzins or callers to prayer, as they crow at sunrise, the appointed time for devotions; and I have heard of a proverb, which exists among the Arabs, and is applied to those who have a vast deal of labour and trouble and get no reward for their pains, "He is like the cocks of the Bedouins, eating dung and calling to prayers gratis."

Their ablutions, for want of water, are performed with dust, which is rubbed in the palms of their hands and thrown over their heads; a custom expressly sanctioned by Mahomet when water cannot be procured. To see a large tribe at early morning in the wild solitude of the desert on their knees at prayer, and bending their foreheads to the dust in silent adoration, is a most impressive scene; and another instance of the interesting intact preservation of an antient custom.

"And it came to pass, when Abraham's servant heard their words, he worshipped the Lord, bowing himself to the earth."—Genesis xxiv. 52.

Although our Arabs knew nothing about their genealogy, as far as we could understand, yet it is a well established fact, that the learned men, and the antient historians of Arabia, trace the de-

scent of the Arab tribes to two sources, making them descended from Joktan, a great grandson of Shem, and Ishmael, the son of Abraham. Some of our learned countrymen, and other Europeans, who have spent much longer time than we did among the Bedouins, and enjoyed a superior advantage to us from possessing a good knowledge of the Arabic language, speak of the perfect acquaintance of the Arabs with the story of Ishmael and Hagar, whom they call Hagiar, to the posterity of whom, say they, the angel of Paradise gave the patrimony of the wilderness. Ishmael, according to their legend, was deprived of his proper patrimony by the posterity of Isaac, the settled inhabitants of the country; and in connection with this interesting tradition, it is curious to remark, that at this very day, and in all times and all ages, the wandering children of the bondwoman have fulfilled their destiny, that,

"Their hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against them."

Before breakfast, we walked about a quarter of a mile to the brow of an eminence, on the other side of which was another and larger encampment of Bedouin Arabs of the same tribe, surrounded by flocks of goats, dromedaries, and horses. Hundreds of dromedaries were going off

by themselves in long lines in different directions into the desert, and a party of fifty or sixty started off at a gallop, and had a good race, making a capital run of it for about ten minutes. These encampments are broken up on the shortest notice. In case of danger, the horsemen mount, collect the herds together, and drive them towards the interior of the desert, and in the accurate words of Gibbon, "Their horses and camels which in eight or ten days can perform a march of four or five hundred miles, disappear before the conqueror; the secret waters of the desert elude his search, and his victorious troops are consumed with thirst, hunger, and fatigue."

It is to this preservation of perpetual independence from time immemorial, and their non-intermixture with foreigners, that we are to look for the causes of the primitive and original manners and customs, for the peculiar state of society existing among them, and the preservation for numberless ages without books or writings, of the purity of their language, which abounds in elegant expressions and beautiful poetry. When they congregate round their fires kindled in the desert, it is still their great delight to listen to the chronicles of past times, to the repetition of some piece of poetry, or to a well told tale.

On returning to our own encampment, I found my horse in the hands of the farrier and the blacksmith, who had taken off its shoe, and were cauterizing a wound in its hoof with a hot iron; the universal remedy of the Arabs, when anything is the matter with their horses. The horse had been lamed for the last two days, and being the worst beast of the lot, and as I thought rather lazy, I had once or twice applied my stick to his flanks, much to the displeasure of the Bedouins, who never beat their horses, but treat them with the greatest tenderness. As we walked through the tents, the horses were feeding, the children playing with a young colt, and the women patting and caressing the Sheikh's mare. The children appear to be treated with the greatest kindness and gentleness, they are early inured to feats of dexterity, running, riding, and walking great distances, and the different sports and hardy exercise of the wild nomadic life they lead, early give them great activity of body, and power of enduring fatigue. The boys who shew the greatest spirit and activity in their sports, are rewarded and applauded by the men; the girls assist the younger boys in looking after the flocks, and also their mothers in bringing water into the camp from the neighbouring well. We saw no

prime horses in the encampment, and understood that some of their best horses were several days' journey off with another portion of the tribe. These Bedouins appear as kind and gentle to the brute creation as they are to one another, and their fond attachment to their horses is proverbial. D'Arvieux tells a most interesting story of an Arab, who had been obliged to sell his mare, making very frequently a long journey to come and see her. "I have seen him," says he, "cry with tenderness, whilst kissing and caressing her. He would embrace her, would wipe her eyes with his handkerchief, rub her with his shirt sleeves, and give her a thousand blessings. My eyes, would he say to her, my soul, my heart, must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not to keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope, I have brought thee up like a child; I never beat or chid thee; God preserve thee, my dearest; thou art pretty, thou art sweet, thou art lovely, God defend thee from the looks of the envious."

We retired into the tent to breakfast, where we found an immense bowl of delicious, fresh, warm camels' milk, with thin hot cakes of unleavened bread, baked upon the ashes, ready prepared for us. The principal food of the Bedouins consists of

flour and some camels' milk made into a paste, boiled, and eaten swimming in melted grease and butter: boiled wheat and beans dried in the sun and prepared with butter, are a favourite dish. They are all remarkably fond of butter and grease; the butter is made in a goat skin, suspended to the tent pole, and constantly shaken about by the women. The tent covering is made of long strips of goats' hair woven by the women, and stitched together; it is very strong, and so closely woven, as to be impervious to the wet. It is also the women's office to grind the wheat into flour; this is either done in a hand-mill made of two large stones, or the grain is pounded into meal in a mortar.

After breakfast we requested to be allowed to make some presents to the women, which was granted with the greatest frankness, and shortly several of them made their appearance at the door of the tent, to whom several of our party presented needles, cotton, and other little articles: some of the younger ones had the corner of a veil drawn partly over their faces and held with one hand: they laughed, and seemed highly amused at what was going on. They were dressed in a long loose blue cotton shirt, in their ears hung suspended very large silver rings, they had bracelets

of beads round their wrists, and rings round the legs, just above the ancle. Their complexions were dark and swarthy, and their whole persons bore evidence of the great scarcity of water; their lips were stained blue, which is done by puncturing them with a sharp pointed instrument until the blood comes, rubbing them over with a black liquid, and then covering them with powdered charcoal; this causes an inflammation, and the skin peals off, leaving behind a blue indelible stain under the new formed skin; other similar marks are made at either corner of their mouths, upon their chin, cheeks, or forehead, according to taste; and their arms likewise are marked with several curious devices in this fashion. The edge of the eyelid is stained black, to give the eye a large glistening appearance, the effect of which is by no means bad; their eyebrows are blackened, and made to join in the middle of the forehead; the inside of the palms of their hands is stained yellow, and their finger-nails are reddened with khena. Some of the women had four or five bracelets on each arm, and numerous rings on their fingers. The old women with their faces begrimed with the dust of years, and the unwashed children with their tangled uncombed hair, presented far from an agreeable appearance.

Of all our gifts, the one which appeared to give the greatest pleasure was the donation of the half of a loaf of lump sugar, broken into bits and handed to the Sheikh to distribute. The eagerness of both men and women to obtain it was very great. We saw one very nice looking girl, who dropped her veil during the scramble for the sugar; even the blue marks on her arms and face seemed to become her, and she looked quite elegant in her long flowing blue dress. The chief occupation of the women consists in cooking, baking, weaving the hair-cloth for the tents, mending the water skins and the water buckets, tanning leather with a decoction made from a herb that grows in the desert, making ropes for the water buckets of long strips of leather, and mending the clothes. The children tend the goats and flocks that are pasturing about in the vicinity of the camp. Ere we started, we were regaled with a tune on an instrument something like a fiddle, and with a song. These Bedouins are fond of music. In the evenings and during the moonlight nights a chorus is frequently got up by the young men and maidens, who range themselves in lines opposite each other and sing monotonous airs, which they accompany with clapping of the hands; the girls, too, frequently dance, while the men stand

round and applaud them. We delighted these Arabs very much by shewing them the picture in the Modern Traveller of a band of Bedouins advancing to the attack of a caravan. The book was handed round from one to the other and they all surveyed the print with ejaculations of wonder and astonishment. They recognized the resemblance to themselves, pointing to it and shouting *Arabee, Arabee—Mashallah—taieeb*, and they laughed and pointed to the spears, the keffie, and the dromedaries, and seemed so amused that the print was cut out of the book and presented to the Sheikh, to the great satisfaction of the whole party.

Most of the dromedaries are now gone off into the distant plain to pasture. A group of little children in tattered garments, and some almost naked, are rolling about in the dust; and some dirty shrivelled old women are sitting on the ground spinning; they all look as if they would be much benefited by a good washing.

Ten, A.M.—The Sheikh has announced that he cannot afford to delay our departure any longer, as the sun is mounting high in the heavens. It is astonishing to see the activity and endurance of fatigue of these Bedouins; they will run for miles in a hot sun before the dromedaries, and sometimes come up to us full of fun and frolic, and

challenge us to a race. We, galloping our horses against their speed of foot, one of them kept up with me at a full gallop. Their dress is light and well adapted for activity, consisting merely of an unbleached cotton shirt, with wide sleeves hanging below the elbow, confined to the waist by a wide stiff leather girdle, and left open at the neck and breast; over this they wind a long scarf, which is made generally to hang down in two graceful folds from the shoulder, giving their dress much the fit and appearance of the drapery I have seen about some of the old Roman statues in the museums of Italy. They never wear any drawers, it is considered shameful and effeminate, and they are thought only fit for women.

Soon after starting we counted four other encampments in different situations at a distance bordering the mountains, and then traversed the same parched monotonous plain as before, without a human being in sight, or a single grazing dromedary. About two o'clock the two Sheikhs, who were riding some distance in front, struck their lances in the ground as the signal for a halt, and all parties quickly trotted up to the spot and dismounted. There was a plentiful supply of dry herbage, the water-skins were opened and the water poured into leather buckets for the horses

to drink. It was of a very bad colour, and had a great taint of the goat-skin, which made it extremely nauseous. A large fire was kindled, coffee boiled, and our pipes put into requisition. From hence the country became more barren and more dusty, and in six hours after leaving the encampment we arrived at a small pool of water, which the dromedaries first manifested to us by quickening their pace and striking out of the road to it. We killed in the path a cerastes or horned snake, the most venomous reptile of Syria, and with the exception of four large pelicans wheeling over our heads, the first animated object which we had seen on our journey.

Shortly after leaving the water we came in sight of a line of green surrounding the small village of Cariatein, where there are wells of delicious water; and we soon arrived at some scanty gardens surrounding the spot, shaded with the fig, the vine, and the pomegranate. We rode direct to the house of the Sheikh, who allotted us a large and tolerable apartment, and sent us up a pitcher of water and a basket of grapes.

These scattered villages at intervals of a day's journey have been a great convenience to us, they are little oases surrounded by a desert solitude, which afford a delightful resting place to the weary

traveller. This, however, is the last, and from this village to Palmyra we have a twenty-four hours' march across a vast desert plain, without a habitation, a well of water, or any shelter whatever.

Cariatein is a small village of mud houses, but from several fragments of marble ornaments, bits of columns, and Corinthian capitals which we saw built into a wall, it must have been formerly (probably when Palmyra flourished) a considerable place. The servants were employed all night in procuring and cooking all the fowls that could be obtained in the village, amounting to some two or three dozen, as we were doubtful what fare we might get at Palmyra.

Oct. 28th.—At sunrise we left Cariatein for Palmyra, twenty-four hours distant.

A dromedary was brought me to mount, as my horse, said the Arabs, was so lame, that it could not possibly undertake so long a journey. I was therefore constrained to mount the huge beast, and just as I had got one leg over his back, the spirited animal jumped up notwithstanding the efforts of the Arabs to keep him down, and gave me a complete summerset. They coaxed him to kneel down again, which he did at last after much persuasion with evident marks of dissatisfaction, grunting ter-

ribly and evidently much disliking to bear so strange a dressed figure on his back. He was no sooner down than I sprang on to his hump, and holding fast was in the next instant elevated as high as the tops of the houses. I was seated on a little saddle called the Shedad which is perched on the top of the dromedary's hump, this I covered with a large quilt stuffed with cotton, and thus made a very tolerable seat. The long step of these animals swinging you backwards and forwards, at first causes a great pain in the back; they have, however, a little ambling trot which is pleasant enough. All the dromedaries beside my own were loaded with water-skins, which leaked very much, being new, and wetted every thing that came near them.

From Cariatein, we rode through a vast flat plain which was spread out on a dead level in front as far as the eye could reach, and was bordered on either side by a line of bold eminences. The plain in its greatest breadth is about a day's journey across, and the level flat resembles, in all but colour, a wide expanse of water bordered by a bold coast line and rocky headlands. The soil was everywhere burrowed by the djerboa, an animal something between the dormouse and the rat; it has a beautiful soft downy skin, and some of them

were so tame as to sit up in their holes and watch us as we passed. The Arabs catch them, skin them, and eat them, whenever they get hold of them by surprise. How the little animals exist at this season of the year appears to me passing strange, as the herbage is all burnt up and there is no water. In some parts the ground is completely honeycombed by them, and the riding is consequently dangerous, as the earth gives way under the feet of the horses and dromedaries.

About mid-day the Sheikh's lance was thrust into the ground, the dromedaries were unloaded, a supply of water was doled out to the horses in leathern buckets, camels' dung and dry grass were soon collected, and a cheerful fire shortly blazed. The Sheikh assisted us in tearing our cold fowls to pieces, but religiously refused, like a good Mussulman, to touch one drop of brandy. We found the water so dreadfully tainted with the goat-skins as to be scarcely drinkable without a large admixture of spirits.

In an hour we continued our journey through the wide solitary plain, which continued to present the same unvaried monotonous aspect. About five o'clock our two Sheikhs clapped spurs to their horses, and were seen scouring the country at full gallop. There was a commotion among the party

and we understood that strangers were in sight, and that the Sheikhs were gone to overhaul them. In about ten minutes we saw the two Sheikhs holding a parley with two strange Bedouin Arabs on foot. They proved to be friends, and some of our men on their coming up gave the usual affectionate salutation, touching their hands together, and then kissing each other on either side of the cheek. They were Bedouins tending a large flock of camels belonging to the Bagdad caravan, who were dispersed over this portion of the desert to find pasturage, until the goods and merchandize from Damascus were ready for them to take back to Bagdad, when they were successively called in from the wilderness to be reladen and despatched on their journey. These two Bedouins were wild looking figures; each held in his hand a matchlock of uncouth construction, fired by a lighted fuse which was burning, and consisted of a piece of rope twisted round the barrel, having the lighted end passed through the eye of a piece of iron which served as a trigger. Numerous questions and inquiries were respectively put in a kind and affectionate tone of voice, and we then rode on a short distance until we found a fit place for encamping, where there was plenty of pasturage. Here the baggage was unladen, and a large fire quickly kindled.

The dry camels' dung is the greatest blessing to the Arabs: it serves as tinder and ignites immediately, sometimes they pick it up as they go along if it is scarce, but we never found it fail, and could wherever we stopped, in about a quarter of an hour, by distributing ourselves in different directions, collect a sufficient quantity to make a fine fire, mixed with dry stubble and shrubs,—a proof of the great number of dromedaries which must be constantly traversing these districts; in fact the whole plain from one ridge of mountains to the other, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, is crossed by different tracks running parallel with each other. The Arabs always carry flint and steel, they ignite a lump of dung and very soon blow it into a blaze with their breath. It was a lovely evening, calm and tranquil, and as we sat round our fire we watched the sun as he slowly sunk behind the distant blue eminences which bounded the desert solitude.

Shortly afterwards we enjoyed a most striking and romantic scene. The Bedouins and ourselves were seated round two large fires, the dromedaries lying down formed an outer circle, beyond them the horses were grazing, and through the thin wreaths of white smoke curling upwards from the fires, the moon, nearly full, was seen rising. Turn-

ing towards the western horizon all along a low ridge slightly elevated above the level solitary plain, was seen a long column of many hundred dromedaries coming home from pasture; they extended for some miles along the horizon, and slightly elevated on the low ridge, appeared of gigantic size in full relief against the rich golden flush of light that followed the departure of the sun. Here and there a few dusky forms of Bedouins with matchlocks might be seen striding along the burnt up grass accompanied by a shaggy dog. These Bedouins of the Bagdad caravan invited us to come and take coffee with them at their encampment about half a mile distant, where we found them without tents collected round fires and our two Sheikhs seated in animated conversation with the chief of their party. They were very kind to us, gave us sweetmeats from Bagdad, and excellent coffee spiced with cloves. The circumstance of our being friends of their friends was a sufficient claim for every kindness and attention they were able to bestow.

As I sat by the sparkling fire I gazed with emotion on the wild romantic scene that was shadowed forth in this desert solitude. The heavens shone in all the beauty for which they are so proverbial in this climate. In the east

night was already extending her sable wings, and a solitary star of the first magnitude hung pale and dim over the shadowy mountains; the golden flush along the western horizon gradually shaded off into a purple tinge, threw a soft mellow colouring along the extended surface of the wild solitary plain, softening down its bleak and desolate aspect, while the moon, growing gradually brighter and brighter, now retreated behind a few light fleecy clouds that were slowly chasing each other along the sky, and now advanced into the pure unclouded æther, blending her faint light with that of the departing day. The bright flickering light of the fire gleamed upon the wild but handsome countenances of the Bedouins, shaded by their long black hair; the curling wreaths of white smoke drove along the desert, and in the distance the indistinct forms of dromedaries were seen extended on the ground. The faint tinkling of the camel bell, or the occasional bark of the shepherd's dog were the only sounds that disturbed the silence and repose of the scene.

How constantly in this climate is one's attention drawn away from earth to contemplate the beauty of the heavens. Here in these solitary plains, which present to the traveller the same unvaried aspect, and whose wide extended surface nature

has decked with so few beauties, to attract the gaze and draw forth the admiration of man, we are led to study and contemplate more closely "the heavens above," and Him "by whose Spirit they were garnished." We can hardly wonder that in these countries a simple ignorant people should have fallen into the idolatrous worship of "the host of heaven." But "if I beheld he sun when it shined and the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand, (i. e. in adoration of them,) surely," says Job, "this were an iniquity to be punished by the Judge; for I should have denied the God that is above."*

Amid the wide solitude of the desert I observed one of the Bedouin Arabs touching the ground with his forehead in adoration of the Supreme Being—"bowing himself to the earth" like the patriarchs in the olden time. He was kneeling upon the solitary waste, and was

> . . . . . "Canopied by the blue sky,
> So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
> That God alone was to be seen in heaven."

The poor Arab might have been repeating passages from the 91st and 92d chapters of the Koran,

* Job, ch. xxxi.

many of which are taught them from their youth upwards, to repeat at the hour of prayer.

"By the sun and its rising brightness; by the moon when she followeth him; by the day when it sheweth his splendour; by the night when it covereth him with darkness; by the heaven and him who built it; by the earth and him who spread it forth; by the soul and him who completely formed it, and inspired into it the faculty of distinguishing good and evil,—now is he who purifieth the same happy, and he who corrupteth it miserable. Whoso is obedient and feareth God, unto him shall be facilitated the way to happiness. Verily, the life to come shall be better for us than this present life. Did not God find thee an orphan, and hath he not taken care of thee? Did he not find thee wandering in error, and hath he not guided thee into the truth? Did he not find thee needy, and hath he not enriched thee? Wherefore repress thou not the orphan; neither repulse the beggar, but declare the goodness of thy Lord."

There are many of these passages in the Koran repeated by the Arabs on their bended knees, to remind them of their duty, which are well worthy the consideration of us Christians. We may with advantage repeat to ourselves a passage often quoted by the Mussulman, and reflect on the

warning truth it contains—" The emulous desire of multiplying riches and children employeth you until ye visit the grave; by no means should ye thus employ your time, hereafter shall ye know your folly."

After returning to our fires and drinking a large quantity of hot coffee, we prepared to depart. My unruly dromedary for a long time resisted the attempts of the Arabs to make him lie down, and I was obliged to spring with great nimbleness on to the shedad, or I should have been tumbled off head over heels, as he always sprang up with a loud grunt the moment he felt the touch of any portion of my person, first hurling me forwards and then backwards with amazing force; sometimes as he was lying down, with his legs doubled under him, the Arabs would tie the thigh and the shin of the beast together with a bit of string, so as to prevent the knee joint from opening; this, however, was frequently ineffectual, as he would get up and walk off on three legs.

The moon was shining with a pure unclouded splendour as our long cavalcade was again put in motion across the desert plain. The Arabs began to sing, and the dromedaries went on at a delightful ambling trot, but with soft and silent tread. After the Arabs had finished their singing,

we gave them some songs of our own, and some good choruses, at which they were highly delighted, roaring with laughter and constantly ejaculating *taieeb*, *taieeb*, "good, good."

In two hours a dusky object was seen in the moonlight across the desert waste, and we shortly arrived at a ruined tower, and passed the remains of a handsome building of white marble, perhaps erected by Zenobia. The bright moonlight, the wide vast plain, and the solitary marble building in the midst of the wild waste, presented a most romantic scene. The soft noiseless tread of the dromedaries as they trotted along, with the various wild figures swinging on their backs, producing scarcely any noise to break upon the silence of night, the long winding cavalcade, the Bedouins with their long spears and nodding ostrich feathers, either mounted or running on foot by the dromedaries, and sometimes singing their wild songs or screaming in exultation their terrible war-cry, produced altogether a most thrilling and exciting effect. Unbounded space seemed to extend around us, and the heavens displayed their varying, shifting scene above.

In these cloudless skies night after night the same brilliant stars are seen, rising and setting at different hours, unobscured by clouds; and as the

solitary caravans of travellers follow the devious tracks through the wild heaths by night to avoid the burning heats of the day, and measure the progress of time and tell the hour of the night by the rising or setting of well known stars, who can wonder that the east hath been the parent of astronomy, and that here rather than in the cold and cloudy north, man's attention should have been first turned to the close contemplation and study of the heavenly bodies, the constant companions of his midnight journeys. How often when I have ridden on at night, watching the rising and setting of different bright stars, and the continual change in the appearance of the heavens, down to the time when the planets Venus and Jupiter, preceding the sun by an hour and a half, have risen above the horizon, with a brilliancy and splendour unknown in England, have I been lost in the intensity of admiration which the contemplation of scenes so grand is calculated to awaken; and then, as the first crimson line of light stole along the eastern horizon, quickly followed by a rich golden flush spreading itself above the blue mountain ridges, and by the bright gleaming sun, which quickly drove all animated life to shelter itself from his burning rays, have I thought with pity

of the sleeping thousands in our foggy isle, dreaming over the petty interests of avarice and ambition, or rising with restless avidity to grasp the fleeting pleasures and excitements of this transitory world,—the thousands whose thoughts are devoted, day after day, to the casting up of accounts, and the balancing their loss and gain in the pursuit of wealth and of this world's pleasure!

In an hour and a half after leaving the tower the Sheikh darted his spear into the ground and announced a halt. In an instant foraging parties were dispatched in every direction, and heaps of camels' dung, dried roots, and plants were procured for the night's fuel. An immense crackling fire soon blazed, the dromedaries were made to lie down in a circle, the water-skins were opened, the horses tied up with ropes, a large kettle was put upon the crackling fire, and hot brandy and water and coffee distributed all round soon drove out the cold. The dews at this time of the year are very heavy, and whilst sleeping in the open air I found an umbrella of the greatest comfort, having had the handle sharpened and pointed so that I could thrust it firmly into the ground; by this means I protected my breast and face entirely from the dew, which is so copious as to wet you

otherwise to the skin. It shaded me too from the moon, the bright light of which is very troublesome.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by loud cries and commotion. It was one of our party walking in his sleep, who had frightened the Bedouin Arabs out of their senses. Some of us got up and piled fresh fuel on the fire, which continued to burn brightly until we started the next morning.

Oct. 29th.—An hour before sunrise we were all mounted and continued to traverse the same wide monotonous plain, the further end of which was bounded by some blue mountain peaks, to which the Arabs pointed and shouted *Tadmor*, the antient name of Palmyra, and the only one by which they know it.

Eleven, A.M.—The Sheikh announced a halt; foraging parties were distributed in quest of fuel, the dromedaries were unloaded, the horses turned loose to graze, and we sat down to breakfast with the Sheikh.

Mid-day.—We are again in motion after having had a good deal of difficulty in catching a restive grey Arab mare, who preferred grazing the pasture to continuing the journey. The two solitary blue peaks which we had seen rising alone above

the plain when we started in the morning were now seen joined by a ridge of lofty hills, which extended all across the plain, forming the first boundary to it in an easterly direction that we had hitherto seen.

Four, P.M.—The spears were stuck in the ground and another halt was announced. We had not seen an animated object during the whole of this day's journey, and our little cavalcade looked a mere speck upon the wide solitary country. After the Arabs had smoked their pipes and the Shéikh had eaten one of our chickens, we prepared to start; but here my restive dromedary, whose fore leg had been tied up by the Arabs, was seen jumping about like a giraffe on his other three members, and resisting all attempts to be caught. We at last got hold of him, and I jumped on to his hump amid the shouts and cheers of the Bedouins. Upon the loftiest of the blue eminences in front, a tower could now plainly be distinguished overlooking the wide solitude, to which the Arabs pointed and again shouted Tadmor.

Some clouds have been flying about to-day, and the Arabs say that rain will shortly fall. The sun sank to rest behind a bright bank of clouds which had gathered along the western horizon, and which reflecting the last gleaming rays of the

sun from their rugged peaks, presented the appearance of mountains covered with snow. The moon at the same time rose above the dim, shadowy, eastern horizon, and the tranquillity of the evening and the balminess of the air inspired us with fresh spirits to continue the journey.

Nine, P.M.—We commenced a gradual ascent, and by a bright moonlight arrived at two lofty ruined towers, and skirted along the mountain side by the edge of a deep valley thickly studded with ruined towers, the splendid burial monuments of the antient Palmyrenes. Some along the side of the hill shone brightly in the full moonlight, while others spread their dark crumbling masses, shaded by the projecting angle of the mountain, or dimly and shadowy in the gloom of the valley below.

Turning a projecting ridge of the mountain, we suddenly looked down upon the vast wide naked level of the great Syrian desert,—the Barrai al Scham extending on every side like the vast ocean, indistinct and shadowy. On an eminence in the plain below were seen some dark lofty masses of buildings, and between them and us confused lines of columns.

We descended the steep mountain sides to a warm sulphureous spring, to which the drome-

daries and horses hastened with eagerness to slake their thirst. The dromedaries, we thought, would never have finished drinking; it was the first water they had tasted for six and thirty hours, and the poor creatures seemed to enjoy it. We then crossed some sandy undulating ground to the lofty buildings in front, leaving on our right a long range of white columns. We entered a vast citadel under a lofty tower, through a gloomy gateway, and found ourselves in the village of Tadmor, which occupies the antient inclosure, formerly consecrated to the Temple of the Sun. Through a narrow street of dilapidated mud houses, we were conducted into a large court, and received and accommodated by a finely dressed portly Arab lady, adorned with amber necklaces and bracelets, and having her head surrounded with a band of gold coins strung together. She appeared about six feet high, very stout, and as strong a a lion. We were shewn up a staircase to the mud terrace on the top of an earthen house, upon which opened the door of another loftier part of the mansion. We were allotted a square room with an earthen floor, a large mat, and a jar of water; and spreading down our carpets and coverlids, we soon lost the remembrance of our fatigue in sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

PALMYRA.— TADMOR IN THE WILDERNESS.— HISTORY OF PALMYRA.— ODENATUS.—HIS DEFEAT OF SAPOR.—ZENOBIA QUEEN OF PALMYRA.— HER VICTORIES.—ATTACKED BY AURELIAN.—DEFEAT AT EMESA.— SIEGE OF PALMYRA.— CAPTURE OF ZENOBIA.—SURRENDER OF PALMYRA.—EXECUTION OF LONGINUS.—AURELIAN'S TRIUMPH.— ZENOBIA LED CAPTIVE.—HER DEATH NEAR ROME.

" Palmyra urbs nobilis situ, divitiis soli atque, aquis amœnis; ambitu arenis includit agros, ac velut terris exempta a rerum natura; privata sorte inter duo summa imperia Romanorum Parthorum; et prima in discordia semper utrinque :"

PLINY, NAT. HIST.

Oct. 29th.—" Palmyra, remarkable for its situation, its rich soil, and pleasant streams, is surrounded by a sandy desert, and seems naturally cut off from the world; it has preserved its independence between the two great empires of the Romans and the Parthians, from these two nations having been always at war with each other."

The above few lines of Pliny contain the earliest and most detailed description that we have of Palmyra.

Appian, in his fifth book "De Bello Civile," merely alludes to its existence as having been the object of plunder by Marc Antony, when the inhabitants fled from the city, and escaping with their effects over the Euphrates, defended the passage of that river against the Romans with their archers.

Strange it is, that while the existence of Babylon, Nineveh, and Memphis, are known only from books, the city of Palmyra, occupying so brief a space in history, should have possessed ruins of such vast extent and great magnificence, concerning which no written account exists.

The identification of the Palmyra of the Greeks and Romans, with the antient Tadmor is complete and positive. Josephus, in his Antiquities of Judea, eighth book, sixth chapter, has the following passage :—

"Nay, Solomon went as far as the desert above Syria, and possessed himself of it, and built there a very great city, which is distant two days' journey from Upper Syria, &c. . . . . Now the reason why this city lay so remote from the parts of Syria that are inhabited, is this, that below,

there is no water to be had; and that it is in this place only that there are springs and pits of water. When he had, therefore, built this city, and encompassed it with very strong walls, he gave it the name of Thadamora, and that is the name that it is still called by at this day among the Syrians; but the Greeks name it Palmyra."

Abulfaragius, the Arabic historian, says, that Solomon in the twenty-fourth year of his reign, built seven cities, of which Tadmor was one.

The Greek and Roman foreign names given to different cities were never adopted by the natives; a circumstance remarked near 1500 years ago, by Ammianus Marcellinus, who says, that notwithstanding the new Greek names given to different cities, "yet they did, at the same time, among the natives, retain their old Syrian appellation."*

It is interesting to observe this strong retention of antient names, as well as of manners and customs among the Arabs at this present day; the whole of this district, covered with ruins, being called Tadmor, and also the little village in-

* When Seleucus Nicator rebuilt many Greek cities, and gave them strength and riches, though many of them went by the Greek names which their founder Seleucus gave them, yet they did at the same time among the natives retain their old Syrian appellation.—Lib. xiv. ch. 8.

closed in the citadel, formerly occupied by the great Temple of the Sun, and known by them by no other name.

It is a prevalent notion too among the Arabs, that the wonderful buildings and ruins on this spot as well as those at Baalbec, were the work of Soleimaunin, Ibn el Daòud,—"Solomon, the son of David," the great magician, and the great prince. The city, they add, was destroyed, because of the wickedness of the people.

It must be observed, that the Arabs are by no means unacquainted with the great records and principal events of Jewish history, as contained in the Bible; they have all sorts of strange stories and traditions, founded on events therein recorded, embodied in the writings of their poets and historians, and in the legendary tales handed down from father to son, and recounted to the circles sitting round the bright fires of their encampments in the wilderness. That such a notion should prevail among the Arabs, not ignorant of Jewish history, is not at all strange, when in the same chapter of Chronicles, in which Solomon is mentioned to have built Baalath, and the chariot cities in Lebanon, we find, verse 3.—"And Solomon went to Hamathzobah and prevailed against it." 4.—"And he built Tadmor in the wilder-

ness, and all the store cities which he built in Hamath." And again, in 1 Kings, c. ix.—"And Solomon built Gezer, and Beth-horon the nether, and Baalath and Tadmor in the wilderness in the land." "And he built it," in the words of Josephus, "because in that place there were fountains and wells of water, while in the upper part of Syria there were none." The name was probably changed by the Greeks on the conquest of Syria by Alexander the Great, B. C. 330, but the new name adopted by these conquerors of the country, appears never to have taken with the native inhabitants and the wandering Ishmaelites of the desert, who preserve old names as well as old manners and customs unchanged.

The astonishment that takes hold of the mind, at the strange position of this magnificent city, at one time the capital of the East, on the edge of the great desert, and surrounded for several days' journey on all sides by naked solitary wilds, is removed by marking well the peculiarity of its geographical position. The great caravans coming to Europe, laden with the rich merchandize of India, would naturally come along the Persian gulph, through the south of Persia, to the Euphrates, the direct line; their object then would be, to strike

across the great Syrian desert as early as possible, to reach the large markets and ports of Syria. With more than 600 miles of desert without water between the mouth of the Euphrates and Syria, they would naturally be obliged to keep along the banks of that river, until the extent of desert country became diminished. They would then find the copious springs of Tadmor the nearest and most convenient to make for; and in their direct route from the north of India, along the Euphrates. These springs would then immediately become most important, and would naturally attract the attention of a wise prince like Solomon, who would "fence them with strong walls." Here the caravans would rest and take in water, here would congregate the merchants from adjacent countries and Europe, and from hence the great caravan would be divided into numerous branches, to the north, south, and west. A large mart for the exchange of commodities would be established, and an important city would quickly arise.

The choice of this spot by Solomon, we may naturally consider founded on a policy of enriching himself, by drawing the commerce of India through his dominions, from which commerce probably he derived the wealth for which he is so celebrated.

In the chapter succeeding that in which Solomon is mentioned to have built Tadmor in the wilderness, we read that "the weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year, was six hundred three score and six talents of gold," v. 14. "Beside that he had of the merchantmen, and of the traffick of the spice-merchants, and of all the kings of Arabia, and of the governors of the country," v. 15. It is curious that at this present moment, the British government should be examining the practicability of restoring this old line of communication with India by the Euphrates, by means of the expedition of two iron steam vessels now on that river, under the command of Colonel Chesney.

With the exception of the above slight allusions by Josephus, Pliny, and Appian, we hear nothing more of this city until it bursts upon our notice in the reign of Valerian, and suddenly rises to a dazzling pitch of preeminence under the brilliant government of its young queen Zenobia. Trebellius Pollio, Zosimus, and Vopiscus, are the three historians who give the only accounts we have of this interesting period in the history of the place.

The Roman name had been disgraced, and the imperial purple sullied, by the defeat and capture of the Emperor Valerian by Sapor, king of Persia, who is said to have placed his foot on the

neck of the fallen emperor, when he mounted on horseback.

"Odenatus of Palmyra, a man says Zosimus, 'for whose ancestors the emperor had always a great respect,' sent a long train of camels to Sapor with rich presents, and a letter requesting the release of the Roman Emperor. 'Who is this Odenatus, said the victor, that thus insolently presumes to write to his lord? Let him prostrate himself before our throne with his hands tied behind him, or swift destruction shall be poured on his head, his race, and his country.' And he ordered the presents to be cast into the river."* Odenatus came, but he came in arms, surrounded by a brave band of Palmyrenes, and the swift cavalry of the desert, and accompanied by his wife, the beautiful and warlike Zenobia. They encountered Sapor and drove the Persians across the Euphrates. Trebellius Pollio gives the following slight sketch of the events of that period.

"Valerian being taken, Odenatus had the empire of the east, and Gallienus appeared to rejoice in the captivity of his father. Armies were wandering about, generals were murmuring, and

* Peter Patricius in Excerp. Leg. p. 29.

there was a great grief among all, that a Roman Emperor should be held in servitude in Persia." "Odenatus, the Palmyrene, having collected an army, restored the Roman affairs almost to their pristine condition. He took the treasures of the king, he took also what the Parthian kings esteem more dear than treasures, their women, and caused Sapor to flee with fear into his own kingdom."

"Odenatus, king of the Palmyrenes, thus obtained the empire of the whole East, and that, chiefly because he showed himself by his brave actions worthy of so much majesty. While Gallienus was doing nothing, or foolish, or ridiculous things, Odenatus crushed Balista, a pretender to the empire. He then immediately waged war on the Persians to revenge Valerian, which that emperor's son (Gallienus) neglected to do, occupied Nisibis and Carras, and sent the captive Satraps to Gallienus to shame him. Persia being desolated, Nisibis, and Carras, and all Mesopotamia being reduced to the Roman power, the conquering troops having marched to Ctesiphon, the king being fled, Satraps taken, and numbers of Persians killed, Odenatus was, with the approbation and applause of the Roman world, declared Au-

gustus by the senate, and received as colleague in the empire by Gallienus, and the money taken from the Persians was ordered to be coined in their united names."*

Odenatus, we are then told, advanced against the Goths, who had for some time infested the Roman provinces, and drove them out of Asia Minor. Returning to Emesa, the historian Zonaras relates, "that at a great hunt, Mœonius, the nephew of Odenatus, darted his javelin at a wild beast before the king, and when reproved by his uncle, again and a third time did it; Odenatus, enraged, took away his horse, which was considered a great disgrace among the barbarians, and cast the man, breathing threats on that account, into prison. At the request of the eldest son of Odenatus, he was afterwards liberated, but not forgetting the insult, with a drawn sword, he slew at a feast the king Odenatus and his son, who had so generously liberated him, and was himself immediately killed by the others." †

"The anger of God," says Trebellius Pollio, "against the Roman commonwealth, being most

* "Quod Senatus et urbs et omnis ætas gratanter accepit."—Trebellius Pollio in Hist. August., page 180.

† Zonaras, Tomus 2, Annalium, page 633.

visibly seen; because after Valerian was slain, he would not reserve Odenatus for its preservation."

The young, the warlike, and the beautiful Zenobia, the widow of Odenatus, occupied the vacant throne of Palmyra, assuming the title of Augusta, and Queen of the East, A. D. 263.

Septimia Zenobia, so called on her coins, appears from the concurrent testimony of antient writers, to have been one of the most beautiful and astonishing women that the world ever produced. From the time that she subsequently lived, she must have been very young at the death of her husband Odenatus. Cornelius Capitolinus affirms, that she was the handsomest of all the Eastern ladies, and Trebellius Pollio, after stating that her chastity was so great, "ut ne virum suum quidem sciret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus," gives the following minute description of her bearing, and personal appearance. "She lived," says he, "with royal pomp after the Persian manner, received adoration like the Persian kings, and banqueted like the Roman emperors. She went in state to the assemblies of the people in a helmet, with a purple band fringed with jewels. Her robe was clasped to her waist by a diamond buckle, and she often wore her arm bare. Her

complexion was of a dark brown, her eyes beyond measure lively, black, divinely expressive, and of incredible beauty. She had such whiteness of teeth, that many thought them pearls rather than teeth; the severity of a tyrant when necessary, and the clemency of a good prince when justice required it."

"She was generous with prudence, but a husbandress of wealth more than is the custom of women; sometimes she used a chariot, but more frequently rode on horseback. She would walk immense distances on foot at the head of her infantry, and would drink with her officers, the Armenians and Persians, deeply, but with sobriety, using at her banquets golden goblets set with jewels, such as Cleopatra was wont to use. In her service she employed eunuchs advanced in years, and too few damsels. She ordered her sons to be instructed in the Latin language, as befitting the imperial purple in which she had arrayed them, was herself acquainted with the Greek, and was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but spoke it seldom from diffidence. She spoke Egyptian perfectly, and was so versed in the history of Alexandria and the East, that she made an abridgment of oriental history."*

* Trebellius Pollio, in Hist. August., page 199.

Under the celebrated Longinus, Zenobia studied the Greek authors and poets, and she retained this great man as a preceptor for her sons. She was guided by his counsels, and wrote from his dictation the celebrated letter to Aurelian which caused the cruel death of that great philosopher. She boasted, says Pollio, of being descended from Cleopatra and the Ptolemies; and after Odenatus's death, assuming the purple and the diadem, she claimed the empire during the minority of her sons.

The title of Augustus, given to Odenatus, was merely personal, and Zenobia foresaw that after his death the power and title of herself and children, as associates in the empire, would be disputed by the Roman emperors. Disdaining too the imbecile Gallienus, then on the throne, during whose reign the Romans had been defeated in all quarters, and their power brought low, she formed an alliance with the Persians, and when a Roman army appeared in the East, under the conduct of Heraclianus, she boldly threw off her alliance with Rome, marched against the Roman general at the head of a valiant army of Palmyrenes, fought him on the borders of Persia, and routed and destroyed his whole army: thus significantly asserting her absolute and independent

dominion. In the mean time Gallienus died, A. D. 268, and Claudius mounted the throne; but this emperor was too much engaged in the Gothic war to turn his attention to the affairs of the East: accordingly, in the first year of his reign, Zenobia dispatched Zabdas, an experienced general, who had fought under Odenatus, to conquer Egypt, formerly the patrimony of her ancestors.

"An army of Palmyreneans, Syrians, and barbarians, to the number of 70,000, were opposed by 50,000 Egyptians; the Palmyreneans got the day by many degrees, and having settled a garrison of 5000 men in the country, marched off. In the mean time, Probus, the Roman prefect, came with his army and drove out the garrison. The Palmyreneans rallied with fresh forces and attacked Probus, who not only got the better of them, but drove them quite out of Egypt. But as Probus lay on a mountain near Babylon, intercepting the enemy's passage into Syria, Timagenes, who knew those parts well, went with 2000 men and got atop of the mountain, where he slaughtered the Egyptians by surprise, and Probus, who was taken prisoner, killed himself."*

After a short and victorious reign of two years,

* Zosimus, lib. i., page 58.

Claudius died of the plague, and recommended his general, Aurelian, as the fittest person to succeed him.

Aurelian soon manifested the wisdom of the choice by his victories over the Goths, the Vandals, and the Alemanni. He reasserted the antient character of the Roman arms. He rescued Gaul, Spain, and Britain from the hands of pretenders to the empire; and having quelled the rebellious legions in the provinces, and consolidated his power, he turned his arms against Zenobia, who had subdued all Egypt and the East, as far as Ancyra and Galata. The Roman emperor crossed over into Bithynia, and by his presence restored the Roman influence and supremacy in that province. On his appearing at the head of his legions before Ancyra, the gates were opened to his army, and the trembling inhabitants hastened to implore his clemency. Aurelian then continued his march across Asia Minor to the vicinity of mount Taurus, unopposed; there he was detained by the obstinate defence of Tyana, on the river Sarus, and was at last admitted into the town through the perfidy of a citizen named Heraclamium. The stern justice, however, of Aurelian abandoned the traitor to the mercy of the inhabitants, and he was immediately murdered. The emperor spared

the town for the sake of the philosopher Appollonius, who was born there. Aurelian then crossed mount Taurus. All the cities between Tyana and Antioch were surrendered to him or abandoned at his approach.

But Zenobia now advanced at the head of numerous forces composed of light archers and heavy cavalry clothed in complete armour of steel; the execution of her orders was intrusted to the experienced Zabdas, the conqueror of Egypt, and the first collision between the hostile forces of the Emperor of the West and the Queen of the East took place at Immai*, a town of Seleucia between Gindarus and Gephyra, says Ptolemy, near to Antioch, where Zenobia in person animated her troops to the combat. The historian Zosimus thus describes the encounter.

"Finding Zenobia with a great army ready prepared for battle as he (Aurelian) himself was, he, as in honour bound, met and engaged her. But seeing the Palmyrenean cavalry confided very much in their armour, which was heavy, strong, and secure; being also much better horsemen than his soldiers; he planted his foot somewhere

* Ptolemy Immai—Georgius Syncellus Imma—Sextus Rufus "apud Imas."

beyond the river Orontes in a place by themselves, and gave the Roman horse a charge not immediately to engage with the victorious Palmyrenean cavalry, but to let them make the first attack, and then pretend to fly, and continue to do so till they had tired both men and horses of the Palmyrenes through the excess of heat and weight of their armour." This project took effect, and the Emperor's horse "as soon as they saw the enemy tired, and that their horses were hardly able to stand under them, stopped their career, turned, wheeled about, set upon them and trod them under their feet. By which means the slaughter of them was promiscuous, some being killed by their swords and others by the enemies' horses."

"Zabdas, Zenobia's general, with the worsted Palmyrenes, retreated into Antioch, and fearing a revolt of the people if news of the defeat should get abroad, he picked out a person somewhat hoary, much like the Emperor, and clothing him in a garb such as it would be likely Aurelian wore, led him through the whole city as if he had taken Aurelian captive, with which contrivance he imposed upon the Antiochians, stole out of the city by night, and took Zenobia with the remaining part of the army along with him to Emesa."

Aurelian then entered Antioch unopposed, he

issued edicts calling back the people who had deserted from their homes, and having disposed of the affairs of that city, continued his march to Palmyra. His progress was opposed by a party of Palmyrenes in possession of a hill above the suburbs of Daphne. Aurelian "commanded his soldiers to march up with their bucklers so near to one another and in such close order as to keep off the darts and stones. No sooner were they got up the hill than, being in all points equal to their adversaries, they made them run; some were dashed to pieces from the precipices, and others killed in the pursuit; the day was theirs and they marched on delighted that the Emperor made his way with such success; Apamea, Larissa, and Arethusa opened their gates to him."*

In the mean time the unfortunate Zenobia directed her general Zabdas to fall back upon Emesa, where the queen intended to make her last great stand for empire and dominion. Collecting her auxiliaries, the proud and beautiful "Queen of the East" drew out her forces before the town, appeared in armour at the head of her troops, and defied Aurelian to the combat. This last fatal battle is thus described by Zosimus. "Aurelian, therefore, seeing the Palmyrenean army drawn up be-

* Zosimus, lib. i. c. 55.

fore Emesa in a body, he opposed them with the Dalmatian cavalry, the Mysians, and Pannonians, besides those of Noricum and Rhœtium, which are Celtic legions. Nay, more than that, there were the best of all the Imperial regiments picked out and chosen man by man, the Morisco horse, the Tyaneans, the Mesopotamians, the Syrians, the Phenicians and the Palestinians out of Asia, all men of courage, and the Palestinians, besides their other arms, had clubs and quarter-staves." He goes on to say that "the Palmyrenean cavalry were much too strong for the Roman horse, most of whom were slain, but the work of the day lay chiefly with the foot. The Palmyreneans were amazed to see the Palestinians fight so strangely with their clubs, and not a little confused by it. After a fierce encounter, the Palmyreneans were at last put to flight, and they trod one another down, insomuch that the field was covered with dead men and horses."*

This great battle was fought, according to Eusebius, in the 250th Olympiad, A.D. 273. Zenobia in dismay retreated into Emesa and held a council of war. The queen was advised by her friends to retreat upon Palmyra, and confine her defence to that strong city, as the inhabitants of Emesa

* Zosimus, lib. i. c. 55.

were suspected of being well affected towards Aurelian. Accordingly Zenobia evacuated Emesa with such precipitation as to be unable to carry away her treasure of gold, silk, and gems, which were all seized by Aurelian, who immediately followed her to Palmyra, much harassed in his march by "the robbers of the desert" (the Bedouin Arabs). He besieged the city quite round, and engaged the neighbouring nations to supply his army with provisions.

" In the mean time, the Palmyrenes jeered the prince with ridiculous jokes, as if it was not possible for him to take the town; and when a certain man threw out a rude jest at the Emperor himself, a Persian standing by his side said, If thou wishest thou shalt soon see that impudent fellow *dead.* The Emperor consenting, the Persian, some men being placed before him by whom he might be concealed, stretches his bow and shoots an arrow aimed at him, which transfixing the man looking over the battlements and still venting his insolence, he fell from the wall dead before the Emperor and the soldiers."*

* Τῶν δὲ Παλμυρηνῶν ἐπιτωθαζόντων, ὡς ἀδυνατου τῆς ἁλώσεως ὄυσης, ἤδη δέ τινος καὶ εἰς αὐτὸν τὸν βασιλέα λόγους αἰσχροὺς ἀφιέντος, παρεσώς τις τῷ βασιλεῖ Πέρσης ἀνὴρ, εἰ κελεύεις, ἔφη, τὸν ὑβριζὴν τοῦτον ὄψει νεκρόν. ἐγκελευσαμένου δὲ τοῦ βασιλέως, προζησάμενος ἑαυτοῦ τινας ὁ Πέρσης τοὺς ἀποκρύπτοντας, ἐντείνας τὸ τόξον, και

The following letter from Aurelian to the Senate, translated from the history of Flavius Vopiscus, will give some idea of Zenobia's obstinate defence.

"The Romans tell me that I am only waging war against a woman, as if Zenobia was contending with me with her own strength alone, not with that of a host of enemies. I cannot tell you how many arrows and apparatuses of war there are, how many weapons, how many stones; there is no part of the wall which is not furnished with two or three balistas; tormenting fire too is poured from them. What more? say you she fears? she fights as if fearing punishment. But I trust that the gods, who have never been wanting to our exertions, will defend the Roman state." *

Harassed with the efforts of the besiegers, and wearied by the protracted defence, the Emperor sends the following letter to Zenobia treating of a surrender.

"Aurelian Emperor of the Roman world, and 'Receptor Orientis,' to Zenobia, and the others united together in hostile alliance.

"You ought to do that of your own accord

βέλος ἁρμόσας, ἀφίησιν. ὁ δὴ προκεκυφότι τῆς ἐπάλξεως τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ καὶ ἔτι τὰς ὕβρεις ἐπαφιέντι προσπαγὲν, κατάγει τε τοῦ τείχους αὐτὸν, καὶ νεκρὸν τῷ στρατοπέδῳ καὶ τῷ βασιλεῖ δείκνυσιν.—Zosimus, lib. i. ch. 54, 55.

* Hist. August. p. 218.

which is commanded by my letters. I charge you to surrender on your lives being spared, and you, O Zenobia, may pass your life in some spot where I shall place you, in pursuance of the distinguished sentence of the Senate, your gems, silver, gold, silk, horses, and camels, being given up to the Roman treasury.

"The laws and institutions of the Palmyrenes shall be respected."*

ZENOBIA'S ANSWER.

"Zenobia, Queen of the East, to Aurelian Augustus†.

"No man as yet beside thee has dared to ask that which thou demandest. Whatever is to be achieved in war must be sought by valour.

* Flavius Vopiscus in Hist. August.

† "Zenobia, Regina Orientis, Aureliano Augusto.—Nemo adhuc præter te quod poscis, literis petiit. Virtute faciendum est quicquid in rebus bellicis est gerendum. Deditionem meam petis, quasi nescias Cleopatram Reginam perire maluisse quam in qualibet vivere dignitate. Nobis Persarum auxilia non desunt, quæ jam speramus: pro nobis sunt Saraceni, pro nobis Armenii. Latrones Syri exercitum tuum Aureliane vicerunt: quid igitur si illa venerit manus quæ undique speratur? pones profecto supercilium, quo nunc mihi deditionem, quasi omnifariam victor, imperas."—Vopiscus in Hist. August. p. 218.

Askest thou me to surrender? as if thou wert ignorant that Queen Cleopatra chose rather to perish than survive her dignity. The Persian auxiliaries whom we await cannot be far off; the Saracens are in our favour, the Armenians likewise. The Syrian robbers, O Aurelian, have conquered your army, what then if that band which we expect on all sides shall come? you will surely lay aside the pride with which you now demand my surrender, as if thou reignedst conqueror on every side."

Nicomachus says that he translated into Greek this letter dictated by Zenobia in the Syrian tongue.

Aurelian enraged, pressed the siege with renewed vigour; he marshalled his army and his generals, intercepted some of the Persian auxiliaries, bought over the Saracens and Armenians, and after great difficulties, so straitened the Palmyrenes, that their young and heroic queen determined, as a last hope, to escape from the city with a few attendants, cross the Euphrates into Persia, and seek instant succour of the Persian king. Mounted on a female dromedary, remarkable for its swiftness*, the young heroic

* Ταῦτα βουλευσάμενοι, καὶ καμήλῳ τὴν Ζηνοβίαν ἀναβιβάσαντες

queen left Palmyra secretly, and passed the Roman lines during a dark night; she pressed on, reached the Euphrates, and was in the very act of getting into a boat to pass the river, when the Romans, having discovered her flight, and pressing on with all speed, their horsemen arrived just in time to arrest her progress, and to alter the destiny of the East*. Zenobia was seized and led back a captive into the presence of Aurelian, who thus addressed her.—"'How is it, O Zenobia, that thou hast dared to insult the Roman emperors?' She replied, 'Thou who hast conquered, I do acknowledge emperor; Gallienus, and Aureolus and the others I considered not so.'"†

The capture of their favourite queen was no sooner known at Palmyra, than the walls were crowded with suppliants, who by their gestures implored the clemency of the conqueror; he exhorting them to be of good courage, they poured out of the town with presents and sacrifices, and

(αἱ δὴ καμήλων εἰσὶ τάχισται, καὶ ἵππους ὑπεραίρουσαι τάχει) τῆς πόλεως ὑπεξάγουσιν.—Zosimus, lib. i. ch. 54, 55.

* Hist. August. p. 218. Zosimus, lib. i.

† "Quid, O Zenobia, ausa es insultari Romanis Imperatoribus; illa dixisse fertur, Imperatorem te esse cognosco, qui vincis; Gallienum et Aureolum et ceteros, principes non putavi."—Trebellius Pollio in Hist. August.

threw themselves on the generosity of the emperor. Aurelian spared their lives and property, but despoiled the Temple of the Sun of its rich ornaments. He captured all the ministers, councillors, and generals of Zenobia, and carried his captives to Emesa, where the brutal Roman soldiery, according to Vopiscus, clamoured for the Queen's death; and deprived of her friends, and intimidated by the threats of Aurelian, her fortitude at last failed her, and with a spirit broken by her severe misfortunes, she confessed that the celebrated Longinus dictated the imperious letter she sent to the emperor. Longinus, the Greek philosopher and critic of Athens, was ordered for instant execution by the merciless tyrant, and was beheaded at Emesa, together with all the ministers and advisers of the unfortunate queen. He met his death like a hero; he repressed the sighs and tears of the spectators who witnessed his miserable end, and with fortitude and firmness submitted himself to the stroke of the executioner.

"The fame of Longinus," remarks Gibbon, "will survive that of the Queen who betrayed, or the tyrant who condemned him." He was esteemed the first critic of his age, but nearly all his works have perished. A few fragments of his work ΠΕΡΙ ΥΨΟΣ, on the Sublime, have been preserved, in

which he quotes the celebrated passage in Genesis, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light," as one of the noblest specimens of the sublime. The best comment on the character and conduct of Zenobia is that contained in the following letter of the Emperor Aurelian to the Roman senate.

"I hear, O conscript fathers, that it hath been urged against me, that I have not accomplished a manly task, in triumphing over Zenobia; my very blamers would not know how to praise me enough if they knew that woman,—if they knew her prudence in council—her firmness of purpose—the dignity she preserves towards her army—her munificence when necessity requires it—her severity when to be severe is just. I may say that the victory of Odenatus over the Persians, and his putting Sapor to flight, and his reaching Ctesiphon, were due to her. I can assert that such was the dread entertained of this woman among the nations of the East and of Egypt, that she kept in check the Arabians, the Saracens, and the Armenians; nor would I have preserved her life, if I had not thought she would much benefit the Roman state, &c."*

* "Audio P. C. mihi objecit, quod non virile munus impleverim, Zenobiam triumphando. Ne illi qui me reprehen-

Aurelian departed for Europe with his captive and unfortunate queen, but had scarcely arrived ere he received intelligence of the revolt of the Palmyrenes and of the attack and destruction of the Roman garrison at Palmyra. He retraced his steps with incredible swiftness, and dealt a blow at the ill-fated city from which it has never since recovered. The dire and destructive revenge of Aurelian, is best seen from his own letter addressed to Ceionius Bassus, and given by Vopiscus.

"You must now sheath the sword, says the emperor; the Palmyrenes have been sufficiently slaughtered and cut to pieces. We have not spared women, we have slain children, we have strangled old men, we have destroyed the husbandmen. To whom then shall we leave the

dunt satis laudarent; si scirent qualis illa est mulier, quam prudens in consiliis, quam constans in dispositionibus, quam erga milites gravis, quam larga cum necessitas postulet, quam tristis cum severitas poscat. Possum dicere illius esse, quod Odenatus Persas vicit, ac fugato Sapore Ctesiphontem usque pervenit. Possum asserere tanto apud Orientales et Ægyptiorum populos timori mulierem fuisse ut se non Arabes non Saraceni non Armenii commoverunt. Nec ego illi vitam conservassem nisi eam scissem multum Rom. Reip. profuisse." &c. Trebellius Pollio, Hist. August. p. 198, 9.

land? to whom shall we leave the city? We must spare those who remain, for we think that the few there are now existing will take warning from the punishments of the many who have been destroyed.

"The Temple of the Sun indeed at Palmyra, which the eagle-bearer of the third legion, with the standard and ensign-bearers, and the trumpeters and clarion-blowers have despoiled, I wish restored to its former state. You have 300 lbs. of gold from the caskets of Zenobia, you have 1800 lbs. of silver of the effects of the Palmyrenes, you have the royal gems. From all these make a creditable temple, and you will do a very agreeable thing to me and to the immortal gods. I will write to the senate requesting them to send a high priest to consecrate the temple."*

Aurelian's was the most splendid triumph ever seen at Rome, and is enthusiastically described by Vopiscus. The large chariot, in which sat Aurelian, formerly belonging to the king of the Goths, was drawn towards the capitol by four stags, and

* "Mulieribus non pepercimus, infantes occidimus, senes ingulavimus, rusticos interemimus: cui terras, cui urbem deinceps relinquemus? Parcendum est iis qui remanserunt, &c., &c., &c.—Flavius Vopiscus in Hist. August. p. 218.

was preceded by twenty elephants, tame wild beasts of Africa, 200 different kinds of animals from Palestine, four tigers, camelopards, elks, and other animals in order, 800 gladiators, the ensigns and trophies of the conquered nations, the wealth, jewels, and plate of Zenobia, and the spoil of Palmyra; captives of different barbarous nations, Blemmyes, Arabs, Indians, Bactrians, Goths, Vandals, &c., &c., ten Gothic women dressed in armour, the royal carriage of Odenatus covered with silver, gold, and gems; a second carriage presented to Aurelian by the king of Persia; a third sumptuous carriage built by Zenobia, in which she was said to boast she would one day enter Rome as a conqueror, but now all eyes regarded the beauteous form of the eastern queen, humbled and a captive, walking before that same chariot to adorn the triumph of the conqueror. She laboured under the weight of jewels; her feet were bound with golden rings, her hands with golden chains, a golden chain was wound round her neck, and slaves supported her weary and tottering frame. After, came Aurelian in his chariot drawn by stags, and the procession was closed by the senate and the victorious army. Arrived at the capitol, Aurelian slaughtered the stags that drew his chariot, sacrificing them to Jupiter Capitolinus.

Concerning the fate of the unhappy Zenobia there are two accounts; some say that mourning over the utter destruction of Palmyra and her ruined fortunes, she refused all food, languished, and died*; others, that she was married by Aurelian to a Roman noble, and lived many years on an estate given to her by the emperor on the banks of the Tiber, called Conche, where she had a large family, and lived universally admired. Certain it is that a century afterwards her descendants are spoken of by writers as of senatorial rank, and enjoying considerable importance at Rome; but they might be descendants of her two children by Odenatus. Zosimus says, that all the rest of the prisoners, excepting Zenobia's sons, were drowned in the straits between Byzantium and Chalcedon. Since the period of the second capture of Palmyra, and its fearful destruction by Aurelian, the city has never again prospered; "the seat of commerce, of arts, and of Zenobia gradually sunk into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and at length a miserable village."† The Palmyrenes, says Zosimus, had several declarations from the gods, which portended the overthrow of their

* Αὐτὴν μὲν Ζηνοβίαν φασὶν ἢ νόσῳ ληφθεῖσαν, ἢ τροφῆς μεταλαβεῖν οὐκ ἀνασχὸμένην ἀποθανεῖν.—Zosimus, lib. i. p. 56.

† Gibbon.

empire; and, among others, having consulted the temple of Apollo called Sarpedonius, at Seleucia in Cilicia, to know if they should ever obtain the empire of the East, they got the following unceremonious answer:

" Avoid my temple, cursed treacherous nation!
You even put the gods themselves in passion." *

* Ἔξιτε μοὶ μεγάρων ἀπατήμονες οὖλιοι ἄνδρες
Φύτλης ἀθανάτων ἐρικύδεος ἀλγυντῆρες.
Zosimus, lib. i. ch. 57.

CHAPTER X.

PALMYRA.—GENERAL ASPECT OF THE RUINS.—GREAT DESERT.—GRAND GATEWAY.—GRAND AVENUE OF COLUMNS.—GATEWAYS.—RUINED BUILDINGS.—COLONNADES.—RUINED TEMPLES.—VILLAGE OF TADMOR.—ARABS.—RUINED BATHS.—CITADEL OF PALMYRA.—GRAND GATEWAY.—PORTICOS.—TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

"Ici, me dis-je, ici fleurit jadis un ville opulente: ici fut le siege d'un empire puissante. Oui, ces lieux maintenant si déserts, jadis une multitude vivante animait leur enceinte; une foule active circulait dans ces routes aujourd'hui solitaires. En ces murs où regne un morne silence, retentissait sans cesse le bruit des arts et les cris d'allegresse et de fêtes."

LA MEDITATION DE VOLNEY.

OCT. 30th.—Passing through the mud houses of the humble village of Tadmor clustered round the great Temple of the Sun, and surrounded by detached columns, portions of the majestic double portico which once closed this vast area, we emerged from the narrow gateway and looked over the plain of yellow sand extending from this raised platform of ruins to the base of the moun-

tains, covered with long avenues of columns, ruined gateways, and shattered temples; but it is on descending to the plain, passing on the left a ruined mosque, and walking over prostrate columns and heaps of stones, that these wonderful ruins burst upon the eye in all their imposing extent and grandeur of situation. No modern structures or dwellings encumber them, no sign of life or cultivation takes off from the deep solitude of the spot, the bright light streams between lines of columns losing themselves in the distance, and heaps of stone shading the sand in different directions, mark the site of a temple or a palace.

I did not share in the disappointment expressed by one of our travellers, because the columns of these porticos were not above half the height of the columns of the great Temple of Baalbec, not at all expecting to find columns composing lines of porticos extending for a mile, of the same gigantic size as those of the peristyle court of a temple, any more than I should expect the portico of the Quadrant in Regent's Street, to be composed of columns as high as the Duke of York's column in Waterloo Place. Nor do I at all agree in the opinion, that the details of the architecture are unworthy of admiration: true it is, that the capitals of the columns, and all the more deli-

cately sculptured parts, possess none of the deep and sharp cutting that one sees at Baalbec; but this is entirely owing to the corroding effects of the sciroc wind from the desert, for on examining those parts which were sheltered from the weather, and disengaging the fallen fragments from the sand in which they lie buried, we found them beautifully and deeply chiselled.

These ruins are quite different from Baalbec, and no comparison can be instituted between the two. The ruins of Baalbec consist merely of two magnificent temples, enclosed in a sort of citadel, while here, over an immense area, we wander through the ruins of long porticos leading up to ruined temples, and unknown buildings. Now we see a circular colonnade sweeping round with its ruined gateway at either end; now we come to the prostrate walls or ruined chambers of a temple or a palace; anon we explore the recesses of a bath or the ruins of an aqueduct; then we mount the solitary staircases, and wander through the silent chambers of the tombs, ornamented with busts, inscriptions, and niches for the coffins stored with mouldering bones; and from the summits of funereal towers, five stories in height, we look down upon this mysterious assemblage of past magnificence, and beyond them upon the

vast level surface of the desert, silent and solitary, stretching away like the vast ocean, till it is lost in distance. Far as the eye can reach, the dwelling of man is not visible, the vastness and immensity of space strikes with awe, and the mouldering monuments of human pride that extend around, teach us a sad lesson of the instability of all earthly greatness.

Directing your steps from the citadel, you pass a lofty solitary column, and arrive at the grand gateway of three arches, opening on the grand avenue of columns. On the left extends a line of columns, broken at intervals; you pass, erect on a pedestal, a magnificent column of one single block of Thebaic granite, another lies entire, and prostrate at its foot, and a third scatters its dissevered masses across the path. A continuous range of forty-eight columns extends on the left, with two gateways opening on other columns, and ruined buildings. To the right, is seen a small and elegant temple, and the stumps of columns rising above the sand, mark the direction of antient porticos.

The first part of the colonnade, terminates at four platforms of stone, with enormous pedestals for statues still resting on two of them; scattered columns, branching off to the right and left, shew

that this was the point where four avenues of columns met. To the left, are seen prostrate walls, and masses of ruined buildings; a circular colonnade, and a ruined gateway. Continuing onwards, you find the portico slightly altering its direction. To the southward, a line of columns presents an imposing front, and you pause at the end of the long main avenue before a ruined temple, to which it leads. To the west, is seen another temple on a raised platform of stone, to which you ascend by many steps over the fallen capitals and broken shafts of columns; below is a small and simple gateway, beside it the broken shafts of two fluted columns. At the further end of the temple is a raised circular recess, and from the slight elevation on turning round, one of the most striking and impressive scenes in the world is suddenly presented to the sight.

A long line of columns broken at intervals is seen stretching away across the sandy plain in the direction of the citadel or elevated platform of ruins, above the lofty walls of which rise several majestic columns standing out clear and distinct against the deep blue sky: across the plain, to the west of this line of columns, extend prostrate heaps of ruins, groups of columns, the broken shafts and stumps of others, whilst here and there a solitary

detached monumental column rears itself above the rest in striking majesty. At the end of the sandy plain, the eye rests upon the lofty columns of the Temple of the Sun, encompassed by a dark elevated mass of ruined buildings, and beyond all around, right and left, towards the Euphrates, as far as the eye can reach, extends the vast level, naked flat of the great desert, over which the eye runs in every direction piercing the boundless horizon, without discovering a human being or a trace of man. Naked, solitary, unlimited space extends around, where man never breathes under the shade, or rests his limbs under cover of a dwelling. A deep blue tint spreads along its surface, here and there shaded with a cast of brown, the distant outline of the horizon is clear and sharply defined; not an eminence rises to break the monotonous flat, and along the edge extends a large district covered with salt, distinguished from the rest by its peculiar colour. There is something grand and awe-inspiring in its boundless immensity; like the first view of the ocean, it inspires emotions never before experienced; unearthly in appearance, and out of character with the general fair face of nature, the eye shrinks from contemplating the empty, cheerless solitude, and we turn away in quest of some

object to remove the sense of utter loneliness and desertion which its gloomy aspect is calculated to inspire.

The population of the village of Tadmor appears to be very scanty; we have not seen more than two or three male inhabitants since our residence in the place, and these are generally idling under the great gateway; the few women we have hitherto seen have a dirty and repulsive appearance, and many of the little children are quite naked.

Oct. 31st.—We left the village of Tadmor and spent the day among the ruins, the interest of which increases upon us.

The ruins of Palmyra cover a sandy plain extending along the bases of a range of mountains called Djebel Belaes, running nearly due north and south, dividing the great desert from the desert plains extending on the eastward towards Damascus and the north of Syria. The lower eminences of these mountains bordering the ruins are covered with numerous solitary towers, the tombs of the antient Palmyrenes; they are seen from a great distance, and have a striking effect in this desert solitude.

To the eastward, round one half of the compass, extends the level flat of the Barrai al Scham or

great Syrian desert. Descending from the citadel, your view is westward towards the mountains, and the eye wanders over the plain of ruins and rests on the eminences covered with funereal towers.

We first arrived at a ruined mosque, built probably when the place first fell into the hands of the Saracens, and coeval with the Saracenic castle, a prominent object on the opposite lofty mountain. Near to the mosque is a column, about fifty feet in height exclusive of the capital and about twelve feet in circumference, and some carved masonry resting on it. It is in seven pieces, and a statue probably once stood on its summit.

A little beyond this is the grand gateway, having a lofty arch in the centre, and a smaller one on either side leading into the grand avenue of columns. The scroll work and rich carvings with which it was once adorned are much mutilated and disfigured on this side, but on the opposite one looking into the colonnade, the rich ornaments and decorations are tolerably perfect. It is a noble and elegant gateway about sixty feet in height. Passing through, we entered the grand avenue formerly bordered on either hand with an elegant colonnade, each column having a projection upon which stood a statue. In its whole

length it is almost a mile, and it was originally bordered by columns the whole way. The first and most perfect portion, terminated by four large platforms of stone where four avenues met and upon which stood statues, is from 930 to 940 yards in length. The number of columns still standing along the whole length of this avenue amounts to 114, of which the greater part are standing in this first portion, as on the left hand side going up there is a continuous range of forty-eight with two handsome gateways opening on a circular colonnade behind them. The columns forming the northern side of the colonnade of this first portion are all gone, with the exception of a group of four and of two. Immediately after passing the gate on the western side of the avenue is a range of thirteen columns supporting a handsome frieze and entablature, then we come to a break covered with broken fragments of columns and masses of masonry, and then to a range of eight columns likewise supporting a handsome frieze and entablature. On the right is a square pillar about forty feet in height, and at the base of it lies the shaft of a beautiful column of one single block of rose-coloured Egyptian granite, thirty feet in length; beyond lies another shaft broken into three large fragments, and just beyond,

another square pillar, and beside it a beautiful erect column, the shaft of which, thirty feet in length, is of one single block of the red Egyptian granite; it stands on a pedestal, supports a Corinthian capital, and a large block of stone rests with one end on the capital and the other on the square pillar adjoining it. These probably are the ruins of two magnificent gateways, which led from this centre avenue on to other colonnades, now utterly destroyed.

Proceeding onwards, the line of the colonnade is marked on the left by the broken shafts of columns still sticking above the sand; one solitary column of the portico entire with its capital, then another line of broken stumps of columns just sticking above the sand, and then we come to a magnificent continuous range of forty-eight. After passing eleven of these we come to a gateway, the arch of which is supported on either hand by a column; this leads from the portico on to a hillock of sand, and the ruins of another richly ornamented gateway opening on a circular colonnade of eighteen columns, a portion of a large semicircular colonnade, the diameter of which is parallel with the main avenue, and has in its centre a small richly ornamented little building with niches for statues. The fine sand from the neighbouring

hills has drifted in heaps over these ruins, covering them in many places to the depth of several feet. Just below are fragments of another gateway choked up with ruins opening on the grand avenue, and at the western end of the diameter of this circular colonnade there was probably another, making in all three gateways.

Just beyond this circular colonnade lie the prostrate ruins of a very magnificent building, constructed of a species of marble superior to the generality of that used in these ruins; the walls are constructed of large single stones, one thick only, neatly fitted one above the other. Handsome and richly ornamented windows extend around the walls, and some columns of one entire piece, twenty-two feet in length and about nine in circumference, lie prostrate on the ground. In two places the walls appear to have been thrown down by violence, most probably by an earthquake. They have fallen *en masse* but on an inclined plane, and the stones have been forced up edgewise one above the other, so as to form a species of staircase. There appear to have been two very large rooms divided by a wall of single stones, the same as the external walls — but whether the building was a temple or palace, it is difficult to determine.

Returning to the first gateway in the range of forty-eight columns of the grand avenue, and proceeding onwards, we came, after passing twenty-eight of these, to another gateway, exactly similar to the first, opening on a range of ten columns and the broken shafts of eight others, sweeping off in the direction of another colonnade, and meeting the grand avenue at right angles. On the right of the gateway we remarked two columns of larger size than those of the avenue, each supporting another smaller column on its top; just beyond we arrived at the four platforms of stone, placed at the point where the two principal colonnades cut each other at right angles. Upon two of these exist two large pedestals for statues, and when antiently four gigantic statues were seen resting upon them, closing up the end of all the four colonnades—the effect must have been most magnificent.

Of the colonnade stretching at right angles to the southward, twenty-two columns remain erect; of the northern scarcely anything; of the western, (the continuation of the one we have just traversed,) fifty-five still remain at scattered intervals, and numerous stumps of others; the longest continued range of columns bordering it

amounts to sixteen,and the greater number of them, in small groups, are on the northern or right hand side. About half way up on the same side are the ruins of a beautiful little temple, where we saw some figures sculptured in bas-relief, both on some loose detached stones and on the sides of some marble sarcophagi. At the top the avenue terminates at another elegant little temple, fronted with a colonnade of six Corinthian columns, the shafts of which are about thirty-three feet in height, exclusive of base or capital.

This grand avenue is forty-three feet in breadth, the shafts of the columns are about twenty-six feet in height above the ground, and about nine feet in girth; they must be buried some depth in the sand, and were probably originally twenty-eight or thirty feet in height. The whole avenue was no doubt originally paved, and if the sand was removed to the depth of three or four feet, the pavement would very probably still be found.

The columns formerly supported a richly carved entablature, and when all erect, must have presented a most magnificent appearance.

Branching off to the southward of the avenue, you come to the stumps of some fluted columns

sticking above the sand on either side of a small simple gateway; and a few paces to the westward, on an eminence, are the ruins of an elegant temple, very finely situated. From hence is enjoyed the magnificent *coup d'œil* of all the ruins and of the vast desert. The temple is situated at the base of the mountains, and the valley of the tombs opens immediately behind it. The ascent to it is by stone steps, still very perfect; several of the columns are erect, and the circular recess at the end, where stood the statue of the god or goddess, still affords a grateful shelter, from whence to survey the impressive prospect.

Keeping away to the southward of the grand avenue, we returned to the village of Tadmor, leaving on the right a range of sixteen columns, apparently part of another portico.

The slight eminence upon which the village of Tadmor stands, which I shall call the citadel, was antiently formed into a vast area surrounded by a double colonnade, in the centre of which stood the Temple of the Sun. The entrance to this citadel from the plain below was antiently by a flight of steps, leading to a magnificent gateway; but these have been destroyed, or buried under accumulated rubbish; and the antient majestic

portal has been concealed by a barbarous square tower built up against it, probably by the Saracens, when the citadel was converted into a fortress. The present entrance is by a steep path leading to a narrow passage in the centre of the square tower, and from the interior of this passage a view can be obtained of the superb antient portal. The two side architraves supporting the lintel of this magnificent doorway consist each of one single block of marble, measuring thirty-five feet in length. All round the door was a magnificent border, composed of wreathed vine branches and pendent bunches of grapes, many portions of which are still very perfect, and most beautifully chiselled. They appear to be almost an exact copy of the ornamental sculpture of Baalbec, and not at all inferior in execution. The width of this magnificent gateway was originally fifteen feet; but this has been contracted by a modern wall built across the entrance, to a space only wide enough to admit a loaded camel, and is much choked up with stones and rubbish. The stone beams forming the lintel of the doorway are each of one single piece of marble, and simply rest upon the side architraves.

Climbing over stones and rubbish you pass

through a second interior ruined wall, of modern construction, in which the older materials have been used; and on a large block of stone is the following inscription :—

ΤΟ ΜΝΗΜΕΙΟΝ ΤΟΥ ΤΑΦΕΩΝΟΣ ΕΚΤΙΣΕΝ ΕΞ
ΙΔΙΩΝ ΣΕΠΤΙΜΙΟΣ ΟΔΑΙΝΑΘΟΣ Ο ΛΑΜΠΡΟΤΑΤΟΣ
ΣΥΝΚΛΗΤ . . . . Ο ΑΙΡΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΟΥΑΒΑΛΛΑΘΟΥ ·
ΤΟΥ ΝΑΣΩΡΟΥ ΑΥΤΩ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΥΙΟΙΣ ΑΥΤΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΥΙΟΝΟΙΣ
ΕΙΣ ΤΟ ΠΑΝΤΕΛΕΣ ΑΙΩΝΙΟΝ ΤΕΙΜΗΝ.

"This sepulchral monument out of his own money hath Septimius Odænathus, illustrious senator, the son of Æranus, the son of Waballathus, the son of Nasorus, erected for himself, his children, and his posterity, as an honour to them in time to come."

This inscription is interesting from the name of Septimius Odænathus, and it is not at all improbable that it might have been placed upon the burial monument erected by that "illustrious senator" before he was raised to the title of Augustus. It has evidently been transported hither from a sepulchral monument, over the door of which it was doubtless placed.

On passing this you find yourself in the little village of Tadmor, directly facing the Temple of

the Sun, which stands in the centre of a vast square area, antiently surrounded by a double colonnade of three hundred and ninety columns, about sixty of which only are now remaining. The back walls of all this colonnade appear to have been adorned with niches and recesses for statues, and rich ornamental sculpture in the same style as at Baalbec. This large area measures about two hundred and twenty-five yards each way, and the remaining columns that surround it have all a projection from the shaft for statues, and in some the iron to which the feet of the statues were fastened is plainly visible. All the columns of the porticos have this projection, and if they were all furnished with statues, what hundreds and thousands there must have been in the place,—and whither can they have been carried? Of this portico the greatest number of columns exists on the west side; they are thirty-seven feet in height, and rising above the humble mud huts of the village, and here and there supporting fragments of the architrave and sculptured cornice that once rested upon them, they present a striking contrast of the magnificence of bygone times with the poverty and meanness of the present day.

Proceeding up the principal lane or pathway of the village, portions of the antient pavement of large square flat stones are discoverable, and directly in front rises the great temple with its grand and lofty portal and tall fluted columns divested of their brazen capitals. It is surrounded and disfigured by the mud huts of the village, through the interior rooms of which you are obliged to walk to get to the different parts of the building. The grand entrance faces the west, and the front of the temple is made in that portion of the building which forms the side of every other temple I have seen. Its construction is very peculiar,—on either side the gateway was supported by four fluted columns, and it is adorned by rich carvings of vine leaves and clusters of grapes in bold and spirited relief, and beautifully chiselled. The roof of the body of the building is entirely gone. In the interior, at the southern end, is the village mosque, fantastically ornamented and set off with passages from the Koran written round the walls.

Passing through an Arab hut to the northern end, we crept into a small chamber of the temple, adorned with a richly carved stone ceiling divided into compartments; the centre is occupied by a single block of stone, eighteen feet in circumfer-

ence, hollowed out into a low dome, and divided into diamond compartments richly carved and fretted: each compartment incloses a figure head, and the whole is surrounded by a circular border, on which are the twelve signs of the zodiac, exactly similar to those used on our globes at the present day. One of the stones composing the wall of the temple is thirteen feet in length by five in breadth, and another twelve feet by six. After poking about the rooms by torch-light I was glad to get out in the open air to the eastern side of the temple, where nine beautiful channelled columns and part of a tenth of the colonnade antiently surrounding the temple still exist. They have twenty-four channellings, and are fifty feet in height without base or capital. Behind them are four richly carved windows in the wall of this temple. At the southern end of the temple is another chamber corresponding to the one at the northern end. It is surmounted with a stone ceiling, richly carved in octagonal compartments, formed by highly wrought mouldings; the centre is likewise occupied by a large block of stone, surrounded by a circular border inclosing a large ornament, but no zodiac is seen. Passing through an Arab hut and creeping into several dark holes and passages, we

ascended to the top of the building and walked round the walls, which are very wide, and afford a fine prospect of the ruins and the desert. Each end of the temple is ornamented with two Ionic half columns, and one would conclude that it was of the Ionic order, but from the length and bell-shaped appearance of the stone to which the metal capitals were affixed, it appears to me evident that they were Corinthian, so that the temple must have been of a mixed order of architecture. The holes to which the metal capitals were attached are plainly distinguishable. The length of the body of the temple, exclusive of the colonnade, is about 134 feet, and that of the whole building about 180. Over the doorway of this temple was sculptured an eagle with extended wings, similar to the bird at Baalbec; scarcely any of it now remains, the stone upon which it was sculptured having nearly all fallen and been either carried away or buried under the rubbish. The circumstance of an eagle being sculptured over the grand portal of the temple, both here and at Baalbec, is remarkable, and no doubt had some connexion with the worship of the sun, to which it is supposed both temples were dedicated.

CHAPTER XI.

PALMYRA.—VALLEY OF THE TOMBS.—TOMB OF IAMBLICHUS.—TOMB OF ELABELUS MANAIUS.—ANTIENT WALLS.—THE SARACENIC CASTLE.—HOT SPRINGS.—ANTIENT BATHS.—STONE DOORWAY.—PALMYRENE INSCRIPTIONS.—THE CITADEL.—THE GRAND AREA OF THE TEMPLE.—GROTTO OF HOT WATER.—THUNDER-STORM.—GREAT DESERT.—PLAIN OF SALT.—VILLAGE OF TADMOR.—LAST IMPRESSIONS.

. . . . . " the ground,
League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
Is covered o'er with mouldering monuments:
And, let the living wander where they will,
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead."

ROGERS.

Nov. 1st.—We walked across the sands to the Valley of the Tombs, the most interesting of all the ruins. These solitary towers crowning the eminences have, from every point of view, a most striking effect. As you wind up a narrow valley between the mountain range, you have them on your right and left, topping the hills or descending to the border of the valley: some present mere

heaps of rubbish, some, half fallen, expose their shattered chambers, and one or two still exist in almost an entire state of preservation.

We visited seven of these sepulchral monuments, but I shall confine my description to two of the handsomest and most perfect. The first and most perfect monument stands slightly elevated on the side of the sloping eminence which hems in the valley to the south; it is surrounded by five others much ruined. The front is entire and looks towards the north, but a portion of the side wall has tumbled, and has accumulated round the doorway, filling up the entrance to about half its height; some small narrow windows are pierced in the wall, and over the top of the portal are some raised tablets of stone, on the lowest of which is the following Greek inscription, plainly and intelligibly engraved. It requires some contrivance, however, to be able to get near enough to the elevated tablet to make out the letters, and some little patience in transcribing it, as the letters run one into the other without being separated into words.

ΜΝΗΜΕΙΟΝ ΑΙΩΝΙΟΝ ΓΕΡΑC ΩΚΟΔΟΜΗCΕΝ ΙΑΜΑΙΧΟC ΜΟΚΕΙΜΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΑΚΚΑΔΕΙCΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΜΑΑΙΧΟΥ ΕΙCΤΕ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΥΙΟΥC ΚΑΙ ΕΓΓΟΝΟΥC ΕΤΟΥC Δ Ι Τ ΜΗΝΙ ΞΑΝΔΙΚΩ

" This splendid and most durable monument Iamblichus, the son of Mocimus, the son of Acaleises, the son of Malichus, erected for himself, his children, and his posterity in the year 314, in the month of April."

In all the Palmyrene inscriptions the letters ϹΩЄ are used for Σ. Ω. E., and there is a curious peculiarity observable with respect to the date, the letters being placed directly contrary to the Greek fashion. They must, as it will be observed, to be understood, be read the wrong way, that is, from the right hand to the left, Δ. I. T. 314.
4. 10. 300.
The Palmyrenes, instead of following the Greeks in placing the letter denoting the largest number first, did exactly the reverse, as above.

" The æra or account of years observed by the Palmyreneans in their inscriptions," remarks Mr. Edmund Halley, " is evidently that of Seleucus, called afterwards Dilcharnian, or Bicornis, by the Arabians, and by them kept in use till above 900 years after Christ, and not that of the death of Alexander." *

The date 314, then, of the æra of Seleucus, will

* Philosophical Transactions, Lowthorpe's Abridgement, Vol. 3.

answer to about A.D. 2, consequently this sepulchral monument is about 1833 years old.

Passing through the doorway, we find a long and lofty chamber, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters supporting a rich cornice; the stone ceiling is divided into squares, ornamented with white stars on a blue ground; between the pilasters are deep recesses, furnished each with five stone ledges for coffins, one over the other, and opposite the doorway, are four half figures sculptured in relief. A stone staircase leads from this chamber to another above of the same size, not so lofty, but possessing recesses, and shelves for coffins similarly arranged, the stones of the staircase are neatly fitted together, and there are in all five stories, each possessing a funereal chamber furnished with recesses and stone shelves for coffins; the topmost of these chambers is entirely ruined and has almost all fallen. From the strength of the walls and the powerfully adhesive nature of the cement, it appears as if the walls had been thrown down by violence.

Passing onward nearly to the end of this silent solitary valley, hemmed in on either side by mountains and grey rocks, we come to the most magnificent of all these sepulchral towers. It stands on the northern side of the valley, and the

entrance faces the south. Over the doorway is a species of arched niche, from which projects a stone ledge; on it lies a recumbent figure much mutilated, and just beneath, over the doorway, is a tablet of stone, upon which the following inscription is plainly and legibly engraved.

ΤΟ ΜΝΗΜΕΙΟΝ ΕΚΤΙCΑΝ ΕΛΑΒΗΛΟC ΜΑΝΑΙΟC
COXAIEIC ΜΑΛΙΧΟC ΟΥΑΒΑΛΛΑΘΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΜΑΝΝΑΙΟΥ
ΤΟΥ ΕΛΑΒΗΛΟΥ ΑΥΤΩ ΚΑΙ ΥΙΟΙC ΕΤΟΥC Δ. Ι. Υ.
ΜΗΝΟC ΞΑΝΔΙΚΟΥ.

"This monument Elabælus Manæus Cocchæus Malachus, the son of Waballathus, the son of Manæus, the son of Elabelus, built for himself and family in the year 414, in the month of April."

Taking the letters Δ. I. Υ. to be 414 of the æra of Seleucus, it will answer to A.D. 102, consequently this monument is 1733 years of age.

On entering the gateway we are struck with the magnificence and beauty of the internal decorations of the first chamber, and their wonderful state of preservation. Directly opposite the door is a recumbent figure, near the ceiling, similar to the figure over the exterior doorway; it is executed in high relief, and under it are two rows of half figures clothed in drapery, one over the other. Of the first row there are four remaining, and of

the second, five; two of these figures appear to be those of females. Near them are some inscriptions in the Palmyrene tongue, the characters of which somewhat resemble the Hebrew. The drapery is similar to that seen on many of the Roman busts; the hair is cut short, and their general appearance is much in the Roman style. Behind them are recesses for coffins, and on either side, a half column of the Corinthian order. Between each of these columns is a niche, and in each niche six stone shelves for coffins. The ceiling is divided into richly sculptured diamond compartments, delicately ornamented with white stars on a blue ground; under the ceiling runs a rich cornice, resting on ten Corinthian pilasters, besides two pilasters at each corner; between every pilaster is a deep recess, in all amounting to ten, and in each recess are six stone shelves for coffins; so that this chamber alone could accommodate seventy-four dead bodies. Over the doorway are some more heads executed in relief, the walls are covered with a fine, hard, white species of cement, resembling marble. The excellent preservation of the fine mouldings and cornices, and the fresh sound appearance of the greater part of the chamber, (the ruined portion of the building appearing more affected by violence than time,) is

wonderful after the lapse of so many years. If these two buildings, in so sound and perfect a condition, are not far from 2,000 years old, what must be the age of many of the prostrate heaps of these towers scattered in every direction about the valley, whose basements and foundations appear as strong and as thick as these, and yet they have scarcely one stone standing on another? We went into several of them, some have the chamber on the ground floor tolerably perfect, some have portions of the first and second story still remaining, but most of them are mere heaps of stone with vaults underneath filled with mortar and rubbish. We observed a quantity of stone, much resembling granite, about this valley. The solitude of the situation, the barrenness of the district, and the occasional glimpse that is obtained through the mountains of the wide dreary expanse of the desert, gives a peculiar and striking solemnity to this burial-ground of the ancient Palmyrenes. Near the spot where the valley opens upon the plain of ruins, several of these sepulchral towers have been built into a more modern wall, erected for the purposes of fortification, and have been made use of as flanking towers. This wall was probably erected when Palmyra was again fortified after its destruction by Aurelian, to serve as a frontier

garrison town. Not a vestige of the old walls of the city remain, which were no doubt utterly destroyed by that emperor, nor has any inscription been found bearing date after the capture of this beautiful city, A. D. 272.

To the northward of the valley of the tombs, on the highest eminence in the immediate vicinity of Palmyra, towers the ruined Turkish or Saracenic castle. It is seated on the very summit of the mountain, and surrounded by a deep ditch cut out of the solid rock. It is said by the Arabs to have been built by Man Ogle, a prince of the Druses; its deserted chambers and passages partake of the universal solitude and silence; there is not a living thing about it, and it seems deserted even by the bats. There is a very deep well sunk through the rock, which appears to be without water.

From the lofty eminence a grand panoramic view is afforded of the whole of Palmyra and of the mountains and valley covered with monumental towers, but from this point the ruins which strike us below from their extent, seem shrunk up to nothing; a mere speck upon the vast horizon, they are lost in the boundless extent of vision, and the eye looks over them upon the wide blue expanse of the great desert with a feeling of wonder and

almost of awe, but is soon wearied with its monotonous aspect. The sun was setting as I descended the eminences, and some dark clouds were hanging over its wide extended level surface, which looked darker, wilder, and drearier than ever. The surrounding mountains are all solitary, barren, stony and rocky, the chain of Djebel Belaes sweeps away on either side to the north and south, while two parallel chains coming in a westerly direction, called Djebel Ruak and Djebel Abiad, meet the former chain nearly at right angles. These two parallel ridges inclose the wide flat plain through which we have journeyed from Damascus; it averages from twenty to between thirty and forty miles in breadth, and is every where uncultivated, but generally covered with a good crop of pasturage.

Through the valley of the tombs may be traced remnants of a ruined aqueduct, which formerly conducted water to the town from an unknown source; it consists of a vaulted passage running under ground, covered with a fine hard stucco.

Returning to Tadmor through the grand colonnade, we observed an opening down to a subterraneous passage, along which runs a fine stream of hot sulphureous water, which is brought from the mountains and runs through the ruins. On the

eastern side of the citadel it joins another stream, which flows to the eastward through the gardens, and the united streams then lose themselves in the desert. This is the only water that the villagers of Tadmor drink, and we found it nauseous and disagreeable enough, but about a mile off is a fountain of very good water.

We were this day shewn, in the ancient wall on the eastern side of the area of the Temple of the Sun, a curious doorway, similar to those we saw in the baths, consisting of one solid block of stone cut into compartments, and turning on a stone pivot, it was opened without difficulty, and passing through we found it led to a small ledge on the stone platform, which is here much raised above the plain and commands a fine view over the desert. As we looked out of this narrow gateway from our elevated position upon the ancient wall, we fancied that Zenobia herself might have often stood at the same spot anxiously surveying the operations of Aurelian and his blockading army. From hence the eye wanders over the level waste across which the unfortunate queen fled on her swift dromedary to the Euphrates, and here, the morning after her departure, doubtless congregated her anxious friends, to see if she was pursued in her

flight; and from hence she was doubtless first descried, being brought back a captive and a prisoner in the hands of the Roman horsemen.

Nov. 2d.—This morning a camel was killed in the village of Tadmor, and the inhabitants are collected to divide it among them; they offered us some of the hump, which is the most delicate and tender part; the flavour of the meat is by no means disagreeable, and the Arabs are all very fond of it. They have a great feast whenever a camel is killed, and are often very quarrelsome and turbulent in asserting their claims to the different joints. A strong healthy camel is scarcely ever killed; those only who have met with some accident, or get old and are not capable of doing hard work.

The weather has been very much changed for the last two days. This morning a sciroc wind is blowing, and wild dark clouds are driving up from the south; yesterday rain fell for the first time since June.

In the course of the morning we crossed over the field of ruins to the northward of the grand avenue, in which direction, if we may judge from the various confused heaps of ruins and substructions of walls, the ancient city must have extended.

To the eastward is another solitary monumental column, with the following inscription engraved on the shaft.

Η ΒΟΥΛΗ ΚΑΙ ΟΔΗΜΟC ΑΛΙΛΑΜΕΝΑ ΠΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΜΟΚΙΜΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΑΙΡΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΜΑΘΘΑ ΚΑΙ ΑΙΡΑΝΗΝ ΤΟΝ ΠΑΤΕΡΑ ΑΥΤΟΥ ΕΥCΕΒΕΙC ΚΑΙ ΦΙΛΟΠΑΤΡΙΔΑC ΚΑΙ ΠΑΝΤΙ ΤΡΟΠΩ ΕΠΙCΗΜΩC ΑΡΕCΑΝΤΑC ΤΗ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΙ ΚΑΙ ΠΑΤΡΙΟΙC ΘΕΟΙC ΤΕΙΜΗC ΧΑΡΙΝ ΕΤΟΥC Ν. Τ. Α. ΜΗΝΟC ΞΑΝΔΙΚΟΥ.

"The Senate and the people have placed this in honour of Alilamenes, the son of Panas, the son of Mocimus, the son of Æranas, the son of Matthas, and of his father Æranes, devoted lovers of their country, and in every respect deserving well of their country and of the immortal gods, in the year 450, and the 30th day of the month of April."

Proceeding to the westward towards the mountains, heaps of stone, shattered pillars, and fallen capitals are met with in every direction. A short distance to the north of the grand avenue, we found an elegant little temple with a portico of eleven columns, the side walls are standing, but the roof is entirely gone, the floor is paved with flat stones.

Onwards in the direction of the mountains lie fragments of stone, here and there columns stand erect, and clumps of broken pillars are met with at intervals.

All this space appears to have been covered with small temples and ornamental buildings approached by colonnades branching off from the two grand avenues, and when the whole were standing, the ground paved and not covered as now with mounds of sand and rubbish, and the throng of people was seen proceeding through the long colonnades to the various temples and public buildings, the effect must have been very grand. All this part was evidently embellished and kept distinct from the rest of the town, which lay to the northward.

To the north of the grand avenue we came to some ruined baths, as it should seem, from various watercourses going through them lined with a remarkably fine hard cement, almost like marble. Here we saw some most peculiar doorways, consisting of one single large block of stone cut into panels; at either end a stone pin is left, which works in a socket ground into the stone, the door turns with wonderful ease and smoothness considering its great weight. We found too some bits of pottery of a most brilliant blue colour, and the head of a statue of ordinary sculpture, and two sarcophagi, on the side of one of which, three busts were sculptured.

In every direction are seen remains of temples

and buildings, some with one and two columns only standing, or portions of tottering walls, in which are ornamented niches for statues. In our walks this morning we counted eight of these ruined buildings scattered at intervals, and leading to some of them we observed traces of a colonnade. As we walked down the grand avenue, I counted 264 entire columns in different directions, and numerous shafts and stumps of others.

Judging from the projecting pedestals for statues with which most of the columns are furnished, the Palmyrenes must have had an amazing rage for erecting statues in honour of their citizens. Most of the columns have an inscription, cut on the side of the shaft under these pedestals in the unknown Palmyrene tongue or in Greek, but almost always in both. These inscriptions appear to be all honorary, generally to the effect that the Senate and the people inscribed them in honour of an individual, the son of such a person, the son of another, and so on through several generations.

All those possessing any interest have been transcribed and published by that enterprising little party of English who first discovered the ruins of Palmyra, leaving Aleppo for that purpose "on Michaelmas day, 1691, being in all, masters

and servants, thirty men well armed." They have been most ably and learnedly commented on by Mr. Edmund Halley in the Philosophical Transactions*, and he appears to have left little for any one else to say about them.

The most interesting of the inscriptions appears to be the one inscribed on the shaft of a column about half way down the avenue, on the southern side of it.

Η ΒΟΥΛΗ ΚΑΙ Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ ΙΟΥΛΙΟΝ ΑΥΡΗΛΙΟΝ ΖΗΝΟΒΙΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΖΑΒΔΙΛΑΝ ΔΙΧΜΑΛΧΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΝΑΣΣΟΥΜΟΥ ΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΗΣΑΝΤΑ ΕΝ ΕΠΙΔΗΜΙΑ ΘΕΟΥ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΥΠΗΡΕΤΗΣΑΝΤΑ ΠΑΡΟΥΣΙΑ ΔΙΗΝΕΚΕΙ ΡΟΥΤΙΛΙΟΥ ΚΡΙΣΠΕΙΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΗΓΗΣΑΜΕΝΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΤΑΙΣ ΕΠΙΔΗΜΗΣΑΣΑΙΣ ΟΥΗΞΙΛΛΑΤΙΟΙΣΙΝ ΑΓΟΡΟΝΟΜΗΣΑΝΤΑ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΟΥΚΟΛΙΩΝ ΑΦΕΙΔΗΣΑΝΤΑ ΧΡΗΜΑΤΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΚΑΛΩΣ ΠΟΛΕΙΤΕΥΣΑΜΕΝΟΝ ΩΣ ΔΙΑ ΤΑΥΤΑ ΜΑΡΤΥΡΗΘΗΝΑΙ ΥΠΟ ΘΕΟΥ ΙΑΡΙΒΟΛΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΥΠΟ ΙΟΥΛΙΟΥ ... ΤΟΥ ΕΞΟΧΩΤΑΤΟΥ ΕΠΑΡΧΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΙΕΡΟΥ ΠΡΑΙΤΩΡΙΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΟΣ ΤΟΝ ΦΙΛΟΠΑΤΡΙΝ ΤΙΜΗΣ ΧΑΡΙΝ ΕΤΟΥΣ Δ Ν Φ

"The Senate and the people have placed this in honour of Julius Aurelius Zenobius and Zabdilas, the son of Dichmalchus, the son of Nassumus, leader of the army on the arrival of the divine Alexander, perpetual deputy of Rutilius Crispinus, the leader of the cavalry bands; overseer also of

* Lowthorpe's abridgement, Vol. iii. pp. 518—520.

the distribution of corn, a liberal man, not sparing even of his own private property, most creditably administering the affairs of the state, and on that account approved of by the divine Jaribolus and Julius [*Philippus*], the most illustrious prefect and sacred prætor, and also a great lover of his country, in the year 554."

This inscription is interesting, as shewing that the antient Palmyrenean computation of time was by the æra of Seleucus, which may be demonstrated, Mr. Halley remarks, "from the circumstance of Alexander [Severus] being styled ΘΕΟΣ, that is after the death and consecration of that emperor, or after the year of our Lord 234; and from the name of Julius, who when this inscription was put up was Præfectus Prætorio, (and could be no other than Julius *Philippus Arabs*, who might be esteemed by the Palmyreni as their countryman;) it follows, then, that it was in the last year of Gordian, A. D. 242 or 243; and that emperor being soon after murdered by the treachery of this Philippus, who succeeded him, and his treason coming afterwards to light, it is not strange that his name was purposely effaced in this inscription. The date thereof, anno 554, shews the beginning of this account, 311 or 312 B. C., coincident with

the æra of Seleucus, which was likewise observed by several other cities in the east."*

On another of these columns, in the avenue near the grand gateway, is the following inscription:—

ΙΟΥΛΙΟΝ ΑΥΡΗΛΙΟΝ ΖΕΒΕΙΔΑΝ ΜΟΚΙΜΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΣΕΒΕΙΔΟΥ . . . . . ΑΧΘΩΡΟΒΑΙΔΑ ΟΙ ϹΥΝ ΑΥΤΩ ΚΑΤΕΛΘΟΝΤΕϹ ΕΙϹ ΟΛΟΓΕϹΙΑΔΑ ΕΝΠΟΡΟΙΑΝ ΕΚΤΗϹΑΝ ΑΡΕϹΑΝΤΑ ΑΥΤΟΙϹ ΤΕΙΜΗϹ ΧΑΡΙΝ ΞΑΝΔΙϹΩ ΤΟΥ Η Ν Φ ΕΤΟΥϹ.

"To Julius Aurelius Zebeidas, the son of Mocimus, the son of Zebeidas, the son of Acthorobædas; those who went down with him to Volojesiada when commerce was reestablished to their satisfaction, have placed this for the sake of doing him honour, in the month of April in the year 558."

We have now every evening a brilliant moon, and the sight of the ruins around us is very striking from the terrace of our house; some columns are lost in the deep gloom of the shadowy walls, others stand out boldly and brightly in the soft moonlight, while here and there a solitary moonbeam may be seen streaming down through the ruined windows of the temple upon a fallen capital or a heap of scattered stones. From

* Philosophical Transactions, Lowthorpe's abridgement, Vol. iii. p. 522.

under the dark and gloomy portal which leads from the village to the plain below, may be seen the distant funereal towers crowning the eminences, the handsome gateway of the grand avenue, and the lines of columns losing themselves in the distance.

The heap of sand, which has now drifted to a considerable depth over all these ruins, surely manifests that some change must have taken place in the surface of the country since Palmyra stood here, as the founders of the city would never have erected its handsome buildings and majestic porticos on a site exposed to drifting sands, the clearing away of which would be, from the present aspect of the plain, a ceaseless toil; the whole space below covered with ruins seems to be several feet deep in sand, which appears to have drifted down from some sandy eminences, above the grotto of hot water to the south-west of the town, and when a sciroc wind blows, this sand is whirled about in eddying columns and clouds, in every direction. It would require at present the constant labour of hundreds of individuals to keep these ruins clear of it.

Nov. 3rd.—Descending into the plain we made the entire circuit of the citadel, the appearance of which must antiently have been very magnificent

from below. It was bordered all round by a lofty wall, ornamented within and without with Corinthian pilasters on Attic bases, of which there must have been altogether some six or seven hundred, and between each of these is a richly ornamented window. The pilasters were surmounted by a rich frieze and handsomely sculptured cornice, extending the whole way round, the external walls inclosing the area; and this architectural arrangement must antiently have presented the appearance from below of one extensive and magnificent building, with a front of near seven hundred feet each way. These walls are in many parts in a good state of preservation, and particularly on the northern side, where they are quite perfect for a considerable distance. The Saracens, seeing the strength and solidity of them, stopped up the windows, and thus converted the whole area contained within into a strong fortress; but the greatest disfigurement that this fine mass of architecture has received is on the west side, where the grand entrance is blocked up by the huge square tower, and the walls disfigured by flanking towers, constructed for purposes of defence. Mr. Wood, the architect, considers that this grand entrance was fronted by a majestic portico approached by a noble flight of steps, and

which was all pulled down when the great square tower was built. The wall which divided this portico from the area within still exists, and may be seen from the interior of the great tower, ornamented with niches and recesses for statues. The whole has been most beautifully, and it appears to me accurately restored, in those most valuable drawings published at London in 1756 by Messrs. Wood and Dawkins. They give a better idea of these ruins than the best description.

At mid-day we went to the source of the hot sulphureous spring to the east of the ruins to bathe. A large stream of hot water issues from a grotto, clear as crystal; you can penetrate along this grotto for twenty or thirty yards, swimming in a delicious basin of hot water. At the upper end the passage is so contracted, and the air is so hot and suffocating, as to render it difficult to proceed. On the rock there is an inscription in the unknown Palmyrene tongue.

From the bath I crossed over the sands, amid the ruins of the antient city,

> "Whose temples, palaces, a wondrous dream,
> That passes not away; for many a league,
> Illumine yet the desert," . . . . . .

to the circular temple, which commands a fine

view over the whole country. It was a strange and wild day,—the wind was every moment increasing, and whirling the sand in eddying columns through the air, whilst dark threatening clouds were collecting all along the mountain range on the outskirts of the desert. I spent some time sketching under the shelter of the little temple, when suddenly a hurricane of wind swept through the columns, and filled the whole atmosphere with a dense fog of sand. One of my companions was tripped up by an Arab, and his head covered with a cloak, to protect him till the gust had passed. Every object ten yards distant was suddenly shrouded from view; then came a sudden lull, and the sand was seen pouring down in showers. The long line of columns was scarcely again visible, when a sudden flash of forked lightning darted down amongst them, instantaneously followed by a burst of thunder that made the tottering walls tremble, and large warm drops of rain spattered on the stones. Again the wind swept by, now driving clouds of sand, now scattering them and opening an uninterrupted view across the desert, which was covered with a dark sombre leaden tint, reflecting back the gloomy colour of the dark thunder clouds that hung above it. The

forked lightning darted in every direction, and loud peals of thunder reverberated from different quarters at the same time. The rain poured in torrents and beat down the sand, and the whole scene was sublime.

Taking advantage of the sudden cessation of the rain I ran towards Tadmor; just as I arrived at the gate, it recommenced. I unfolded my umbrella; at the sight of it the Arabs in the gateway shouted with astonishment, they collected round me, examined its construction, and notwithstanding the rain, followed me to the house, calling in on every body to come and look at the Frangi; which they did, shouting Mashallah! Elhem di lillah, "God be praised," &c.

We had an awful night of it. The rain came down in one universal deluge of water, the whole place was flooded, the rain poured through the roof of our house, and happy was the man who had an umbrella to spread over him as he sat up in bed. Pots, pans, and kettles were placed in every direction to catch the streams that poured from above, and fortunately it moderated a little, or we should have been all drowned. The lightning was such as I never before saw; flash followed after flash so instantaneously that it was

one continued blaze of light, in which the columns, the ruins, and the towers, backed by black clouds, presented a sublime appearance; and the view over the desert, as flash after flash gleamed over the wide solitary waste, was the strangest and wildest imaginable. The wind had died away, the black clouds hung motionless, and the peals of thunder followed one another in such quick succession as to keep up one continued roll. Wet and miserable as we were, we could not but congratulate ourselves that this frightful tempest had not overtaken us in the desert.

Nov. 4th.—What a lovely morning! The storm has blown off, and what a change; the air is now fresh and cold, and the Arabs gather their abbahs around them, not seeming to admire the altered weather. The thirsty soil, unwatered for near five months, has sucked up all the moisture, and early in the morning we mounted on horseback to make an excursion into the desert, and to visit the plain of salt. The change in the weather has altered our determination of proceeding to the banks of the Euphrates, four days distant across the desert: nor will our Bedouins agree to guarantee our safety any further.

The sun, emerging from the clouds as we quitted

the village of Tadmor, shone brightly upon the ruins, and poured down

> . . . . . "a flood of light,
> Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
> Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
> Athwart th' innumerable columns flung."

We rode alongside the small patch of cultivated land that exists at Palmyra, watered by the stream of warm sulphureous water which flows to the eastward of the ruins. There are several gardens, and some patches of Indian corn, just sufficient to afford a miserable subsistence to the few scanty inhabitants of Tadmor, together with their flocks and herds, which pasture in the desert. After riding down a gradual descent, we found ourselves in a complete marsh, and had considerable difficulty in getting to the salt plain, which occupies a large district, and is in winter a swampy salt marsh. This spot is said by some of the old Syrian theological writers to be that where David smote the Syrians.

"And David gat him a name when he returned from smiting of the Syrians in the *valley of salt*, being eighteen thousand men."—2 Sam. viii. 13.

From hence we rode on across the desert, which is not the perfect flat that it seems to be

from above; slight undulations appear in different directions, but they are not sufficient to break the dull uniformity of the landscape, which presents exactly the same cheerless aspect, our Arabs told us, for hundreds of miles. Already the vivifying effects of the rain were visible, bits of green were beginning to appear round the dead stumps and roots of different plants, and the dry scattered seeds of the summer were beginning to swell and burst; the desert was everywhere more or less covered with dry herbage, and with an arable though poor soil. In different districts it varies much, and sometimes possesses a rich soil and a fine crop of herbage. It is astonishing how the herds thrive as they do upon the dead dry plants. The dromedaries will pull up and devour dry prickly plants and thistles, which appear to possess no more nourishment than a bit of stick, yet they subsist and thrive on them for weeks and months. The stories we hear of moving sands and suffocating winds are not applicable to this desert. There is an extensive district of sand and dust along the mountains upon which the ruins of Palmyra stand, but these are never large enough to produce the effect they do in the great African deserts. We marked a few scattered palm trees still existing along the banks of the sulphureous

stream, as we returned to the citadel of Palmyra and to our humble mansion in the village of Tadmor.

Our hostess is evidently the queen of the village, and thinks herself a most important personage; her head is encircled with a silver band, all round which are fastened Turkish gold coins, called by the Franks zecchines. She wears large silver bracelets and amulets round her bare arms; her neck is encircled with a necklace, composed of bits of amber strung together; and very large silver ear-rings hang suspended from her ears. The inside of her eyelids is tinged black, and in the general magnificence of her appearance, as compared with the other Arab women of the place, she is a second Zenobia. Her little boy has a black cap on his head surrounded with a border of gold coins, his eyelids are blackened like those of his mamma, and his finger nails reddened with khena. These gold coins are very small and thin, and are worth about four shillings and four pence each; they are much esteemed by the Arab women as ornaments for the head, and they will generally part with every thing they possess, rather than give up their head-gear. This very portly and magnificent lady is, I am told, a widow,

and her husband was beheaded at Cariatein for either robbery or murder, or both.

Our Bedouin Sheikh, attended by his black slave, dines with us every day, and we have a general levee of Arabs in the evening, who come in, sit down on the floor in a long row, with their backs to the wall, puffing clouds of smoke from the pipes. There is much good breeding among these people; whenever any of us come in from abroad, they all rise, and remain standing till the new comer has seated himself, when they immediately follow his example, but they as guests will on no account for an instant remain seated while the master of the house is standing. It is the greatest delight of these people in the evening, to get us into the humour for singing songs, and when we feel at all inclined to indulge them, we generally make the Arabs commence with some of their own singing, which is very monotonous and not very musical. One or two of our comic songs sung in chorus, have more than once endangered the life of the Sheikh, from the suffocating fits of laughter they excite when his mouth and throat are full of smoke from his pipe. The Bedouins shout and clap their hands with joy at the singing, while the more staid villagers lean their

backs against the wall, twist their long beards round their fingers, but notwithstanding all their efforts, their gravity soon gives way. I have seen the Bedouins throw themselves down on the ground in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, although they did not understand a word of what was sung, shouting *Eia! eia!* "O well done! O well done!"

Our Sheikh is scarcely ever seen unaccompanied by the black slave, who follows him about like his shadow. The Bedouins treat their slaves with great kindness, and it is considered mean and unmanly to beat them. The Bedouins are kind to all created beings, to man and to beast. They live like brothers together, and I have never hitherto seen them use an angry gesture or heard them utter a harsh expression towards each other; they appear to be of a mild, cheerful disposition, possessing a softness of temper and good nature which make them pleasing companions.

Our landlady has either a very pretty daughter or a very pretty maid, who brings us up fresh water every morning in an earthen jar; she is not afraid of her face being seen, or displeased at being complimented on her beauty; the inside of her eyelids is blackened with kohle; she has three or four bracelets on each arm, a polished iron or steel

ring round each ancle, and some gold coins hang round her neck. She has marks stained across her fingers; the inside of her hands is stained red, and she has marks stained across her toes; she has a pair of wide loose cotton trousers fastened round the hip with a twisted cord, which is concealed by a handkerchief girt round the loins; above the handkerchief is her "Shintee" or vest, decorated with buttons and peeping open at her bosom; she has a veil consisting of a piece of unbleached cotton, which, when she meets the whole strength of our party, is drawn over her face, but if surprised by one at a time only, she is not so particular. She never wears shoes, a circumstance greatly adding to the beauty of her appearance, for most of the women have beautiful feet and walk with the greatest grace.

The blackening the inside of the eyelid gives a peculiar but rather attractive expression to the eye. The kohle or black material which they use for the purpose, is made, I am told, from burnt almond shells, and is laid on with a piece of smooth pointed wood. This painting of the eyes is another curious and interesting preservation of a very antient custom;

. . . . "ye have sent for men to come from far, . . . and lo, they came! for whom thou

didst wash thyself, *paintedst thine eyes*, and deckedst thyself with ornaments."—Ezekiel, xxiii. 40.

The village of Tadmor consists altogether of about a dozen or fifteen families, and there can be hardly more than twenty able-bodied males in the whole place; this little community possesses a few herds of goats and dromedaries, which, together with the poultry, form the chief wealth of the villagers.

These poor people are not however sufficiently advanced in the desert to be without the reach of the Syrian government. They all pay a capitation tax to the Ibrahim Pasha. The portion of cultivated land on this spot is very small; there are merely a few scanty gardens, which produce roots, vegetables, and a miserable supply of corn. There are one or two palm trees along the banks of the stream, and a few shrubs of the thorny acacia.

The name Palmyra, given to this place, is supposed by some to have been derived from the word Palma, indicative of the number of palm-trees that grew here; but that name was given by the Greeks, and although Palma signifies Palm-tree in the Latin, yet in the Greek tongue it has a very different signification. Palm-tree in Greek, is expressed by the word ΦΟΙ˜ΝΙΞ.

Neither does Tadmor signify Palm-tree in the Syrian language, nor in the Arabic; nor does Thadamoura, as the place is called by Josephus, signify palm-tree in the Hebrew. Neither do palms thrive in Syria, as the climate is too severe for them in the winter.

Of all the contrasts of past magnificence with present meanness, of the wealth and genius of by-gone times with the poverty and ignorance of the present day, no more striking instance perhaps can be found than is presented in the present poor Arab village of Tadmor. You there see a few poverty stricken inhabitants living in square hovels of mud mixed with chopped straw, roofed with earth, leaves, and dry sticks, congregated round the magnificent Temple of the Sun of yore, despoiled of its ornaments by one of the haughtiest and most powerful of the Roman emperors, who came with his victorious troops from the distant provinces of Gaul and of Britain to rend asunder the dominion of which this spot in the midst of desert solitudes had rendered itself the head.

The majestic Corinthian columns, and the noble gateway with its sculptured eagle, and carved decorations, whose equal could not be found if we scrutinized the Grecian buildings of England from

one corner of the island to the other, tower above the humble dwellings of the poor Arabs.

In their ruined courts, and amid the crumbling walls of their cottages, may be seen here and there portions of the antient pavement of the area, while all around the inclosure extend groups of columns with pedestals for statues, and walls ornamented with handsome architectural decorations; the ruins of the majestic portico and double colonnade which once inclosed the whole of the vast area. Portions of a frieze or the fragments of a cornice, upon whose decoration was expended the labour of years, are now used by the poor villagers to bake their bread upon, or are hollowed out as hand-mills in which to grind their corn.

In the ruined chambers of the Temple of the Sun, we gaze upon the vaulted stone ceiling and the sculptured Zodiac on the wreathed border and octagonal compartment inclosing neatly sculptured ornaments disfigured with filth; the floors are incumbered with straw and dung, and are the resort of goats, fowls, and unclean animals. From under the lofty carved portal of the temple, now shattered and partly fallen, we gaze over the flat terraces of the mud huts which encumber the spacious area of the temple, and when

we survey the vast space inclosed by the ruins of the double colonnade, which of yore extended around it, it is easy to restore it ideally to its pristine state—to imagine the lofty gateway at the end; the line of columns, each decorated with a statue; the walls of the porticos with their sculptured niches and recesses; the double colonnade in front of the grand portal of the area; and the magnificent flight of steps leading down into the plain below.

From that portal, and that staircase, how grand must have been the view over the plain between the citadel and the mountains of the monumental columns, the great gateway, the grand avenue of columns running on for nearly a mile to the base of the mountains, the side colonnades sweeping off from these, some circular and some in a straight line, leading up to the different buildings now seen prostrate and ruined, to the temple or the court of justice, the palace or the bath, with the various crowds thronging them in admiration, or for business.

"Ah comment s'est eclipsée tant de gloire? . . . . . Comment se sont anéantis tant de travaux? . . . . Ainsi donc perissent les ouvrages des hommes! ainsi s'evanouissent les empires et les nations!"

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CHAPTER XII.

PALMYRA. — DEPARTURE. — SCENE OVER THE DESERT. — ANTELOPES. — GAZELLE HUNT. — THE DESERT PLAIN. — CARIATEIN. — ARAB WOMEN DRAWING WATER. — ARAB GIRL. — THE SHEIKH OF DJEROUD. — ARAB HORSE. — DJEROUD. — SHEIKH'S HOUSE. — THE SUPPER. — THE MUSHROOM OF THE DESERT. — THE MERDJ OF DAMASCUS. — SALAHIEH. — THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

"Over how many tracts, vast, measureless,
Ages on ages roll, and none appear
Save the wild hunter ranging for his prey."

ROGERS.

Nov. 5th.—At sunrise the dromedaries and horses were again mustered, and all the fowls in the village killed, roasted, and safely packed in our hampers. Bidding adieu to our majestic landlady, the little boy, and the pretty Arab damsel, we departed amid the salaams and salutations of the whole village.

We were accompanied by a Turkish horseman

and his servant, who had requested to be allowed to avail themselves of the protection of our party, in crossing the desert plains to Damascus. As we ascended the mountains, our last view of Palmyra was grand in the extreme; dark clouds were flying about, casting their shadows over the desert, which was of a deep blue, very much resembling the sea; the salt-marshes had the exact appearance of a wide expanse of water, and here and there a bright sun-beam, breaking through the clouds, shone on the white columns and the yellow sand.

> "Once more we look and all is still as night,
> All desolate . . . . . .
> . . . . . save here and there
> An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
> Of some dismembered giant." . . . . .

We continued across the wide desert plain, and at mid-day we halted as usual for two hours; a fire was kindled, the horses were turned loose to graze, and the dromedaries were tied together by their halters; not a living being was in sight the whole day.

Towards evening the clouds broke, and we had a fine sunset. The night was very dark and cloudy, and at eight o'clock we halted and kindled an immense fire, now rendered highly necessary

by the change in the weather. The dromedaries, after they had been grazing a couple of hours, were made to kneel in a circle to windward to shelter us from the cold blast. The Arabs skinned and roasted several djerboas which they had caught during the day, the only living objects we had seen. We were all obliged to be very active in collecting fuel, which we sought all round our encampment within a circuit of a quarter of a mile. The whole party, Bedouins and all, were disposed in a circle round the fire, and when we lay down to rest, our feet were burned while our bodies were shivering with cold.

Nov. 6th.—A fine morning and glorious sunrise. We are all mounted and in full march.

The Arabs are looking along the tracts at some footsteps to see who have passed before us, at which they are wonderfully clever, and can divine whether they are friends or enemies, whether their dromedaries are heavy laden or not, and whether they are fatigued by a long march; how long they have passed, and what chance there is of overtaking them. The journey was perfectly solitary, and during the whole morning not a living thing was visible excepting the little burrowing djerboas.

I exchanged my dromedary with one of my

companions for his horse, which was a fine spirited little grey nag.

Mid-day.—We halted and kindled a fire.

Two, P.M.—We suddenly came in sight of a large herd of antelopes, which appeared to be of the species called by us gazelle. The Arabs seized their lances, we drew our pistols, and distributing ourselves in an immense circle, we walked our horses towards them softly; they heeded us not till we approached near, when they began to hold up their beautiful heads, adorned with slightly curving tapering horns, and trotted up together; then seeing us spurring our horses from behind the little hillocks all round them, they darted through us with the rapidity of the wind; lances were thrown, pistols discharged, but all in vain, they quickly distanced the fleetest horse, which was a grey Arab mare, and then stopped and turned round and looked at us, and then took to their heels again, bounding over the ground in such a way that they appeared to fly rather than to run.

The Arabs hunt them with trained falcons, who dart at their heads, flap their wings in their faces, and thus confound and impede them in their rapid flight, so as to enable the greyhounds to come up with them. The inhabitants of Cariatein are

very fond of this sport, and annually destroy a great many antelopes. They are the most beautiful creatures imaginable, and are called *czazel* by the Arabs, whence I suppose our *gazelle*. The beauty of their eyes is celebrated, and when the Arabs wish to express their sense of the greatest beauty that can be possessed by a woman, they say, *Aine el czazel*, "She has the eyes of a gazelle."

"And Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe."—2 Sam. ii. 18.

Soon after the hunt the Sheikh's lance was seen darted into the ground, and we made a short halt.

Three, P.M.—We continued onward across the level solitary plain without seeing a living thing, and the sun sank to rest in great splendour behind the distant Eastern mountains. We observed the eminence in the vicinity of Cariatein; but it was dark, and the stars were twinkling ere we arrived. The Arabs began to cheer their dromedaries with songs, and with a peculiar noise they make with their mouths, to induce them to quicken their speed. The night was perfectly still, and the stars shone with great brilliance.

The Mussulmen writers speak of an ignorant Arab, who, being asked how he knew any thing about the existence of God? replied, "Just as I know

by the tracks in the sand whether a man or beast has passed there, so, when I survey the heaven with its bright stars, and the earth with its productions, do I feel the existence and power of God."

We halted with great joy at a stream of water, where the dromedaries drank, and we shortly entered the village of Cariatein, where I found my lame horse. We were welcomed by our old landlord, and the luxury of fine fresh water, after the sulphureous springs of Palmyra and the disgusting liquid contained in the goat-skins, was indeed great.

Nov. 7th.—An hour before sunrise we left Cariatein and halted at a pool of water outside the village, where the Arab women were coming down one after another with pitchers balanced on the crowns of their heads to fetch water.

> "The hour for stir and village gossip . . . . .
> The hour Rebekah came, when from the well
> She drew with such alacrity to serve
> The stranger and his camels."

Among them was one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw, apparently about twenty years of age. She was of dark complexion, eyes black as jet, the inside of her eyelids was blackened with kohle,

her teeth were white as ivory, and her long hair fell down her neck and over her shoulders behind, long enough for her to sit down upon. She had large silver ear-rings, and a silver ring through her under lip, gently drawing it down and displaying her fine teeth; through her hair was passed a silver arrow, confining her veil to the top of her head, which was thrown back negligently over her shoulders; she was habited simply in a long blue loose shirt, open at the breast, her bare arms were covered with bracelets and amulets, a string of beads was wound round her neck, her feet were bare, and two large rings were fastened round her ancles. She walked as all the Arab women do, with a grace and beauty of carriage I never saw surpassed, nor in simplicity and elegance of appearance have I ever seen a fine lady of Europe, with her jewels and pearls, equal this plain and simple Arab girl. The women did not testify any great surprise at our appearance, nor attempt to veil their faces, merely asking who we were, and on being told *Indjeleis*, "English," they appeared satisfied. They remained talking and chatting round the well. The scene reminded me of the beautiful and simple description in Genesis, of the meeting between the eldest servant of Abraham's house and Rebekah, when the ser-

vant came and " made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water," at the time the women came out to draw water, and said, " Behold I stand here by the well of water, and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water. And let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink, and she shall say Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac."

And I could fancy Rebekah just such another as this beautiful Arab girl. " And the damsel was very fair to look upon, a virgin, neither had any man known her; and she went down to the well and filled her pitcher, and came up."

This day we kept to the right of the plain we had previously traversed, taking a more direct route to Damascus. We travelled to the westward of the mountains which we had previously passed to the eastward, and continued through an almost similar plain deserted and uncultivated, the dry grass and herbs however appeared to have been wonderfully affected by the late rains, already some symptoms of green and of reviving vegetation might be seen about their dry and rotting roots.

At sunset we passed to the westward of the salt plain which we had previously passed to the eastward, and were joined by two Arab horsemen, one of whom we were told was the Sheikh of the village where we should pass the night after thirteen hours' constant march. He was mounted on a splendid Arab mare, which had cost him more than 15,000 piastres,—between one and two hundred pounds sterling. She was a beautiful creature, and he rode her with a halter without whip or spur, merely speaking to her when he wished her to quicken her pace. The gentleness and admirable docility of these horses must, surely, in some measure, be the effect of the kind treatment they receive, being fed in the Arab camps, played with by the children, and tamed and domesticated from their birth upwards: when spoken to, however, they dilate their nostrils, throw up their heads, and bound forward like lightning. They will at a push perform almost incredible journeys, and the most favourite stories of the Arabs are concerning their horses, and the miraculous escapes that themselves or others have made on them. The very choice ones are noble creatures; Mr. Farren possesses a magnificent bay mare, that he bought of a Bedouin Sheikh, with

one of the proudest necks I ever saw, fierce as a lion to look at, but gentle as a lamb, so as to be mounted and led about by a boy; with kindness anything may be done with them, at a blow or kick they become furious. It is the Arab horse described in the book of Job.

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

"Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

"He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.

"He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

"He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

"He saith among the trumpets ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

We had a beautiful sunset, and soon after dark passed near to a small village watered by a beautiful stream of water that came down from the adjoining mountains; the sound of human voices and the barking of the dogs were delightful after the quietness and solitude of the desert. It is a most

beautiful starlight night, and the Arabs sing and shout to cheer their dromedaries, who have had a long day's march.

When the Arabs wish to make the dromedaries kneel down in order to get off their backs, they tap the dromedary with a stick over the shoulder making a peculiar noise with the mouth, when the great beast begins immediately to grunt and continues to give loud and strange marks of dissatisfaction until he is down on his belly: sometimes they go down on their knees very suddenly, when you will inevitably be pitched over their heads unless you have a firm hold of the wooden stump at the back of the saddle with your hand. When you are on foot and wish to mount the dromedary you seize his halter and chuck his chin with the rope, making the proper noise with your tongue, when he immediately begins to grunt; he will at first perhaps resist, but if you persevere in your attempts he will at last lay down after making various loud noises, and allow you to mount on to his hump. When a dromedary is in good condition the hump on his back is very large, when he is poor and thin it diminishes almost to nothing.

Eight, P.M.—The desert solitude was enlivened by some trees, and with great delight we rode through a few gardens and patches of cultivated

land to the large village of Djeroud. We went direct to the Sheikh's house, the Sheikh himself leading the way on his beautiful Arab mare. Most of the Arabs who possess a good horse have his pedigree hung round his neck with a leathern thong. It is written on a piece of paper and inclosed within a leathern case. The Arabs are all very particular about the pedigrees of their horses, and they are often traced through several generations.

We proceeded along a winding lane between mud houses, and passing through a low gateway supported on the top by beams of wood, we came into the court yard of the Sheikh's mansion. There is something very pleasing in this custom of the chief of the village claiming the right of shewing hospitality and entertaining strangers.

We mounted up a wooden ladder and were shewn into a large room with an earthen floor, on which was shortly kindled a blazing fire of the dwarf bushes which grow in the desert. In about half an hour two Arab servants in white vests and full loose drawers, each with a white skull-cap on his head, made their appearance, staggering under a great pilaff which was borne along on a huge metal dish; behind them came another Arab with a bottle of water in one hand, and a bundle of wooden spoons in the other, with a couple of

coarse cotton towels thrown over his arm. Our Bedouin Sheikh was invited to join the circle round the great dish of rice, and was prevailed upon to dispense with the pounding and ball making, and for once in his life to use a wooden spoon. We approached the composition with keen appetites, but to our disgust we found it made of rancid butter instead of mutton fat, but there was no help for it. Piles of thin, unleavened cakes just hot from the fire were placed down in a lump, and a paper of salt which had a very dark dirty appearance. The rest of the Arabs fared less sumptuously. Their supper was brought in in a round bowl; it consisted of the tough, thin cakes of unleavened bread torn in pieces, over which was poured hot unsavoury buttermilk. We were all so tired that some of us dropped to sleep in the very act of eating our suppers.

Nov. 8th.—An hour before sunrise we left Djeroud, first seeing a crowd of servants, who gathered around us, according to custom, for buck-sheesh, i. e. payment for their master's hospitality.

The village of Djeroud possesses a population of about one hundred and fifty families. It is surrounded by a few gardens, which are irrigated

by a fine stream, which flows from the mountains. Barley, lentils, and radishes are grown in the gardens; but the chief wealth of the inhabitants consists in their goats, who browse the neighbouring pasture of the desert, and furnish the inhabitants with butter and milk. Almost all the Arabs are astonishingly fond of butter, which is kept in goat-skins. From the contents of these goat-skins there is not an English ploughman but would turn away with disgust, yet the Arabs dip their unleavened bread into the mixture with delight, and drink with eagerness the rancid buttermilk.

The rains have already had a great effect upon the face of the country, which is beginning to lose its parched, burnt-up appearance.

There is a wonderful and bountiful provision of nature for supplying food to the Bedouin Arabs in the spring. After the heavy rains, a species of vegetable somewhat similar to the mushroom grows in immense quantities in different districts of the desert. The whole desert country between Damascus and the Euphrates is in places celebrated for its abundant produce of these mushrooms; the Bedouins collect them at the stated season, and for weeks subsist on them; they are boiled, and eaten either with buttermilk or melted butter.

Loads of them are, I am told, collected in sacks and brought home on the dromedaries. Many are dried in the sun and sold in the towns and villages. They are esteemed a great delicacy by the Arabs.

Eleven, A.M.—We ascended the range of mountains bordering the Ghouta, to the northward of Damascus. The weather is quite changed, and a strong north wind blows across the mountain with considerable keenness. This wind is considered by the Arabs unhealthy in the desert. In the warm weather, when it prevails, travellers are frequently broiled in the sun during the day, and almost frozen at night.

We had an extensive view towards the south and over the Haouran as we descended the mountains. A blue isolated peak that could be seen in the distance, in the direction of the great desert, was called Djebel Laha by the Arabs. The bridle track down these mountains wound at the bottom of rather a romantic glen, with lofty eminences rising on each side. We stopped at a stream of water which bubbled among some ruins, apparently those of an antient fountain, and soon afterwards emerged from the mountains on the broad flat desert plain adjoining the Ghouta, or

Merdj of Damascus. After riding a short distance over this, we pulled up at a ruined khan, close to which was a spring of water and a large flock of goats. Here the arms of the Bedouins were all collected. The spears, with their proud plumes of ostrich feathers, the clubs, the bows and arrows, the matchlock, were all given up at the command of the Sheikh into the hands of the black slave and a Bedouin Arab, to be transported to the neighbouring encampment, and our cavalcade now assumed a much more humble and more peaceable appearance. We regretted much to see our faithful guards deprived of their warlike accoutrements, but there was no help for it.

We gazed with regret upon the black slave and his companion as they trotted off on a dromedary. We felt that the excursion, with all its novelty, its romance, and its interest was over. We felt now reduced to a simple, quiet, humble caravan of travellers; the dromedaries, no longer decorated with warlike figures perched upon their humps, seemed to move sluggishly and heavily along. The Sheikh's mare dropped her head and snuffed the ground, as if conscious that she was leaving her wild, free, airy home for the pent up country and the confined haunts of man, and for a less

kind, generous treatment than that she received amid her master's tents at the hands of the playful children.

We tried to get the Arabs to sing, but the attempt failed.

Three, P.M.—We halted at a pool to water the horses and dromedaries, and at five o'clock we arrived at the small village on the confines of the cultivated land at which we had passed the night on our journey out. The sight of the olive trees and the water, with the cattle on the banks of the stream, was pleasant enough after the bare treeless desert.

Although naturally regretting the termination of a most interesting and delightful excursion, yet I looked forward with no inconsiderable degree of pleasure to the prospect of sleeping once more upon a good bed, after a fortnight's deprivation of that most luxurious article of furniture, and I could not but persuade myself that our villa at Salahieh, with its abundance of water and green trees, was much preferable as a residence to the Sheikh's camp, with its dusty floor, in the midst of the treeless waterless solitude. And as for the wild, free, airy independence which is the great charm of their life, not being myself under the government of Ibrahim Pasha, but being perfectly at

liberty to dispose of my goods and person in any way that might seem congenial to my feelings, I felt equally as independent as the Sheikh, and in nowise inclined to change my mode of life for his.

After leaving the village we traversed a broad dusty road. It was a lovely evening, and the sun was setting as we approached the rich gardens. Some strings of dromedaries were moving along the road, and groups of people, some on foot, some on horseback, and some on donkeys, presented an agreeable scene of life and animation after the solitude of the wilderness. The heavens after sunset were gorgeous in appearance; one solitary star twinkled above the thin wreaths of mist which were gathering along the eastern horizon, while the mild tints and blended colours of departing day were seen behind the foliage and the tall poplars. A few light fleecy clouds formed, as it were, a pale band of white satin across the sky; not a breath of air moved the leaves, and not a sound disturbed the silence and tranquillity of the evening; our numerous cavalcade wound noiselessly along the sandy road, and the light of the rising moon was seen in the east ere we reached the village of Salahieh. When I contemplate the mild beauties and the soothing calm of these

eastern sunsets, I often wish I could suddenly transport some of our London cits from the smoke and fog of that most unenviable region to the sea-coast along the range of Lebanon, and bid them mark the golden disc of the sun gradually approaching the brightly illuminated waters of the Mediterranean, or give them one peep of Damascus rising from the centre of its wooded plain, just at that silent hour when the sun is sinking behind the distant blue peaks of the Djebel Sheikh, and his last rays are streaming on the lofty minarets and leaden domes of the city.

Would he not perceive as it were a transition from earth to heaven, in the sudden removal from chimney-pots and brick houses, to the contemplation of the sublime beauties of nature, thus shadowed forth in their greatest earthly grandeur and magnificence.

There is something in the contemplation of the beauty of the heavens, and in the softness of these climates, which produces a soothing humanizing influence upon the heart, softens down the asperities of our nature and the natural brutality of man. The inhabitants of these southern regions are certainly more gentle, and kind in their manners towards each other, than the lower orders of people in northern climes. I observe much less of

that quarrelsome, brutish demeanour among the lower orders of people here, than I do in my own country. When they meet, their salutations are kind and affectionate; their manners, when not excited by passion, gentle in the extreme; and the polite epithets and sentences, breathing such brotherly love and affection, as we hear bandied every day about our streets, seem unknown among them, and unframed in their language. In fact, the lower orders of English seem to have the greatest taste for abuse of any people I have ever been among. If you see two porters run against each other in London, they will probably give expression to the foulest curses they can call up on their tongues. If you see two common fellows arguing together, as sure as fate they will begin to abuse each other, and rake up the most opprobrious sentences that can be put together in our language.

After skirting along the foliage for some time, having the limestone mountains on our right and the gardens on our left, we left the bright moonlight and entered the dark dingy street of Salahieh amid the barking of the dogs. A messenger had previously been sent on to have supper prepared for ourselves and the Bedouin Arabs, but on arriving, we found Mr. Farren's servant waiting to receive us, with the announcement that our

two friends who had left us at Baalbec for Tyre and Sidon had just arrived, and that we were all to dine together at his house.

Our first care, however, was for our Bedouin guests, feeling it our duty to act according to Bedouin rule. We therefore feasted the two Sheikhs and the whole party on a mountain of pilaff, of such magnitude that with all their endeavours they could not finish it; they sighed and grinned with delight after they had crammed themselves to the throat, and saw more pilaff remaining behind.

I must here exonerate the Bedouins from the charge of gluttony; these people make long fasts, and sometimes are obliged to go without a meal for forty-eight hours, consequently when they do get a good feed, they lay up and provide beforehand for a possible fast. Our Bedouins had not eaten anything the whole day, and in case any of them departed the following morning, they would not perhaps get anything to eat before the succeeding evening. Frequently, I am told, they only get one meal in the course of twenty-four hours, and it must be observed, that the greatest disgrace among the Arabs, is to allow a guest to lie down hungry to rest; so that if he gets up in the morning hungry, it is not of the same con-

sequence. Our Bedouins therefore were fully justified in laying in a good store of food.

On our return from dining with Mr. Farren, we found the Sheikh and his party collected round a large fire in their old apartment, making free use of some pounds of tobacco which we had ordered to be bought for them; they all rose when we appeared, and persisted in standing until we had all managed to squat on the floor as well as we could in our tight pantaloons, when we kept it up till about one o'clock in the morning, smoking and talking over the events of the journey. They are an agreeable, lively, sprightly people, and of a very companionable disposition; they conceive the two great nations of the Frangi, to be the Indjeleis and Francowyahs, English and French. They possess not the apathetical dullness of the Turk, nor do they hold the doctrine of fatalism like the former; in fact they have an excellent proverb or squib, ridiculing this dogma of the Turks.

"He bared his back to the bite of the musquitto, and then said, God decreed that I should be stung."

From a fortnight's constant intercourse with these Bedouins, eating every day with their Sheikh, and laughing and singing songs with them in the

evening, we have had some opportunity of forming an acquaintance with their general character and disposition.

It amuses me when I hear individuals at home, boxed up in their chimney corners, quietly stigmatising whole tribes of people as barbarians and savages, because they happen to be poor, or wear turbans, shave their heads, marry three wives, and eat with their fingers. I recollect an old gentleman in a pair of green spectacles, not very long ago, coming to ask me if Ibrahim Pasha was not settling many of the Bedouin Arabs in villages, teaching them to cultivate the ground, and *civilizing* them.

Civilization is a word that is in every body's mouth, but few of those who make so frequent a use of it, seem to know exactly what they mean, or to attach any precise definite idea to it. The Bedouin Arabs are, as I understand the word civilization, much more civilized than a vast portion of the British population. I speak of their conduct as regards each other, not as regards their intercourse with the rest of the world, whom they consider aliens and enemies, and whom they rob and despoil whenever they can get hold of them. A townsman or settled householder is al-

ways considered an enemy by the Bedouin, and his relation with respect to the latter, is on the same footing as that between Bedouins of hostile tribes, who are at open war with each other; a fact, as before remarked, in curious and most striking accordance with the predicted destiny of the wild Ishmaelites, in the Holy Scriptures.

The openly professed calling of the Bedouin is that of "Robber;" it is his prided designation, his most flattering epithet, *Haramy*, "Robber." Their father Ishmael being robbed of his patrimony, say they, God gave his posterity the wilderness, with leave to seize the goods of all those who might come there. Consequently the moment a stranger is seen on the verge of its extended horizon, the Bedouin experiences the same feelings as those of a settled householder who sees an intruder walking into his house without permission. The stranger, if found to be either the member of a hostile tribe, or a "townsman," is surrounded by their horsemen; to resist is death. With submission, life is always spared with the loss of goods. What a mark of barbarism, we shall be told. Well, then, let us cross the threshold of these savages, and having made friends with them and entered into a mutual compact to waive individual

hostility and eat food together,—let us look at the mode of life, the customs, and conduct of these uncivilized people *inter se.*

You become the friend and the guest of the Bedouin.

Within the memory of man the betrayal of a guest by a Bedouin has never been known, or personal safety to have been violated when a Bedouin has once promised "dakheil," or protection.

The Bedouin will lay down his life in defence of his guest.

He will starve himself to find that guest a supper, and will give him his own mat to sleep on.

There are hundreds of travellers in the desert who live altogether on Bedouin hospitality, and the poor hungry Bedouin will always divide his scanty meal with the hungry stranger, although it may be the last morsel of food in his possession: nor will he let the stranger know the sacrifice he has made to satisfy his wants.

The kindness of the Bedouin Arabs to the brute creation is proverbial.

They will never suffer a child to be beaten, thinking it base and cowardly under any circumstances, to lift their hands against a defenceless infant.

Among them a man may be killed in a quarrel or sudden fit of passion, but the cool deliberate murders of civilized England are unknown. Corporal punishments are unknown, the punishment from time immemorial for all offences has been by the imposition of a fine.

The Bedouin has a religious regard for the sanctity of an oath, and he who solemnly swears falsely is for ever disgraced.

If a dying Arab commits the guardianship of his wife and infant family to a stranger, the obligation is of the most sacred nature, and the whole family of the person to whom that guardianship is committed are the hereditary protectors of the woman and her orphans.

The chastity and morality of both men and women among the Bedouins is undoubted and indisputable.

The Æneze Arabs never cohabit with their female slaves, but after a fixed period of servitude marry them to their male slaves.

The Bedouin will not touch wine or intoxicating liquor, but contents himself with water and with milk as a beverage.

There are no prisons among the Bedouins.

In their warfare and their plunderings, women are always treated with the greatest respect.

A Bedouin never returns to his tent after an absence without bringing a present for his children; and the honour of himself and tribe are involved in the strict discharge of these different obligations.

The affectionate, peaceful demeanour of the Bedouins among themselves, and the softness of their temper, and the kindness of their disposition, cannot but strike a stranger most forcibly.

When the different tribes are not in open hostility with each other, they live together as brothers. The Bedouins have universally the character of being merciful and compassionate to the unfortunate, so as, remarks a great traveller, often to cause them to forget that an unfortunate person is their enemy.

Yousef Pasha in 1810, obliged to abandon Damascus, sought refuge at the tent of Mehannan el Melhen, the Bedouin Sheikh with whom he had always been on bad terms, "My tent," said the Sheikh, "is the secure asylum for persons in distress, and has had before now the honour of sheltering great men. Let Solyman Pasha cut all the throats of the Melhems, he shall never drive you from this spot."*

"'What!' cried the Wahabee chief Abdallah Ibn Saoud, when his protection had been doubted, 'ask

* Burckhardt.

the Bedouins; they will tell you that were they even to kill one of Saoud's family, and that I should pronounce their security, they would trust my word.' "*

All individuals in the East who have had extensive dealings with the Bedouins bear universal testimony to the possession of the above qualities by the bulk of the tribes, and no people have better opportunities of judging and forming an opinion than the merchants of Damascus who are engaged in the Bagdad trade.

Now I ask those who have the word civilization always on their lips, and who would inquire if Ibrahim Pasha is not collecting some of the Bedouins of the Haouran into villages and *civilizing* them, in what respect do they consider the great bulk of the lower orders of people in England to be more advanced in civilization than the poor Bedouin of the desert? and in what way is their discharge of the private and social duties of life superior to his? Does their intercourse with each other display a purer spirit of charity, of brotherly love and affection,—a more scrupulous exercise of the private duties of social life? Are they more ready to shield the oppressed, to feed the hungry? Do they possess more good nature, more cheerfulness and

* Letter to Toussoun Pasha.—Burckhardt.

softness of temper? Are they truer in friendship and more valuable and pleasing as companions? Do they possess more equanimity of temper and peacefulness of demeanour? Do they live in a more brotherly manner together, and do they cherish in their breasts purer sentiments of mercy and compassion than those people they are so apt to term uncivilized and barbarous? Does their conduct towards each other display more guarded forbearance than that of the Bedouins,—are they still more careful than he is not to use opprobrious language and abusive epithets?

Are they disgraced among each other if on slight occasions they stigmatize their fellow man of the same tribe, "of the same village," with whom they are constantly meeting in social intercourse, as "a traitor," "a liar," an "*inhospitable* wretch," and is the society of a man who has been known to use such expressions groundlessly and without sufficient cause ever after avoided, as a person whose society ought to be shunned among the bulk of the English nation? And lastly, is intoxication so utterly unknown among the British people, as it is among the Bedouins of the desert?

What then is the criterion of civilization in Eng-

land, the nation which assumes to be the most civilized of the whole world, as well as the most wealthy?

Is the beating of children as I have seen them often and often beaten by the lower orders of people in England, a criterion of civilization?

Are the assaults, the black eyes, the brutal treatment of defenceless females, the cases of drunkenness, debauchery, villainy and crime, which we see figuring in the columns of the police reports every morning on our breakfast table, and which disgust us with the very sight of a newspaper, criterions of civilization?

Is that edifying exhibition to which we are sometimes treated of a woman exposed for sale by her husband in a fair with a halter round her neck, a criterion of civilization?

Are the boxing matches with which we are so frequently entertained in our streets, when the combatants are surrounded by an applauding circle of spectators, who seem to take delight in the sight of bloody noses, and broken heads, criterions of civilization?

Are the scenes of drunkenness and vice exhibited within the purlieus of the spirit-shops of London, and of all our great towns, and the disorderly state

of our streets after dark; such in fact as is nowhere else to be met with in the world, criterions of civilization?

Is the treatment the little children have been proved to experience in our factories, a criterion of civilization?

Are the prisons which everywhere deck the land in sombre majesty, the most imposing buildings after the cathedrals, criterions of civilization?

Are the cases that are constantly brought before the petty sessions in England, women binding their husbands over in recognizances to keep the peace towards them, &c., &c., criterions of civilization?

Let us not be too hasty in calling the Bedouins uncivilized, because they are poor, live in tents, eat coarse food, and are not so learned as ourselves; and instead of restlessly inquiring whether the governor of Syria is adopting measures to civilize them, let us rather direct our inquiries nearer home, and ascertain whether reformation and improvement is not more urgently required there than in distant regions.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAMASCUS.—THE GARDENS.—THE FRUITS.—THE BAZAARS.—A DAMASCENE TAILOR.—THE GATE BAH GIRUN.—BEDOUIN SHEIKH.—SILKS AND MANUFACTURES.—JEWELLERS.—SABRES.—LADIES' COSTUME.—DAMASCENE GRANDEES.—DAMASCENE GIRL.—DAMASCENE LADIES.—THE EVIL EYE.—THE SADDLE BAZAAR.—THE NARGILLA.—THE OLD CASTLE.—WEDDING.—PROCESSION TO THE BATH.—PROCESSION TO THE BRIDEGROOM'S HOUSE.—THE WALLS OF DAMASCUS.—THE GATE-WAYS.—THE POPULATION OF THE TOWN.

Ἔστι δὲ καὶ ἡ Δαμασκος πολις αξιολογος σχεδον τε καὶ ἐπιφανεστάτη των ταῦτη κατὰ τὰ Περσικά.

STRABO, LIB. XVI.

Nov. 9th.—Since the rains, the weather has completely changed, and the mornings and evenings are very cold.

From the delight I experienced in walking down to Damascus after breakfast through the rich gardens, I can well comprehend the lavish praises that have been bestowed on this delicious spot.

After gazing for fourteen days on wide naked plains, without a single tree or shrub to break their dull uniformity, the pleasure may be imagined with which one hails the wide spreading branches of the magnificent walnut, the dense foliage of the plum, the apricot, the pomegranate, the cherry, the fresh cool air loaded with blossoms, and the chirping of the birds from the branches of the trees. Everywhere advantage has been taken of the late rains, and the gardens look fresher and greener than before. The most careful cultivation is exercised in every direction, and the ground appears never to be at rest. Pliny in his Natural History, lib. xx. 51, I think mentions that the Syrians were in his time excellent gardeners, and they were so expert in laying out their grounds, that they became a proverb among the Greeks. Groups of women were riding on donkeys, strings of dromedaries pacing along the road, and mounted horsemen curvetting in different directions.

These gardens abound in apricot trees; the fruit is dried and exported to all parts of the East, and when boiled, it makes a delicious conserve. The grapes too are very abundant, and of immense size; all those I have seen are the large black grape. The fruit trees consist of the fig, the

plum, the mulberry, several kinds of the apricot tree, the pomegranate, the cherry, the pear, the quince, the olive, the walnut, the apple, the peach, the hazle-nut, &c., &c.; besides various forest-trees, the sycamore, the willow, the white and black poplar, the cypress, the birch, the plane, the box, the lime, &c., &c. In the gardens underneath these trees are grown beans, parsley, artichokes, lettuces, radishes, gourds, water melons, garlic, celery, cucumbers, parsley, spinach, beet-root, carrots, turnips, sorrel, cauliflowers, endive, kidney and scarlet beans, chichory, &c., &c., and of these delicious gardens and delightful environs truly may it be said,

" Ex iis fructus nunquam periit, neque deficit
Hyeme neque æstate; toto anno durant sed sane semper,
Zephyrus spirans hæc crescere facit aliaque maturescere
Pyrum post pyrum senescit, pomum post pomum
Porro post uvam uva, ficus post ficu."

The river, which is the cause of all this fertility, appears to have been called Chrusorroas, or the " golden river," by the Greeks*.

On entering the city, I found the bazaars unusually lively; auctions were going on; crowds of

* Τῶν δε ποταμῶν ὁ μὲν Χρυσορρόας ἀρξάμενος ἀπὸ τῆς Δαμασκηνῶν πόλεως καὶ χώρας εἰς τὰς ὀχετείας ἀναλισκεται σχεδόν τι· πολλὴν γαρ ἐπάρδει καὶ βαθεῖαν σφόδρα.—Strabo, lib. xvi.

women were bidding, and pale men with one eye were screaming in every direction. I made purchase of some arms, and then, my wardrobe having suffered much during our journey to Palmyra, I wended my way to a tailor, to put his wits to work to make a pair of Frank pantaloons; he examined those I had on me very minutely. Baurek Allah, "Good God," said he, after looking at buttons, straps, fastenings, and all their complicated machinery, "where did you get these made?" "That's not to the purpose," replied I, "can you make a pair like them?" "Eiwah," said he, "eiwah—In Allah," "God be willing." "But have you got the stuff?" "No." "Well then," said the tailor, "I must go into the bazaars with you, for our gentlemen here do not clothe themselves in such material as you have on; I have nothing at all like it in my shop, and I am afraid we shall meet with nothing like it anywhere in the city." The tailor, as usual, had only one eye, and had very imperfect vision through the other; as we went along, therefore, he continued to shout to people not to run against him.

After parading about half the morning, we pitched upon a certain portion of the Damascene ladies' dress, which the tailor declared would suit

the purpose remarkably well, and which he said was abdurrahman, " most excellent."

In the course of the morning I passed by the celebrated gate of the great mosque, called Bah Girun; it is described by Abulpheda, the Arabic historian, in his description of Syria*. He says, there is a mosque at Damascus of which there is none more beautiful or sumptuous in appearance in the whole land of Islamism, for the walls and the arched roof above the " Al Meckrah," near to the " Al Maksurat," (a separate or distinct place in the mosque, where the great dignitaries are accustomed to sit,) are the work of the Sabeans, whose place of prayer it used to be; afterwards, says he, the temple came into the hands of the Jews and Pagans, in whose time it was that the head of John, the son of Zacharias, was fixed on a pole over the gate of the mosque, which is called Bah Girun. His companions and followers, being Christians, greatly venerated the building on that account, until Islamism began to predominate, when the temple was yielded to the Moslems, who converted it into a mosque. The Moslems, says he, stuck over the same gate Girun, where before was placed the head of John the

* Abulpheda Tabula Syriæ.—Lipsiæ, MDCCLXVI.

son of Zacharias, the head of Hosein, the son of Ali. Afterwards, Walid, son of Abd al Maleki, holding the government of the place, restored and beautified the building; he covered the pavement with marble slabs, he clothed the walls with spotted marble, he clothed all the chapiters of the pillars with gold, and fortified the roof with lead. Some say, says Abulpheda, that he spent the whole revenue of Syria over the work.

The Arabic author Al Mohallebita, says that, on a certain stone in the corner of this temple, the inhabitants of Damascus had inserted a tablet with this inscription, "Damascius erected this building for the worship of God."

Six, P. M.—We sat down to a sumptuous dinner at Mr. Farren's house with our Sheikh, who handled his silver knife and fork with great ease and propriety; he was in his full Bedouin costume, and conversed with Mrs. Farren with all the ease and address of a perfect gentleman. On being asked how we behaved? he said we were all very good men. Which was the best? all equally good; but looking at me, and reaching across the table, he said in an under tone to Mr. Farren, "He, he, beat his horse." True it was, to my shame, that having had, as before remarked, the worst horse, I had, when I found him lagging behind, occa-

sionally made use of my stick, not understanding the cheering notes of the Arabs to urge their horses, for which it appears I had greatly suffered in the opinion of the Bedouins; and this reply of the Sheikh's shews the praiseworthy abhorrence they have of any thing like cruelty towards that faithful creature. What would a Bedouin think if he saw the treatment which the miserable quadrupeds employed on the coach-stands in London get at the hands of their hard task-masters,—whipped over the pavement during the day and starved at night until they are reduced to perfect skeletons?—and many of the jaded, worn down brutes that are whipped along at eleven miles an hour in our "fast day coaches," and when no longer fit for that work handed over to some other hard task-master, until they are killed outright from hard work? What a comment upon our treatment of horses in England is the conduct of the Arab towards that faithful creature. D'Arvieux, I think it is, tells the story of the Arab who having agreed to sell his mare to the Franks, and having had the price of the animal in gold counted into his hands, after lingering and looking at her for some time, exclaimed, "Shall it be possible, that after having brought thee up in the house with so much care, and had so much service from

thee, that I should at last be delivering thee up in slavery to the Franks for thy reward?" Saying which, he threw down the money, embraced and kissed the mare, and took her back to his tent.

Nov. 10th.—We went through the bazaars to purchase the handsomest dress we could find for our Sheikh, and looked over red caftans, shawls, grey, blue, and white abbahs, some beautifully interwoven with gold threads and rich embroidery, manufactured in the villages on Mount Lebanon, and green and yellow handkerchiefs edged with long loose cords and tassels, forming an elegant fringe which the Bedouins form into the keffie. The adoption of these handkerchiefs or keffies we found most delightful in the warm weather; they keep the sun off the cheeks, and draw a circulation of air all round the neck.

The different manufactures of silk and cotton intermixed with gold thread are most beautiful. But as the shopkeepers do not expose their choice goods in their shops and bazaars, which have no glass windows to protect them as in London, one may go away from Damascus without seeing the choicest and most beautiful of the articles for sale, unless inquiry is made among those merchants and shopkeepers who sell the more costly and expensive articles.

The working jewellers are all established in some large buildings with wooden roofs at one end of the town, divided by partitions into different alleys, where the goldsmiths and silversmiths are seen seated with fire, bellows, anvils, hammers, pincers, drawers, &c., and there is an incessant tinkering and clattering on all sides; here people are constantly coming in with rings, bracelets, silver filagree baskets, and various kinds of jewellery to be repaired, or to serve as patterns for articles to be made to order. Scarcely any jewellery is met with in the shops, it is mostly made here to order as it is wanted. Here you see old men with sallow faces and grey heads poring over ingots of gold and silver, melting the metal in pots and pans upon their charcoal fires, or drawing it out into long wires, and hammering it into different shapes. From hence we passed through a shoe bazaar, amid piles of red and yellow slippers and ladies' boots, and an overpowering smell of leather.

Swords are no longer made at Damascus; the art has been lost from the workers in the celebrated cutlery having been transported to Khorasan by Timur Beg, since which time the Khorasan blades have possessed the same celebrity as the antient Damascene, and are much prized all over the

East, but are very dear. The blades usually worn are the Constantinople sabres, about a third of the price of the Khorasan, slightly watered, but vastly inferior to them. All people of distinction either wear the Khorasan or the old Damascus blade, the latter being still frequently to be met with second-hand, and is called *Taban el Scham.*

Six, P.M.—We dined with Mr. Farren, and met Mr. Boudin, a Damascus merchant, but a Frenchman by birth; he has been long established in this part of the world, and came with his lady, I believe a Greek or Damascene Christian, in the full costume of the country. The lady's dress was magnificent, being exactly the same as that worn by the Damascene ladies in full dress in their houses. She had wide richly figured trousers, her bare white foot was thrust into an elegant purple slipper richly embroidered with gold, having a silk tassel at the top, and a jewel fastened beside it.

Her bosom was concealed by a thin fold of gauze, her vest of pink figured silk, fringed with gold, was open at the breast, and confined to the waist by a Cashmere shawl, from which descended a long rich figured robe, which hung down behind trailing on the ground, and descending in front divided into two long lappels, partially concealing

the trousers. Over the vest was a dark purple velvet jacket, confined to the waist behind by a Cashmere shawl, but standing open in front, lined with white satin, and embroidered all round the edges with gold; the arms were slit open from the elbow downwards, falling back in long lappels, lined with white satin and edged with gold, displaying the arm from the elbow enveloped in a transparent inner gauze sleeve, edged with lace. She had bracelets on her arms, a pearl necklace round her neck, a small dark velvet turban wound round with a string of pearls on the side of her head, and her long hair hung down behind, touching the divan on which she sat.

On going out of doors, a large wrapper and veil completely conceals all this finery.

Mr. Boudin was enveloped in a long cloak and turban, the usual Syrian Christian merchant dress, and in his hand he held a rosary, the beads of which he was continually counting.

Nov. 11th.—Whilst sitting with Mr. Farren this morning, some of the principal Damascenes came in to pay a visit, dressed in white turbans and scarlet cloaks edged with fur; their under garments were braided with silk and embroidered with gold thread; each was followed by a black slave bearing a pipe, and scarlet and blue cloth

tobacco bags, having sprigs of leaves and fruit embroidered on them in gold. The moment they were seated the slaves filled their pipes, and placing their right hand over the heart, presented it with a low obeisance.

These lordly gentlemen sat enthroned in great dignity,—their words were few and uttered with a gravity and pomposity very different from the meekness and sprightliness of the Bedouin Arabs. Truly might it be said of them,

> " Rara sermo illis, et magna libido tacendi."
>
> JUV. SAT. II.

Mrs. Farren had promised one of our party that she would endeavour to get a beautiful Damascene girl about eighteen, living with her, to appear in full Damascene costume, in order that a sketch might be taken of the dress. Although the constant companion of Mrs. Farren, being a girl of good connexions in Damascus, yet we had never once caught a glimpse of her, from the abhorrence that eastern women have of shewing themselves before any man except their husbands and fathers. We were told one or two of us might drop in and get a peep, as if by chance, while the sketch was being taken, but to be cautious, otherwise she would immediately run away. When I went

in she stood against a corner of the divan by Mrs. Farren's side, at first very shy, covering her face with her hands, and on paper, pencil, and brushes being produced, she was told but little could be done if she covered her face, when she pulled away her hands and turned aside her head, bursting into a loud laugh. She had a very white skin, large full black eyes, a very proud haughty look, and kept kicking the marble pavement with her slipper, looking at us with a contemptuous curl of the lip, then at Mrs. Farren, and then again bursting into a loud laugh. She had beautiful teeth and a fine bust, and was really a sweet little thing, but very pouting and very proud. Her dress, although not so splendid as Madame Boudin's, yet was more stylishly worn, and seemed a more correct costume. Round her head she wore a double row of zecchines, or Turkish gold coins, which were brought across the forehead closely strung together; a turban was placed on one side of her head, from under which her hair fell down in long tresses intermixed with silk cords and beads. She had large ample trousers of a dark material, thickly figured, partially concealed by a robe cut into three portions, being slit open at either side and in front, trailing on the ground and confined to the waist by a shawl. She had a scarlet jacket,

embroidered both before and behind with black silk lace and gold; the sleeves fitted close round the arm, just above the elbow, but from under them descended a rich figured silk and cotton lappel, hanging down and displaying the arm from the elbow enveloped in a transparent gauze shirt sleeve, and covered with bracelets; a light embroidered handkerchief tied in a knot, forming part of the turban, fell in graceful folds on one side of her head. She had a necklace of gold coins, and her feet, enveloped in small embroidered slippers, were thrust into the kabkabs, or high black patten worn by the ladies inside the house when they walk off the rich soft carpets. The ends of the shawl round her waist, tied in a knot and edged with a pretty fringe, descended in folds nearly to her feet.

The principal and prettiest women of Damascus frequently pay Mrs. Farren a visit, at which period no man is allowed in sight, and Mr. Farren is himself forbidden his own premises, the principal rooms being converted for the time being into a harem. Many of these ladies are described as most beautiful, with very white skins and very dark hair and eyes. They sometimes dine and spend the whole afternoon, and on one of these occasions Mrs. Farren happening to hurt herself

by tumbling down one of the steps of the saloon, nothing could induce these ladies to think but that Mrs Farren was under the influence of the *evil eye!* and an elderly matron insisted on performing a long and ridiculous ceremony to disentangle her from the baneful influence. This notion of the evil eye I find prevalent every where in Italy, Sicily, Greece, Constantinople, as well as Asia; the Sicilians place two of the fine branching horns of their oxen inside their houses as a preservative, and various superstitious ceremonies are resorted to by different nations as a supposed protection; the idea is, that certain individuals involuntarily entail a curse upon others by looking at them; and if any misfortune happens to them, they fancy that some one has looked upon their prosperity with an envious eye. I have often seen individuals pointed out who are said to have the evil eye, and are universally feared. If mothers see them gazing on their children, they never fail to cross themselves, and go through some ceremony that they conceive a charm against the baneful influence.

I went with my servant in the course of the morning into the saddle bazaar to get my Turkish saddle and bridle put in order. The saddlers occupy a long handsome bazaar at the northern

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LADY OF DAMASCUS.

end of the town. The floor is covered with skins, on which the people, horses, and dromedaries walk, placed there, I was told, to undergo the process of being turned into leather, after having been steeped in an astringent decoction made from the husk of the pomegranate. The scarlet and blue housings, embroidered in gold and silver, the gay bridles and head pieces decorated with beads, bits of silver, silk, shells, or tassels, the saddles, some of red leather and some covered with purple and blue velvet, embroidered with silver and gold thread, either exposed for sale or in the act of being made, give this bazaar a very gay appearance. The orientals are passionately fond of setting off all articles of show with embroidery worked with gold and silver thread, which is very showy in appearance, and often executed with great taste.

The nargilla, the favourite smoking apparatus of the Damascenes, consists of a long straight tube attached to a glass resting on a stand filled with water. The tobacco is placed in a bowl attached to the glass by a tube, and a lighted coal must be kept constantly burning on the tobacco. You pull at it through the water in a peculiar way, inhaling the smoke into the lungs; it is very difficult to

manage at first, but when accustomed to it, I preferred it to any other way of smoking.

At the cafés alongside the river, under light sheds overshadowed by trees, cool and pleasant in the summer, divers amusements are practised by the idle; but one nowhere sees in this part of the world the boisterous mirth and such robust games as are practised in the outskirts of London and Paris, but a peculiar staidness and gravity of demeanour extends itself even to the boys, who appear little to indulge in the rough sports and violent exertions incident to childhood with us.

There are in Damascus several synagogues, the Catholic convent and church, several Greek and Maronite churches and convents. The patriarch of Antioch resides here.

The old castle of Damascus occupies a considerable space of ground to the south-west of the city. It is surrounded by a ditch, and the walls are strengthened by three square towers. It appears a work of some antiquity, and was probably erected under the Byzantine emperors before the capture of Damascus by the Saracens. There are large ruined courts inside, crumbling walls, gloomy dungeons, ruined fountains and staircases, and many remnants of antient splendour, fragments of ceil-

ings and arabesques, all dilapidated and gone to ruin. From the highest portion of the castle is a fine panoramic view of the whole city, of the mosques, streets, and gardens, which present a delightful prospect.

Many of the lower portions of the walls of Damascus are considered to be of great antiquity, and their construction is certainly peculiar; some of the blocks of stone are perfectly square, others are built in so that their height is greater than their breadth. They measure sometimes from six to eight or ten feet in height, and from four to six or eight feet only in width. They are united without cement, and many have Arabic and Saracenic inscriptions upon them. These old stones are pointed out by the inhabitants as remnants of the walls of the city which existed in the patriarchal age. The more modern masonry of small stones of inferior construction rests upon these large well joined masses. The principal gates of the city are, the Eastern Gate, which appears to be of Grecian architecture and to have Doric pilasters on either side of the arch, and exists probably in the same state as at the capture of Damascus by the Saracens; the Gate of Sakhleh, near to which St. Paul was let down in the basket; St. Mark's Gate; St. Thomas's Gate; the

"Babo-sslamah," or Gate of Peace; and the Paradise Gate, which is the large gate with a gloomy archway leading into a bustling bazaar near the centre of the south wall. This is the gate which figures in the comical story of Noor ad Deen Ali in the Arabian Nights, as the gate at which Buddir ad Deen was laid down by the Genii in his under vest and drawers, "just at the time when the officers of the mosques appointed for that end were calling the people to prayers at break of day. . . . . The gate being opened and the people assembled, they were surprised to see a youth lying in his shirt and drawers upon the ground. One said, he has been so hard put to it to get away from his mistress, that he could not get time to put on his clothes. Look, said another, how people expose themselves," . . . . . &c., &c., &c.

There was to-day a wedding procession to the bath. The bride was led in state under a canopy supported on poles and borne by four men. First in the procession came men bearing along the clean linen used in the bath, and the shirt, underdress, &c., in which the lady would attire herself after properly cleansing and purifying her person. On either side were men flourishing long white sticks, and a jester was playing off his pranks for

the amusement of the company. There were drummers and musicians, fancifully attired, beating cymbals and making a great noise, followed by a row of married female relations and friends, then a string of young virgins closely veiled, and behind them "*the precious pearl*," "*the gazelle-eyed daughter*,"—a bundle of shawls and silks without form, shape, or proportion, and bearing no resemblance whatever to the human form. The front of the canopy in which she was shrouded was pinned up, and the moving mass of cotton and silk was seen slowly advancing, supported on either side by a female relation; smoking censers perfumed the air, passengers stopped to gaze, and many a man doubtless envied the coming happiness of the bridegroom. After being taken to the bath, well washed and scrubbed, and after receiving presents and the good wishes of all her friends and relations, the bride is conducted home with the same pomp and ceremony, and the following day taken in solemn procession to the house of the expectant bridegroom. On these occasions the wife's dowry and effects are borne along at the head of the party. The procession takes place in the early part of the night, and it is considered an ill omen to pass with the bride be-

fore a public bath; all those streets, therefore, in which baths are situated are most scrupulously avoided.

One of these processions which I witnessed was remarkable for a vast quantity of bedding, coverlids, &c., &c., pots, pans, kettles, and gridirons, various domestic utensils, and old cushions, the property of the wife, which were being borne along in solemn procession, loaded on mules and dromedaries at the head of the party,—the household furniture, which I was told composed the principal part of her dowry. Some men with baskets were throwing sweetmeats to the crowd. On arriving at the bridegroom's house, I am told, a large supper is always prepared in separate rooms, one for the men, another for the women. After the repast, the female friends who have accompanied the bride depart and leave her alone with her relations. The husband, too, the night of the wedding goes in public procession with his friends, preceded by musicians, to the bath, and then returns to the nuptial chamber, where for the first time he sees the face of his wife, being allowed then to tear away her veil and unclasp the virgin zone encircling her waist.

The procession of the bridegroom to the bath is

by torchlight, as mentioned in the Arabian Nights. "He then put a torch in his hands, and said, 'Go and mix with the crowd at the door of the bath.' . . . . . The doorkeepers, to prevent disorder, kept back all the slaves that carried torches." . . . &c., &c., &c.

Many of the mosques of Damascus were built by the caliphs as mausoleums; they possess courts, porticos, and fountains, and some are overshadowed by a few green trees, among which sacred doves may be heard cooing.

The rides in the middle of the day, now that the weather is cool, are delightful; the autumnal tint is very beautiful, and the leaves are fast falling; but there are so many evergreens in these gardens, the pomegranate, the orange, the lemon, the cypress, &c., that even in the winter, they possess a lively and refreshing green. The great bane of these delicious environs, is the insalubrity of the climate. In the summer and autumn, the intermittent Damascene fever is a terrible disease; when it has once made its attack it pays annual visits, reducing the patient to a skeleton.

The greatest benefit has lately been derived from the introduction of quinine. Mrs. Farren

has been making the most praiseworthy exertions to establish an European physician, and introduce that medicine generally among the inhabitants, for which purpose she has formed a dispensary, and has obtained several contributions for its support.

This fever, and the ophthalmia, are entirely owing to the extensive irrigation and consequent exhalation from the ground; wherever there is water, it is unhealthy in Syria, and where there is no water, generally there are no inhabitants.

The population of Damascus is very difficult to be estimated, as no census is ever taken; from a rough calculation, it has been estimated from 150 to 200,000 inhabitants. Judging from its extent, and the number of houses I should say, at the very lowest computation there must be more than 200,000 inhabitants, but it is perfectly impossible to arrive at any correct estimate in the absence of all registers of births, deaths, and marriages.

A day's journey from Damascus, in a north-easterly direction, are a number of curious grottoes excavated in the rocks, at a place called Malool, said to be inhabited by a few Syrian Christians, who live as hermits; some of them are of very large size, and are said to be of very

great antiquity; the country around is solitary and desert. Strabo speaks of immense caves excavated in the mountains in the vicinity of Damascus*.

* Ἐν οἷς καὶ σπήλαια ἦν βαθύσομενα, ὧν ἓν καὶ τετρακισχιλίους ἀνθρώπους δέξασθαι, δυνάμεθον, &c., &c.—Lib. xvi. p. 1097.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HISTORY OF DAMASCUS.—ITS ANTIQUITY.—ITS REVOLUTIONS.— INVASIONS OF SYRIA BY THE SARACENS. —FALL OF BOSRA.—SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.—THE PROWESS OF CALED. —THE SIEGE RAISED.—THE SALLY OF PETER AND PAUL.— THE HEROISM OF THE SARACEN WOMEN.—THE BATTLE OF AIZNADIN.—DAMASCUS REINVESTED.—THOMAS OF DAMASCUS.—THE SARACEN WIDOW.—THE SURRENDER TO ABU OBEIDAH.—THE ASSAULT BY CALED.—THE DISPUTE.—THE DAMASCENE FUGITIVES. — JONAS AND EUDOCIA. — THE CRUELTY OF THE SARACENS.

DAMASCUS is one of the most venerable cities in the world for its antiquity. It is supposed to have been founded by Uz, the son of Shem, the third son of Noah, and is known to have existed in the time of Abraham. For the space of three centuries, it was the abode of the Syrian kings, and has experienced in every period of its history numberless vicissitudes. It was coeval with

Nineveh, Sodom, and Gomorrah, and was, say the orientals, the birth-place of Dimschak Eliezer, the steward of Abraham's house.

Hecateus, an antient historian of Damascus, states, that "Abram reigned there, being a foreigner who came into the land of Canaan during his prosperity, when his people had become a multitude."*

Its sovereign Hadad, whom Josephus calls the first of its kings, was defeated by David, king of Israel, who made an expedition against Damascus, brought it into subjection, placed garrisons in it, and appointed that they should pay tribute, and he dedicated to God at Jerusalem, the golden quivers, and the armour which the guards Hadad used to wear.

"When the Syrians of Damascus came to succour Hadadezer, David slew of them two-and-twenty thousand men. Then David put garrisons in Damascus of Syria, and the Syrians became servants to David, and brought gifts."†

In the reign of Ahaz it was taken by Tiglath Pilezer, who slew the king, Rezin, transported the inhabitants into Upper Media, and placed

* Josephus, lib. i. ch. 7. † 2 Sam. viii. 5, 6.

there a colony of Assyrians*. It was taken and plundered by Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, the generals of Alexander the Great, Judas Maccabæus, and at length by the Romans in the war conducted by Pompey against Tigranes, sixty-five years B. C. According to Josephus, Cleopatra came to Damascus after having accompanied Marc Antony as far as the Euphrates in his expedition against the Parthians. The city is frequently mentioned in the Bible, and occupies a prominent place in the New Testament, as the theatre of the miraculous events attending the conversion of St. Paul. Under the Greek emperors of Constantinople, it was the most celebrated city of the East, and remarkable for its wealth, its luxury and magnificence, and its numerous Christian population. It was one of the principal arsenals of the Eastern Empire in Asia, and the beauty of its situation, its rivers of waters, the exuberant fertility of the soil, and the abundance of its fruits, have been lavishly praised by antient poets and historians. Nature appears to have marked out this spot as the site of a great capital; and notwithstanding its many misfortunes and catastrophes, the

* Josephus, lib. ix. ch. 12.

city has always risen again from its ruins with splendour.

The great and interesting æra in the history of this venerable patriarchal city is its capture by the fierce and warlike Saracens.

The Greek writers, odd to say, give scarcely any account of that most important period in the history of Asia, when governments were overturned, a new religion established, and quite a new face given to the affairs of the whole eastern world, so that we are obliged to resort for all our information to the Arabian historians, who enthusiastically describe the exploits of their countrymen in this their first great essay in arms. The Arabic historian, Abu Abdollah Mohammed Ben Amer Ebn Waked Alwakidi, the cadi of Bagdad, has written a copious account of the conquest of Syria by the Saracens. A manuscript copy of his work is obtainable in all the principal book bazaars; and although written in an exaggerated strain, it presents a curious picture of the men and manners of that time*.

It was in the eleventh year of the Hegira, about the year of Christ 633, that the celebrated Abubeker, the first Caliph, the successor of Ma-

* Alwakidi's "Conquest of Syria" has been translated by Mr. Ockley in the History of the Saracens.

homet, dispatched the following circular letter to the Arabian tribes :—

" In the name of the most merciful God, ABDOLLAH ATHICH EBN ABI KOHAPHA to the rest of the true believers, health and happiness, and the mercy and blessing of God be amongst you.

" I praise the most high God, and I pray for his prophet MAHOMET. This is to acquaint you, that I intend to send the true believers into SYRIA to take it out of the hands of the Infidels, and I would have you to know that the fighting for religion is an act of obedience to God."

In consequence of this mandate, the Saracen chiefs assembled, and Abubeker, after reviewing the army from the summit of a hill, took leave of them in a memorable speech, delivered to Yezid Ebn Abi Sophyan, in which he says to them, " When you meet your enemies quit yourselves like men, and do not turn your backs; and if you get the victory, kill no little children, nor old people, nor women; destroy no palm trees, nor burn any fields of corn; cut down no fruit trees, nor do any mischief to cattle, only such as you kill to eat. When you make any article or covenant, stand to it, and be as good as your word. As you go on, you will find some religious persons that live retired in monasteries, and purpose to

themselves to serve God that way; let them alone, and neither kill them nor destroy their monasteries. And you will find another sort of people who belong to the synagogue of Satan, who have shaven crowns, be sure you cleave their skulls, and give them no quarter till they either turn Mahometans or pay tribute." When he had given them this charge, the army marched on towards Syria.

The storm first fell upon Bosra, four days' march from Damascus; the inhabitants vigorously defended themselves, but the city was delivered into the hands of the Saracens through the perfidy of the governor Romanus, who admitted Abdorrahman, the son of the Caliph, with an hundred men into the city at dead of night, through a secret passage under the wall of the town. After the first fury of the Saracens had spent itself, the lives of the inhabitants were spared on their submitting to pay tribute, and the base Romanus on the following morning, in an assembly of the people, renounced Christianity in a memorable declaration which he made to them.

On being reproached with his treachery, "Oh! you enemies of the apostle of God," said he, "I have nothing to do with you,—I renounce your society in this world and in that which

is to come, and I choose God for my Lord, Islam for my faith, Mecca for my temple, the Moslems for my brethren, and Mahomet for my prophet!"

Caled wrote to Abu Obeidah to acquaint him with his success, and ordered him to join him with the forces under his command, in order that they might all march together to the siege of Damascus.

Heraclius, Emperor of the East, was then at Antioch, and immediately dispatched one of his generals, called by the Arabic historian Callus, with 5000 men to the defence of that important city. This general arriving at Baalbec on his way down, was met by the inhabitants with dishevelled hair, weeping and wringing their hands. "Alas!" said they, "the Arabs have overrun all the country, and taken Aracah, Sachna, and Tadmor, and Haouran, and Bosra, and are now advancing upon Damascus."

On the arrival of this new general with the Emperor's letter at Damascus, many of the inhabitants being attached to their old governor, refused to obey any other, and the city was divided into parties and factions at a time when unity and concord were necessary for conducting the common defence.

Soon after the fall of Bosra, the Saracen cavalry made its appearance in the delicious environs of the Syrian capital, and encamped among the groves and streams bordering the city. After enumerating various exhibitions of personal prowess and courage exhibited by Saracen chieftains, Alwakidi details a curious parley which took place between Caled the Saracen chief and Callus the emperor's general. "Callus," says he, "taking an interpreter, advanced towards Caled with great pomp and state. On his coming near, the following parley commenced between the two generals through the mouth of the interpreter. 'Sir,' says the interpreter to Caled, 'I will tell you a story. There was a man who had a flock of sheep, and he put them under a negligent shepherd, and the wild beasts devoured them, which, when the owner perceived, he turned away the shepherd and entrusted the sheep to a man of trust and courage. Beware, O Caled, that this does not prove to be your case: you Arabians were a poor, contemptible, vile people, and went about with hungry bellies, naked, and barefoot, and lived upon barley-bread and what you could squeeze out of dates. Now, since you have come into our country, and have fared better, you begin to rebel,

but the emperor has taken care to send us a great general for our protection, therefore look to yourselves.'

"'None of your long stories,' says Caled, 'things are changed with us since we ate barley-bread and coarse fare, as we shall shortly manifest to you by possessing ourselves of your persons, your wives, your women, and your children; and as for your great man, do you not know that you are speaking to the conqueror of Haouran, Tadmor, and Bosra? Great as he may be, if he is the support of your kingdom, so am I of our religion.'

"The Christian general was about to depart but found himself mistaken; for Caled, getting between him and the Christian army, fell upon the redoubted chief with such fury that he quickly knocked him off his horse, and took him prisoner, to the delight of the Saracens, who shouted *allah acbar—allah acbar*—so that the whole camp echoed. Caled changed his horse and dashed into the battle, which had now commenced.

"'Hold,' said Derar, one of the most celebrated of the Saracen chiefs, 'you have tired yourself with fighting this dog, rest, and let me go.'

"'O Derar!' said Caled, 'we shall rest in the

world to come; he that labours to-day shall rest to-morrow:' saying which, he clapped spurs to his horse.

"The Damascenes, now under the sole and undisputed authority of Izrafil, their old governor, demanded to be led out against the Saracens. Izrafil, who appears from the account of the Arabic historian to have been a valiant man, rode up to Caled and shouted, 'My name is Izrafil.'

"'Well,' said Caled, laughing, 'your namesake Izrafil' (the name of the angel whom the Mahometans suppose to have charge of the souls of the dead) 'is just ready to convey your soul to hell:' saying which he set upon him, struck at the legs of his horse, brought him to the ground, and took him prisoner." Izrafil and Callus, the two vanquished governors, were now brought forth and solemnly asked if they would renounce Christianity and turn Moslems. Both refusing, they were immediately beheaded, and the heads thrown over the walls into the town.

Several encounters and battles were fought, and the inhabitants at length exhausted, shut themselves up within the walls of the city.

In the middle of a dark night the Damascenes let down a messenger from the walls with a letter to the emperor imploring assistance.

The invasion of Syria, the loss of Bosra, and the siege of Damascus awakened the emperor of the East from his dreaming slumber on the throne of Constantinople, and vigorous preparations were made for the defence of his dominions. An army of 70,000 men, chiefly cavalry, were collected in the neighbourhood of Antioch, and these formidable preparations determined Caled to suspend the siege of Damascus and to solicit the assistance of his Mussulmen brethren.

The following circular letter was dispatched to all the Arabian chieftains within the confines, or on the borders of Syria.

" From Caled to . . . . . .

" Health and happiness.

" Know that thy brethren the Moslems design to march to Aiznadin, where there is an army consisting of 70,000 Greeks, who purpose to come against us, that they may extinguish the light of God with their mouths; but God preserveth his light in spite of the infidels. As soon, therefore, as this letter of mine shall come to thine hand, come with those that are with thee to Aiznadin, where thou shalt find us if it pleases the most High God."

Caled then raised the siege of Damascus, and the

Saracens in their retreat were rudely handled by a party of 6000 horse and 10,000 foot, who sallied from the town under the command of two brothers named Peter and Paul, and pressed upon their rear; several of their women were taken prisoners, and Caled himself with fresh forces was obliged to hurry from the van to the rescue of his companions in arms. The Damascenes were then driven back, and we are told that Derar galloped after Paul, but Paul ran away; being closely pursued however, the unfortunate man jumped off his horse and tried to escape on foot, but Derar was too quick for him, for he jumped off too and followed him. "Hold!" said Paul, for the love of God; "if you save me, your wives and children which we have taken shall be saved." Hearing this, Derar spared his life, but took him prisoner. In the mean time Peter, who had taken the Saracen women captive, halted on his way back to Damascus to hear the fate of his brother Paul, and to divide his female captives between himself and followers. Peter chose Caulah, Derar's sister, a most beautiful woman, for himself, and told his men to choose the others as far as they would go.

The Greeks in the mean time went into their tents to refresh themselves, and the women gathering together, Caulah announced to them her deter-

mination to die rather than be abused by the barbarians. "Where is your courage," said she, "none of the idolatrous slaves shall touch me." "Alas!" said Opheirah one of the captives, "we are defenceless, we have neither sword, spear, nor bow." "Let us each take a tent pole," said Caulah, "and stand upon our guard, God may give us the victory, he may deliver us. If not, we can die and preserve our honour." Saying which, she seized a tent pole, and the rest of the women followed her example. "Now," says Caulah, "stand round in a circle, and leave no space between you for the infidels to come in and do us mischief. Strike their spears with your staves, and break their swords and their skulls." As she spoke she stepped forward and struck a fellow who was standing outside the tent, and shattered his skull. The Greeks rushed out, and found the women ranged in battle array armed with the tent poles. Peter, in astonishment at the sight, called to Caulah, whom he had chosen for his mistress, and asked what it all meant. "Woe to thee, and to all of you, thou Christian dog," said she. "The meaning of it is, that we design to preserve our honour, and to beat your brains out with these staves. Come," says she, "Sir, pray come and embrace the lady you have reserved for your own private

happiness; you will, perhaps, receive something at her hands, which may make it worth your while!"

Peter laughing, ordered his men to encompass the women and take them prisoners, but not to do them harm. "When any horsemen, however, came near them, they struck at the horses' legs with the tent poles, and if they brought the animal down, the rider was sure to rise no more." Peter seeing them in earnest grew very angry, and bade his men fall on them with their scimitars. The women stood close together, and said to one another, Come let us die honourably rather than live disgraced. But Peter viewing the beauty and fine figure of his mistress was struck with remorse, and tried to soften her; the only answer he got for his pains was, "Thou Christian dog, come near me, that I may beat thy brains out!"

The soldiers were ordered to fall on, and the women were at their last prayers, says Alwakidi, when Caulah saw the Saracens coming up and shouted, "Look ye, my girls, God has sent us help!" and seeing her brother Derar naked with a lance in his hand galloping up on a horse without a saddle, she shouted to him to come quickly. Peter immediately took to his heels, but Caulah called after him, saying, "Nay, Sir, I am fond of

you, and must have you by all means," and she ran after Peter. He in a great fright called out to Derar, "There is your sister *safe*, take her." "I thank you," said Derar, "and have nothing to return you in lieu of your gift but the point of this spear, be pleased to accept it;" saying which, he struck Peter through and through, and then cutting off his head, he hoisted it on the top of his lance. Caled then called for Paul who was in custody, and bade him turn Mahometan, or he would serve him as he had served Peter. "Alas!" said Paul, "and how's that?" "Why," says Caled, "I have killed him, and here is his head." Paul burst into tears and exclaimed that he did not wish to survive him; the Saracens, therefore, stripped his clothes off, and quickly beheaded him.

In the mean time the Saracen chiefs to whom Caled had written, met together at Aiznadin on the 13th of July, in the twelfth year of the Hegira, (A.D. 633.) When they beheld the Emperor's army of 70,000 horse advancing under the command of Werdan, the Emperor's general, they all declared they had never seen anything like it before. Early in the morning, Caled rode along the ranks and addressed his troops; "Be sure," said he, "that ye do not turn your backs and so be damned for your pains ..... and see that you mind your

business, and have your wits and your hearts about you."

Derar was despatched to reconnoitre the Christian army, with strict orders to avoid a conflict; Werdan seeing Derar in the plain despatched thirty horse to seize him; Derar retreated until he had drawn the horsemen in pursuit some distance from the Christian army, when facing suddenly round, he fell upon them like a lion, and out of thirty unhorsed seventeen, after which valiant exploit he returned to his applauding brethren! "Did not I caution you against fighting without orders," said Caled. "Nay," said Derar, "I did not begin first, but they came out to take me, and I was afraid that God would see me turn my back."

We are told that the Christian general attempted to entrap Caled into an ambuscade and take him prisoner, and for that purpose demanded a conference to treat of peace. The treachery it is said, was revealed to Caled by a man named David, and the Saracen chief thereupon adopted measures to catch Werdan in his own trap. The ambuscade was to be appointed as soon as it was dark, and Derar was despatched to surprise and massacre the parties composing it. When Derar got near the appointed spot, he ordered his men to

stand still. Then taking off his clothes, (for he as often went without as with,) he crept along until he came so near the ambuscade as to hear the soldiers snore, for they were drunk and asleep, and their arms lay under their heads; seeing all was right, he crept back, brought up his companions, and despatched the whole party with all imaginable silence and secresy, his followers then stripped the dead bodies, put on their clothes, and took their places.

At break of day Caled said morning prayer in the camp, and drew up his army in battle array. As soon as the Christians saw the Saracens in order, Werdan sent an horseman, who rode up to the front of the Saracen army and shouted "Hearken, ye Arabians! you have forgot the agreement you made yesterday!" "How?" said Caled, "Do you charge us with a breach of promise?" "The general expected you to meet him," said the messenger, "to treat of peace."

"Tell him I am coming," said Caled.

Caled and Werdan accordingly met, and the latter made sundry offers to Caled, "Alas, for thee, thou Christian dog!" replied Caled; "we bless God that he has provided a great deal better for us, than to live upon your charity, for he has given us all that you have; your wives and child-

ren will be divided among us, unless you can say *La-ila-ila-Allah*, and turn Mussulmen, or pay tribute," &c., &c., &c. "Fight me, if you dare," said Caled in conclusion, "for we are far enough off from both armies."

Werdan rose up, but trusting to the ambuscade, made no haste to draw his sword, when Caled seized him, shook him, and turned him round. Then Werdan, supposing his ambuscade to be all right, cried out "Come out, come out, the Arab hath seized me!" As soon as they heard his voice, the Saracens came forth, and Werdan at first sight, took them to be his own men, but when they came nearer, and he saw Derar with nothing on him but a pair of breeches and shaking his sword at him, he began to be very uneasy. "I beg of you," said he to Caled, "not to deliver me into the hands of that devil; I hate the sight of him. He killed my son." By this time Derar was come up, and shouted out, "Now, thou cursed wretch, what is become of thy deceit with which thou wouldest have ensnared the companions of the apostle of God." When Werdan saw himself in the midst of his enemies, he began to cry "quarter!" But Caled answered, "Là Amân illà Beimân," &c., &c. "No quarter where there is no faith kept; you pretended to peace, and at the

same time intended to murder me treacherously;" saying which, the general was stripped, his head was struck off, put upon the top of a lance, and borne towards the army.

The Christians, when they found out the truth of the matter, and that their general was killed, became much disheartened, while, on the other hand, the exulting Arabs set upon them with fury, and routed their whole army; 50,000 were slaughtered, and the rest escaped to Cæsarea, Damascus, and Antioch; an inestimable booty was taken by the Saracens, of gold and silver crosses, chains, silks and velvets, and banners, &c., &c., which Caled would not allow to be divided until Damascus was taken; and in the mean time he sent news of the victory to the Caliph.

"As soon as the messenger told the Caliph the news, he fell down and worshipped God. Then he opened the letter, read it first himself, and then to those who were about him." The news spread through the country, and the hungry Arabians thronged to Medina, to beg leave of the Caliph that they might be allowed to change the uncultivated deserts of Arabia Petræa for the delicacies of Damascus.

In the mean time the poor Damascenes heard the lamentable news of the loss of the battle of

Aiznadin, and awaited in trembling expectation the arrival of the Saracens. Soon their formidable army appeared; the front was led by Amrou Ebno'l Aas with 9,000 horse; then came Abu Sophyan with 2,000; then Serjabil Ebn Hasanah (one of Mahomet's secretaries when he wrote the Koran); after him Omar Ebn Rebijah; Caled himself brought up the rear, accompanying the standard of the black eagle.

Abu Obeidah pitched his tent which was made of *hair*, and would not allow any of the Greek tents taken at Aiznadin to be set up, which, says the Arabic historian, "proceeded from his great humility to God, and that he might not please himself with the gay things of this world." "Abu Sophyan was placed over against the Little Gate, Serjabil Ebn Hasanah at St. Thomas's Gate, Amrou Ebno'l Aas, at Paradise Gate, and Kais Ebn Hobeirah sat down before the Gate Keisan. Before St. Mark's Gate there was no fighting, wherefore they called it 'Babi'-ssalâmah,' 'The Gate of Peace.' Caled himself having given orders to all the officers, went himself and sat down before the East Gate. Then Caled called Derar and gave him the command of 2,000 horse, and ordered him constantly to ride round the camp and never

to stand still, lest the emperor should succeed in sending succour into the town."

The terrified Damascenes held a consultation with Thomas, a noble Greek, at his palace, concerning the defence of the place. "The Saracens fight," said they, "like madmen; for they encounter us naked or any way, and steadfastly believe that every one of their men that is killed, passes immediately to Paradise, while ours on the other hand go to hell, and this makes them desperate."

Thomas agreed to head the citizens in a sally. In the morning they came out of the town, and Thomas laid his hands upon the cover of the Testament, and said, "O God! If our religion be true, help us and deliver us not into the hand of the enemy," &c., &c. Serjabil, the Arabic leader, having been told by the interpreter what he was saying, shouted out, "Thou enemy of God, Jesus is of no more account with God than Adam. He created him a living man, walking upon the earth, and afterwards raised him to heaven."

The parties making the sally now commenced the attack. Thomas fought most bravely, and being an incomparable archer, shortly slaughtered a great many of the Saracens; among the rest, he

wounded Abân Ebn Said, with a poisoned arrow. Abân drew out the arrow, and unfolding his turban bound up the wound; but he quickly felt the poison, and became speechless; but to the last he testified by signs, the stedfastness of his belief in God and Mahomet. He had just before been married to a beautiful woman, quite a heroine; she was a very warlike lady, and could use a bow and arrows with wonderful dexterity. As soon as she heard of his death, she came in all haste, and when she saw him lying dead, she bore her misfortune with admirable patience. "Happy art thou, my dear," said she, "thou art gone to the Lord, who first joined us together, and then parted us asunder; I will revenge thy death, and endeavour to the utmost of my power to come to the place where thou art, because I love thee. Henceforth shall no man ever touch me more, for I have dedicated myself to the service of God." The body was washed, and buried; but the young and beautiful widow never wept nor wailed, but with a courage above the weakness of her sex armed herself with her lord's weapons, and went into the battle.

When she came into the field she said, Where was Abân slain?

Over against St. Thomas's Gate, was the reply;

and the emperor's son-in-law was the man who slew him.

She went to the spot, and with her first arrow she shot the standard-bearer in the hand, the standard fell, and the Saracens rushing forward, bore it away. Thomas was grievously concerned at the loss of the standard, and laid about him furiously.

Abân's wife marked the gallant conduct of the Damascene chief; she levelled an arrow, and shot Thomas in the eye, so that he was forced to retire into the city. The Damascenes then fell back, and the Saracens killed 300 of them in the pursuit to the walls of the town, where they were stopped by the military engines.

Thomas had his eye dressed, and swearing to be revenged, he assembled all the chief men of Damascus as soon as it was dark, and made them a long speech, in which he painted, in lamentable terms, the evil that would befall them if the Saracens took the town. The Damascenes told him they were ready to die in his service. Then he ordered all the men to arm, and take their appointed stations at the different gates.

At midnight, one single stroke was given upon the great bell, every gate was instantly opened, and the Christians poured out in a torrent upon the

Saracen camp. Caled, however, was on the alert, and said, "O God, who never sleepest, look upon thy servants, and do not deliver them into the hands of their enemies." Then he ordered Pheljân Ebn Zeyâd, to supply his place, and rode with 400 men as fast as he could; and the tears, says the Arabic historian, trickled down his cheeks, in concern for his dear Saracens. When he came to the gate, he found the Damascenes and Saracens fiercely engaged. And Thomas was again fighting desperately with Serjabil. Abân's wife was among Serjabil's men, and did great execution with her bow and arrows.

After a bloody encounter, the Damascenes were driven in again, leaving several thousands of their men dead upon the field.

The Damascenes, disheartened, came to Thomas, intreating him to surrender; but he persuaded them to hold out, and gave them hopes of assistance from the Emperor. The inhabitants, however, turned a deaf ear to his exhortations, and at night sent a messenger, who understood Arabic, to the gate where Abu Obeidah was posted, to desire safe conduct for some messengers, who wished to treat of a surrender. Abu Obeidah immediately sent to the Damascenes to let them know that they should have free liberty to go

where they pleased. They asked whether they could depend upon him as a Mahometan. "Mahomet," said the Mussulman, "tells us in the Koran, to perform our covenants." A hundred of the chief citizens and clergy then came out to the Saracen camp, and were conducted to Abu Obeidah's tent; that chief used them very civilly, and bade them sit down, and told them, that their prophet Mahomet commanded them to pay respect to persons of rank and quality. Delighted to find him so courteous, the Damascenes treated of the terms of surrender, and desired that their churches might be secured to them. Abu Obeidah granted them seven churches. Then he went with an hundred men to take possession of the city.

Caled, at this very time, was assaulting the eastern gate, in a fury at the loss of Caled Ebn Said, his brother, whom one of the besieged had shot with a poisoned arrow. One Josias, a priest, it is said treacherously offered to introduce the Saracens into the city, and the vigilance of the guards, being relaxed in consequence of the negotiation which was going on with Abu Obeidah, the Saracens succeeded in forcing the gates, and their terrible shouts of Allah acbar, proclaimed to the terrified citizens that the town was lost. The

Saracen swords spared neither sex nor age, and the streets flowed with blood. They went on murdering all they found, until they came to St. Mary's church, where the furious Caled was astonished to see Abu Obeidah and his men on their march with their swords sheathed, surrounded by monks and priests. "God has delivered the city into my hands, by way of surrender," said Abu Obeidah, "and saved the believers the trouble of fighting." "And how," said the angry Caled, "came you to agree with them without acquainting me? Do you not know that I am your general and master of your counsels?" "Fall on," said he to the soldiers, "I will put every man to the sword!"

"Hold," said Abu Obeidah, "you shall not make this agreement void, for I have given all these people my protection in the name of God, and his holy prophet, and cannot forfeit my word."

There was now a great noise on both sides, and Caled would not give in. The hungry Arabs thirsted for blood and plunder, and without waiting the result of this singular altercation, fell with fury upon the poor defenceless Damascenes. When Abu Obeidah saw it, he called out in a voice of thunder, "By God, my word is looked upon as nothing, the covenant which I made is broken." Then he galloped among the soldiers, shouting, "I

adjure you, by the apostle of God, to stay your hands until Caled and I can adjust this matter." With much difficulty he stopped them; and the two chiefs went into the church to settle the affair, when after a fierce dispute, it was agreed that the capitulation should be observed until the Caliph's opinion upon the point had been obtained. Those Damascenes that wished were to be allowed to depart from the city; but the stern Caled guaranteed them protection only for three days after their departure, at the expiration of which time he announced that they might be pursued.

A band of Damascenes, under the command of Thomas and Herbîs, prepared to depart. Caled announced to them that they should take nothing with them but provisions.

"Nay," said Abu Obeidah, "I agreed that they might take as much as they could carry with them."

"Then," said Caled, "they shall have no arms."

"Nay," said Abu Obeidah, "let every one of them have something; he that has a lance shall have no sword, and he that takes a bow shall have no lance."

The trembling band of fugitives prepared with anguish to leave, says the Arabic historian, their pleasant gardens and their stately palaces,

for the fatigue and hazard of a lengthened journey; and the tender and delicate lady, deprived of all her luxury, was forced to march on foot through inhospitable deserts and craggy mountains. Thomas pitched a tent outside the city, and ordered them all to collect their plate and jewels, and pack them up to be carried away. The poor inhabitants quitted with silent anguish the pleasant gardens of Damascus and the shady banks of their beloved river. "The daughter of the emperor Heraclius," says Alwakidi, "went out, among the rest, and joined the unhappy band."*

The furious Derar, as he saw them prepare to depart under the guaranteed protection of Abu Obeidah, gnashed his teeth with vexation, and he swore that Abu Obeidah had done the Mussulmen great injury.

Athi Ebn Ammar, hearing him say so, replied, "Abu Obeidah has done for the best in stopping the effusion of the blood of the Mussulmen, (the most sacred thing under the sun). Besides, God has made the hearts of the true believers the seat of mercy, and those of the Infidels the seat of

* This is a fabrication, prompted by the vanity of the Arabs. No daughter of Heraclius would have married an exile of Damascus.—See Gibbon, c. li.

cruelty," &c., &c. Then he quoted to him the fourth chapter of the Koran, to shew him that the agreement ought to be kept.

Derar told him "that he talked like an honest man, but, for his part, he would never have mercy upon any that said God had a son, and joined a partner with God."

The destruction of these unhappy fugitives was brought about by the fierce passions of a Syrian lover.

On a dark night during the siege, the Saracen watch of mounted cavalry heard a horse neigh in the direction of the gate Keisan, and, galloping up, they succeeded in capturing a young man, who was immediately carried before Caled.

"I am," said the youth to Caled, "a nobleman of Damascus; I was betrothed to a young lady to whom I was devotedly attached, and when I sent to bring her to my own house her parents refused to allow her to quit them. I, however, succeeded in speaking to her, and we agreed to bribe the guard at the gate, and make our escape out of the city, hoping in the dark to reach, unperceived, the open country. Coming out first, I was surprised by your men, and shouted out to the lady, who was behind, 'The bird is taken.' She understood

the meaning, and escaped back with her two attendants into the city."

"Well," said Caled, "what have you to say to the Mahometan religion? Turn Mussulman, and when we have taken the city you shall have your lady: if not, you are a dead man."

The unhappy nobleman not having sufficient courage to die a martyr for his faith, exclaimed, "I testify that there is but one God, and that Mahomet is the apostle of God."

He was duly circumcised and made a Mahometan, "and when the city was taken," says Alwakidi, "he hastened with an anxious heart to find his beloved. Hurrying to her father's house, he was told, that never expecting to see him more, the young lady had shut herself up in a nunnery, and that feeling all her happiness blasted in this world, she had devoted herself to constant preparation for the world to come."

Jonas rushed with hope and anxiety to the nunnery, but the "lover was despised and the apostate scorned." When she saw him in the garb of a Mussulman, and found that to preserve his life he had renounced his religion, she told him, "Since, Sir, you have renounced your God, I renounce you henceforth and for ever;" notwithstanding all his persuasions, she was firm and un-

bending in her purpose, and took refuge among the unhappy fugitives who were preparing to quit Damascus under the guidance of Thomas.

Jonas fled to Caled, and urged him to detain her by force, Caled informed him that he had no power to interfere, as the inhabitants had been guaranteed by Abu Obeidah free liberty to go where they pleased. Jonas, however, finding Caled disposed to pursue them, offered his services as a guide, and when Caled had been detained four days at Damascus with a dispute about some corn, and had given up the idea of following the unhappy band, the restless Jonas, urged by his headstrong love for the fair Eudocia, so importuned Caled, and told him "that he knew all the country, and a sure and near way of following them," that the Saracen chief determined upon the expedition.

The apostate Jonas, therefore, collected together 4,000 of the best horsemen, and dressed them as Christians, in order that they might follow the Damascenes into the provinces of the Greek empire with less suspicion.

Committing the care of the town and army to Abu Obeidah, Caled departed. The immense multitude that went out of Damascus, says Alwakidi, was at first traced without any great dif-

ficulty. The Saracens rode night and day for some time, but at last they lost all trace of the fugitives. Jonas, however, encouraged Caled, and leading the Saracens off the plain, announced his positive expectation of shortly overtaking them. They ascended the mountains by the most rugged roads, their horses' hoofs were battered to pieces, they lost their shoes, and Caled began to reproach Jonas; the lover was still full of confidence and urged them onwards, but the Saracens refused to proceed. Jonas, however, pointing out traces of a quantity of persons having passed in that direction, they continued the pursuit after refreshing their horses. The country people mistook them for Christian Arabs. They passed by Jabilah and Laodicea, but did not venture to enter either of those places for fear of discovery. Information seems to have been obtained from a countryman, that the unhappy fugitives were not far distant, and the pursuit was urged with renewed vigour.

The poor Damascenes, it appears, thinking that all danger of a pursuit was over, had encamped in a pleasant meadow. The night had been rainy, and the morning's sun was shining softly and brilliantly upon the lovely scene of their encamp-

ment. The Arabic historian dilates with enthusiasm upon the sight that burst upon the Saracens after their long journey through rocks and mountains; of the rich meadow, the numerous streams, the flowers and the foliage, and the variety of silks and rich property, which, says he, was piled up in different directions around their camp. The poor Damascenes fought with the fury of despair, but their brave leader Thomas was slain, and his head being cut off by Abdorrahmân, was placed on the point of the standard of the cross. The unhappy fugitives, blinded by terror, were thrown into irretrievable confusion, and we are told that of the whole number, one individual alone, with the exception of the women who were taken prisoners, escaped the swords of the Saracens.

Jonas, leaving the combatants to settle matters, rushed with the speed of a lover to the spot where the women were assembled in trembling anxiety, waiting the result of the combat. He searched through the tents, and at last found his fair Eudocia; her resentment was inflamed by this last act of perfidy, and she reproached him with bitterness. In a fury he announced to her, that as she would not allow him to possess her by fair means, he was now determined to have her

by force, and with that, seized her and threw her on the ground; the unhappy girl feigned submission, but disengaging herself from his grasp, drew a dagger and stabbed herself to the heart.

Raphi Ebn Omeirah, says the Arabic historian, "coming up, found Jonas in tears, and a beautiful lady weltering in blood at his feet. On Raphi enquiring what was the matter, Jonas, wringing his hands, replied, 'Alas, I loved this woman beyond every thing in this world, and would have persuaded her to return to me, but she refused me because I had turned Mussulman, and vowed she would henceforth spend her days in a nunnery. Since I could not persuade her by fair means, I resolved to make myself master of her by force, so I seized her and threw her down. When she saw she was in my power she sat quite still, but watching her opportunity, drew a dagger—' Here Jonas was overwhelmed with grief, and Raphi was so affected at the melancholy end of one so young and so beautiful, that he burst into tears too. Raphi, however, shortly consoled Jonas in these words:—'God did not design that you should live with her, but has provided something better for you.' 'How?' said Jonas.

'Know then,' said Raphi, 'I have taken prisoner a person of admirable beauty, dressed in the most gorgeous apparel; she will I present to you as a recompence for your loss;'" &c., &c., &c.

This murderous band of Saracens returned with their spoil to Damascus; and the apostate Jonas, who was the cause of all this misfortune to his own countrymen, for a long time after discharged the duties of a brave and sincere Mussulman, and was at last shot in the breast at the battle of Yermuk. "After he was dead he was seen in a vision," says Alwakidi, "by Raphi Ebn Omeirah, richly clothed and with gold shoes on his feet, walking in a most beautiful verdant meadow. Raphi asked him what God had done for him? 'God has given me,' said Jonas, 'seventy young women, so bright and beautiful, that if any one of them should appear in the world, the sun and the moon could not be seen for the brightness of her beauty!'" This, we may imagine, has been recorded in Alwakidi's book for the encouragement of proselytes.

The Caliph Abubeker died the day Damascus was taken, and was succeeded by Omar, who removed the fierce Caled, "the sword of God," from the command of Syria, and appointed the

more humane Abu Obeidah in his place, so that the unhappy Damascenes got the full benefit of their capitulation with the latter chieftain. The Caliph in his letter giving Abu Obeidah the command, characterises the pursuit of the Damascene fugitives as a rash undertaking, "and," says the Caliph, "if God had not been most merciful, you would not have come off so well." The Saracens, very shortly after the capture of Damascus, overran the whole of Syria. Abu Obeidah leaving a garrison at Damascus, marched upon Baalbec, then a populous and wealthy place, and on their march they intercepted 400 loads of silk and sugar on its way to the town. Baalbec made a most valiant defence, and at last obtained an honourable capitulation.

When before Hems, Alwakidi relates an anecdote curiously illustrative of the religious enthusiasm which bore the Saracens onwards in their irresistible progress.

Caled's cousin, in the midst of the encounter, shouted out, "Methinks I see the black-eyed girls looking upon me, one of which, if she should appear in this world, all mankind would die for the love of her, and I see in the hand of one of them a handkerchief of green silk and a cap made

of precious stones, and she beckons me, and calls out, 'Come hither quickly, for I love thee.'" With these words he charged with fury, making havoc wherever he went, until he was at last struck down with a javelin.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CALIPHS OF DAMASCUS.—THE OMMIADES.—THEIR CONQUESTS.—THE ABASSIDES.—THE SLAUGHTER OF THE OMMIADES.—THE REMOVAL OF THE CALIPHATE TO BAGDAD.——DAMASCUS CONQUERED BY THE TURKMANS.—THE SULTAN NOUREDDIN.—THE SULTAN SALADIN.—DESTRUCTION BY TIMOUR.

THE most brilliant period in the history of Damascus is the century during which it became the seat of the Caliphate, and the capital of the whole Mussulman world. Under the sway of the Caliphs of Damascus, the Mussulmen extended their empire to the banks of the Ganges in the east, to the shores of the Black Sea in the north, to Spain and France in the west, to the confines of Nubia in the south, and over nearly the whole Mediterranean sea, possessing themselves of an empire almost as extensive as that of antient Rome. The Caliphs of the family of the Ommiades reigned at Damascus as "commanders of the faithful" for ninety-one years, or according to some Oriental writers from the year 32 to 132 of the

Hegira*, there were fourteen Caliphs of this family.

The first Caliph of Damascus was Moawyah Ben Abi Sophyan, a person of high reputation among the Arabians; he was made governor of the province of Syria after its entire conquest from the Saracens by the Greeks, during the Caliphate of Othman, the successor of Omar, and the third after Mahomet. On the murder of Othman by a sudden revolt of some Arab and Egyptian troops at Medina, a long war ensued which ended in the establishment of Moawyah in the Caliphate in the forty-first year of the Hegira, who fixed the seat of government at Damascus.

In the reign of this Caliph the Saracens, under the command of the Caliph's son Yezid, formed the first siege of Constantinople. After a reign of nineteen years Moawyah died in the city of Damascus, and was magnificently interred in one of the mosques.

He was succeeded by his son Yezid, who is always cursed by the Persian writers, and his name is never mentioned by them but with the following malediction,—Lâana hu Allah, "The curse of God be upon him," because he killed Hosein, the son of Ali, who refused to recognize

* D'Herbelot, Bibliothêque Orientale.

his title to the Caliphate. The Arabic historians relate, that the inhabitants of Cufah took part with the family of Ali; and revolting, proclaimed Hosein on the death of Moawyah. The caliph of Damascus hearing the news, despatched Obeidallah with a party of troops against them; and this Arab captain encountering Hosein on the plain of Kerbela on his way to Cufah, with a guard of seventy-two persons only, slew him after a desperate encounter with his whole band of followers, in the year of the Hegira 61.

On the morning of that fatal day, Hosein mounted on horseback, with his sword in one hand and the Koran in the other; and after a fierce encounter, the battle ceased on the death of the last of the companions of the son of Ali. Alone, weary and wounded, the venerable chief seated himself at the door of his tent. "As he tasted a drop of water he was pierced in the mouth with a dart; and his son and nephew, two beautiful youths, were killed in his arms. He lifted his hands to heaven, they were full of blood, and he uttered a funeral prayer for the living and for the dead. In a transport of despair, his sister issued from the tent, and adjured the leader of the Cufians, that he would not suffer Hosein to be murdered before her eyes. A tear trickled down

the venerable beard of Hosein, and the boldest of the soldiers fell back as the dying hero threw himself among them."*

Hosein is called Schehadat, or the Martyr, by the Persians, and his death is publicly lamented by them every year on the 13th of the month Moharrem, which is called Joum Houssein, or "the day of Hosein."

The children and sisters of Ali were brought in chains to the throne of Damascus. The caliph was advised to extirpate the whole race, but the feelings of mercy prevailed, and they were honourably dismissed.

Hosein's head was sent to Damascus, and barbarously insulted by the Caliph. It was then buried at a place called, Bab el farades, within the city, from whence it was afterwards transported to Ascalon, in Palestine, and then to Cairo, by the Fatimite caliphs, where it was buried in the magnificent mosque, still existing in that city, erected for the purpose, called the Maschedad Houssein, or the "Mosque of the martyr Hosein."†

This murder was productive of the most important results; it produced the implacable hatred that subsequently existed between the Ommiades

* Gibbon. † D'Herbelot Bibliothèque Orientale.

and Abassides, it caused a schism in the Mussulman world, and occasioned the subsequent destruction of Damascus. It was the main cause of the rise of the Abassides, of the dethronement of the Ommiades, and of the removal of the Caliphate to Bagdad.

Yezid marched from Damascus at the head of 10,000 of the bravest Arabs, and his standard was joined by many thousand converts. The whole northern coast of Africa was subjugated by the Saracens, and the Caliph of Damascus penetrating to the verge of the Atlantic ocean spurred his horse into the waves, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Great God, if my course was not stopped by this sea, I would still go on to the unknown kingdoms of the west, preaching the unity of thy holy name, and putting to the sword the rebellious nations who worship any other god but thee."

Mohammed Ben Cassem remarks, that Yezid was the first of the caliphs who drank wine, and was attended upon by eunuchs; he is reproached for caressing and fondling dogs, and is said by Rabî al Akhiar, to have been without piety and generosity. The history of his reign has been written by Al Fadhl al Berid, who calls him Acbar Jezid.

He died in the sixty-fourth year of the Hegira, A. D. 683, and was succeeded by his son Moawyah Ben Yezid, a youth of twenty-one, who after a short reign of six weeks, resigned the government into the hands of Mervan, the son of Hakem, who was of the family of the Ommiades. This Caliph, after a short reign of a year and nine months, is said to have been poisoned by his wife; others relate, that she strangled him with a pillow of feathers, which she put upon his mouth, and sat upon it while he was asleep. He was succeeded by his son Abdalmalek, who was surnamed Rasch el Hegiarat, on account of his avarice. During this Caliphate, the sovereign of Damascus extended his empire to the banks of the Ganges in the east, to Spain in the west, and to Mecca in the south. It is remarkable too for the first establishment of a national mint. The Saracens, in possession of the Persian and Roman treasures, had been previously content with the coin of Chosroes and of Cæsar, but by the command of this Caliph, a coinage of both gold and silver was struck. The Caliph had a curious dream, which was interpreted to him as signifying that four of his children should enjoy the Caliphate after him, which prediction was subsequently verified. He died after a reign of twenty-one years, and was

buried just without the walls of Damascus. He was tolerant to the Christians of Damascus, and refused to turn them out of a church which the Moslems wished him to deprive them of. He was succeeded by Valid, the eldest of sixteen male children whom he left behind him, in the eighty-sixth year of the Hegira.

In the short space of nine years and a half, during which this Caliph occupied the throne, part of Spain, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, &c., &c., in Europe, and Transoxiana, Turquestan, and India, in Asia, were subjugated to his government. He enlarged and beautified the Temple of Mecca, and constructed the great mosque of Damascus, called the "Mosque of the Ommiades," out of the superb Church of St. John Baptist, which had been enriched for many ages by the treasure of the Greek emperors, and which he compelled the Christians to give up to him for a sum of money which he offered them in lieu of the building. He built the two lofty minarets attached to this mosque from which the Muezzins call the people to daily prayers.

To enlarge the Mosque of Medina he ordered the houses occupied by the concubines of Mahomet to be pulled down, which gave great umbrage to the inhabitants of that city, who reproached

him with depriving the Mussulmen, who came from different parts of the world, of the edifying opportunity of witnessing the modesty and humility of Mahomet demonstrated by the plain little houses which the prophet had built to lodge his women in*.

The historian Khondemir remarks that while the Syrian writers exalt this man as the greatest of the Ommiades, the other Mussulmen writers speak of him as a violent and cruel tyrant.

The reign of this Caliph is rendered illustrious by the rapid conquests that were made in Spain under the Caliph's general, Musa, the nature of whose services was misrepresented at the court of Damascus. A messenger was despatched by the Caliph, who entered Musa's camp at Luga in Gallicia, and in the presence of the Saracens and the Christians arrested the bridle of his horse, and recalled him to Damascus. His long triumph from Ceuta to Damascus displayed the spoils of Africa and the treasures of Spain; 400 Gothic nobles with gold coronets and girdles were distinguished in his train, and the number of male and female captives selected for their birth or beauty was computed at 18 or even 30,000 persons. Under the reign of this Caliph the Greek language

* Bibliot. Orientale d'Herbelot.

and characters were excluded from the accounts of the public revenue, and this change is supposed to have been productive of the invention or familiar use of our present numerals, the Arabic or Indian cyphers, "a regulation of office," remarks Gibbon, "which has promoted the most important discoveries of arithmetic, algebra, and the mathematical sciences."

The Caliph Valid was succeeded by his brother Soliman Ben Abdalmalek, who was at Ramleh when he heard of the Caliph's death, and immediately hurried to Damascus to take possession of the Caliphate. The Saracen chief Tarik, who had been the cause of Musa's recall from the command in Spain, was disgraced by this Caliph immediately on his accession. He was publicly whipped, and made to stand a whole day in the sun before the palace; he was then dismissed in honourable exile, under the name of a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Caliph Soliman charmed every body, says Khondemir, with his eloquence. During his caliphate Georgia and Circassia were conquered by his general Yezid; in Spain "the Royal Legion" of Damascus was planted at Cordova; that of Emesa at Seville; and that of Palestine at Algeziras. "The natives of Yemen and of Persia were scattered around Toledo, and

the inland country and the fertile seats of Granada were bestowed on 10,000 horsemen of Syria and Irak."*

Under this caliphate was formed the second siege of Constantinople. "The Emperor's ambassador returned from Damascus with the tremendous news that the Saracens were preparing an armament by sea and land, such as would transcend the experience of the past or the belief of the present age."

Soliman when on his death-bed called Ragib, his vizier, and caused him to write down, that it was his last wish that his cousin Omar Ben Abdalâziz should succeed him, on condition that his brother should be named to succeed after Omar. All the great chiefs of the Caliph's court were assembled and made to swear that they would exert themselves to fulfil the Caliph's wishes. Omar was accordingly declared Caliph, and began his reign in the 99th Hegira.

On Omar's accession, it is said they brought him the superb horses of the late Caliph to mount, but he sent them away, and continued to ride the same beast and live in the same house that he did when only a private individual. The great lords

* Gibbon.

of his court, much surprised, told him that he ought to take possession of the palace of the Caliphs; but he told them, that he had at his own house every luxury of which he stood in need.

This amiable Caliph, who was remarkable for his justice and goodness, manifested an affection for Ali and his descendants, which caused his death. He ordered the curses which Moawyah had caused to be publicly pronounced in the mosques against Ali and his race, to be discontinued, and in place of them he caused to be pronounced the verse in the Koran "Pardon, O Lord, our faults, and pardon the faults of all those who profess the same ith as ourselves." This, it is supposed, gave umbrage to the powerful family of the Ommiades, who were fearful lest he might attempt some change in the order of succession. He was poisoned by a slave, and died at the age of forty, in the 101st year of the Hegira.

Mirkhond relates, that "when the Caliph was lying in bed, suffering from the effects of the poison, his friends wished him to try some remedy, but the Caliph replied, that he was resigned to the will of God, and so persuaded that the term of man's life was inevitably fixed, that if it was necessary only to put a drop of oil into his ear to get well, he would not do it. His expenses are

said to have been two crowns a-day."* He was succeeded by Yezid Ben Abdalmalek, the brother of the Caliphs Valid and Soliman.

This Caliph Yezid had two beautiful concubines, with whom he was desperately in love, called Salamah and Hababah. The Caliph, it is said, diverting himself in a garden with one of these ladies, took a grape and threw at her; the lady put the grape into her mouth, and was in the act of swallowing it when it stuck fast in her throat; she immediately turned black in the face, reeled and fell, and was at last choked. The Caliph wept and raved, and would not allow the body to be buried; he kept it by him until it became so offensive that all the domestics fled away, and the poor Caliph himself very shortly died of grief, in the 125th year of the Hegira, after a short reign of four years and a month†.

He was succeeded by his brother Haschem Ben Abdalmalek, the fourth son of the Caliph Abdalmalek, who is reported to have been a most avaricious prince, and never to have allowed the keys of his treasures to go out of his own hands. He is said to have been passionately fond of horses,

* Mohammed Al Agiari. d'Herbelot. Bibl.

† Khondemir, Bibliotêque Orientale.

and to have had 4000 in his stables at Damascus: also to have possessed 700 coffers full of rich furniture and merchandize, sealed with his seal. During the Caliphate of Haschem the Saracens had spread themselves over Spain, and had invaded France,—"the vineyards of Gascony, and the city of Bourdeaux were possessed by the sovereign of Damascus, and the South of France, from the mouth of the Garronne to that of the Rhone, assumed the religion and the manners of Arabia."* These narrow limits were scorned by his general Abdalrahnman, who pushed on his conquests to Lyons and Besançon. He first reduced a rebel Moorish chief, Munuza, in the mountains of Cerdagne, and sent his widow captive to Damascus, "to gratify the desires, or, more probably, the vanity of the commander of the faithful." His career was at last checked by the celebrated battle fought with Charles Martel.

The Caliph Haschem died in the 125th year of the Hegira, and was succeeded by his nephew Valid, the son of the Caliph Yezid. His debauchery and excesses caused a revolt; the insurgents placed at their head Yezid, his cousin-german, son of Valid the First, and attacked him in his palace,

* Gibbon.

where he was killed after a short and inglorious reign of a year and two months. Yezid Ben Valid Ben Abdalmalek was then elevated to the Caliphate. This Caliph is said to have been very proud of his genealogy. His mother Mah Afrid was a daughter of Firouz, the son of Izdegird, king of Persia, and was descended on the side of her father from a daughter of the emperor Maurice, and the Caliph claimed among his ancestors Chosroes, king of Persia, the Cæsar, emperor of the Romans, and Khachan, emperor of the Turks.

He died of the plague after an inglorious reign of six months, in the 126th year of the Hegira, and was succeeded by his brother Ibrahim Ben Valid, who reigned only two months and a few days; for he had scarcely been seated on the throne ere Mervan, the grandson of Mervan the first Caliph, advanced towards Damascus from Mesopotamia with a large army, to depose him. The Caliph drew out of the city with 26,000 men, a battle was fought, and he was utterly defeated by Mervan, who shortly appeared with his victorious troops before the city, and deposed Ibrahim from the Caliphate.

This Mervan then mounted the throne of Damascus, and was proclaimed Caliph in that capital, in the year of the Hegira 127. Mervan is the

fourteenth and last Caliph of the house of Ommyah.

Saffah, the son of Mohammed, the son of Ali, the son of Abdallah, the son of Abbas, claimed to be the lawful successor of the apostle of God, and in the year 132 of the Hegira, Abdallah, the uncle of Saffah, advanced from Arabia at the head of a powerful army, to vindicate the rights of his nephew. The Caliph Mervan met him at the head of 12,000 Moslems, on the banks of the Zab. At the commencement of the battle we are told that the Caliph was obliged to descend from his horse for some necessary occasion, when the animal immediately galloped off without his rider. The troops, on seeing the horse, concluded that the Caliph was slain, and took to flight.

Mervan, seeing the discomfiture of his forces, exclaimed, "Edha atmat almeddat lam ianfâ alêddat,"—which signifies that when the hour prescribed by the eternal decree has arrived, human prudence and fortitude must struggle in vain.

Mervan then fled to Damascus, but not finding himself secure in that city, he escaped into Egypt, where he was pursued and killed in a second encounter in the 132d year of the Hegira.

Thus perished the last of the Ommiad Caliphs of Damascus. All the branches of his family were

destroyed, the bodies were burned, the ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were accursed. One youth, however, of the family, escaped the fury of the Abassides; he fled from Egypt into Barbary, and then crossing over into Spain, he laid the foundation of the dynasty of the Ommiades of Spain, who reigned in that country for 152 years.

Abdallah stormed Damascus, and, according to the Persian history, Bena kiti, or the "construction of the world," there was a most frightful massacre of the Ommiades and their adherents, and torrents of blood were shed ere Saffah was firmly seated on the throne. Abdallah inveigled, it is said, eighty chiefs of the family of Ommyah to a banquet at a house in Damascus, where he caused them all to be murdered, in cold blood, by a party of his followers, who were armed with wooden clubs, after which he caused the bodies to be covered over with a table-cloth, upon which he feasted his officers, whilst many of the poor wretches underneath were still lingering in the agonies of death *.

On the destruction of the Ommiades, Damascus ceased to be the seat of the Caliphate, and the

* D'Herbelot, Bibliot. Orientale, p. 692.

capital of a widely extended dominion. The chosen residence of the Ommiades was detested by the Abassides, and after the death of Saffah, the first Caliph of the Abassides, who reigned four years at Cufah, his successor Abou Giafar Almansor pitched on a pleasant meadow on the eastern bank of the Tigris for the future capital of the Moslem world. Almansor laid the foundations of Bagdad, which became the seat of the Caliphs for the space of five centuries. But the power and splendour of the Saracen empire rapidly declined after the removal of the Caliphate to Bagdad. In the new city, the Abassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first Caliphs, and aspired to imitate the magnificence of the Persian kings. We hear of camels laden with snow for the royal banquets*. We hear of a thousand pearls of the largest size being showered upon the head of the Caliph's bride; of slaves with girdles glittering with gold and gems; 7000 black eunuchs, and 4000 white eunuchs; and a long account of expensive magnificence which draws strongly upon our credulity†.

"The luxury of the Caliphs relaxed the nerves, and terminated the progress of the Arabian em-

* D'Herbelot, p. 530.

† See the historian Abulpheda, Annal. Moslem.

pire." The Mussulman world was no longer under one head; the Ommiades reigned over an independent Caliphate in Spain. The conquest of the Saracens had been pushed to their greatest extent, and henceforth we gaze only on a declining empire, successively overrun by the Turkmans, the Tartars, and the Latins.

Damascus continued under the sway of the Caliphs of Bagdad until the sceptre was transferred from the hands of the Abassides to the family of the Fatimites, when the city passed under the sway of the Egyptian Caliphs, until it was wrested from them by Atsiz the Carismian, the lieutenant of Malek Shah; it then fell into the hands of the fierce pastoral tribes of the Seljukian Turks, who ruled the country with a rod of iron. The chief of these wild pastoral hordes in Syria styled himself "the Sultan of Damascus;" of these the Sultan Noureddin is celebrated for his justice. He was the terror of the great, and the refuge of the poor. After the Sultan's death an oppressed subject is said to have called aloud in the streets of Damascus, "O Noureddin, Noureddin, where art thou now? Arise to pity and protect us;" a tumult was apprehended, and a living tyrant trembled at the name of a dead monarch. Noureddin drove back Louis, King of France, and Conrad,

the third Emperor of Germany, who had formed the siege of Damascus. He caused Baldwin to retreat with precipitation from that city, and after a glorious reign of twenty-nine years he died at Damascus on the 15th of May, 1174. Strangers from all parts, it is said, flocked to the city to live under his mild and benignant sway; his young son Ismael was deposed by the great Saladin, who took possession of the kingdom. After the brilliant exploits of which Syria was at that time the theatre, and the fierce contests with our "Lion-hearted Richard," Saladin returned to Damascus to re-establish his health.

He made a grand entry into the city, and was received by the inhabitants, who had not beheld their prince for many years, with tears of joy. He reformed the abuses of the government and the administration of justice, and when the Christian ambassadors came to Damascus to have an audience of him, he was found joining in the innocent sports of his children. This great man died of an ague in his palace within the walls of the old castle *.

It was in 1301 that Timour the Tartar made his fierce inroad into Syria and destroyed Damascus. On his way to the city he was encoun-

* Bibliothêque des Croisades.

tered and almost overthrown by the armies of Egypt, who advanced to protect that capital; but a revolt of the Mamelukes obliged the Sultan to retreat with precipitation to his palace of Cairo, and the poor Damascenes were abandoned to their fate.

The inhabitants, however, manfully defended their walls, and Timour was beaten off on the first attack. Expecting a long resistance, he had recourse to a stratagem. He pretended a great veneration for a city that had been so long the residence of the Caliphs, and proposed a capitulation on very favourable terms for the inhabitants. As soon as he had introduced himself within the walls, under the faith of this capitulation, he raised the mask, and declared himself the avenger of Hosein and his family, who had been murdered by the Caliph Yezid. The inhabitants were put to the torture—women and children reduced to slavery—the city was set on fire—a contribution of ten millions of gold was imposed—and a general massacre of the descendants of those Syrians who had executed or approved the murder of Hosein, was ordered. A family which had given honourable burial to the head of Hosein, and a colony of artificers, the manufacturers of the celebrated swords, whom he transported to exercise their craft at

Samarcand, were alone spared in the general massacre. "After a period of seven centuries, Damascus was reduced to ashes because a Tartar was moved by religious zeal to revenge the blood of an Arab."*

As "the Gate of Mecca," the place of rendezvous for the great caravan of pilgrims, Damascus has always been considered one of the most sacred of the Moslem cities; and being annually filled with a vast crowd of religious fanatics hurrying on to the tomb of the prophet, it is not strange that the population has always been so remarkable for its fanaticism and bigotry towards Christians. Even now, at the period of the assembling of the great caravan, it would hardly be prudent for Franks to exhibit themselves in their hats and coats before the crowd of bald-headed wretches, clothed in dirty garments and greasy wrappers, which then throng all the thoroughfares, burning with religious zeal.

On the capture of Damascus by Ibrahim Pasha, this bigotry and prejudice towards a particular class was no longer allowed to manifest itself. The fanaticism and bigotry generally entertained by Mussulmen against Franks were in Ibrahim

* Gibbon.

Pasha much modified, by the experience he obtained of their vast power and superior intelligence during his campaigns in Greece, and by the result of the battle of Navarino. From the entrance of Ibrahim Pasha, therefore, into Damascus, the absurd fanaticism of the Damascenes against Franks and Christians, many of whom were guiding and instructing the advance of the victorious regiments, was repressed by the strength and vigour of the Pasha's government, which made no distinction of creed, and reduced the turbulent and disaffected into subjection to the law. The seditious crowd, which before had revolted and beheaded the governor, with his principal officers, on the report that an arrangement had been made for the establishment of a British consul in the place, was now effectually quelled, and Mr. Farren made his public entry into the city in a hat and coat, amid an immense course of spectators, in the spring of 1833. The crowd, I am told, was immense, and an individual who was among the populace at that period informs me that they were very hostile to the proceedings of the day, and murmured greatly at the exhibition as a dangerous innovation; but all ebullitions of discontent were repressed by the presence of a large military force which lined the streets. Never

was Damascus in so excited a state. The old Turks and Damascenes stroked their beards with astonishment, and said to one another, "The heavens will fall down upon our heads next."

The establishment of a British consul has, no doubt, removed many prejudices. Mr. Farren enjoys great consideration in the place, and the intercourse that subsists between him and the principal Damascene gentlemen, and between Mrs. Farren and the ladies, has no doubt tended to remove many prejudices and false notions concerning Europeans.

Two British mercantile houses had been established in Damascus, previous to the arrival of Mr. Farren. Ibrahim Pasha's new governor, Shereef Pasha, was very friendly to Europeans, and the local government under his administration recovered debts due from Damascenes to British subjects with promptitude and alacrity. The English merchants, however, generally find Beirout a more eligible place of business, and I understand that the mercantile establishments at Damascus are not likely to increase at present.

CHAPTER XVI.

PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF SYRIA.—HOW AFFECTED BY MOHAMMED ALI'S CONQUEST.—IBRAHIM PASHA'S ADDRESSES.—SYRIAN GOVERNMENT.—EXACTIONS.—CONSCRIPTIONS.—INSURRECTIONS.—INSECURITY OF PERSON AND PROPERTY.—BEIROUT MERCHANTS' STATEMENT.—INDUSTRIOUS HABITS DESTROYED.—GENERAL IMPOVERISHMENT.—GRADUAL DECLINE.

"Dites, monumens des temps passées! les cieux ont ils changé leurs lois, et la terre sa marche? le soleil a-t-il éteint ses feux dans l'espace? .. les pluies et les rosées demeurent elles fixées dans les airs? .. les ruisseaux se sont ils taris? et les plantes sont elles privées des semences et de fruit. Le ciel a-t-il dénié a la terre, et la terre à ses habitans, les biens que jadis ils leur accordent. Si rien n'a changé dans la creation, si les mêmes moyens qui existérent subsistent encore, à quoi tient donc, que les races presentes ne soient ce que furent les races passées?"—VOLNEY.

SYRIA, the country so renowned for its wealth and commerce in antient history, and which, in the time of Josephus and of Strabo, was supposed to possess a population of ten millions of inhabitants, is now reduced to a sad state of desertion and solitude. At the present time it is poorer, less

peopled, less cultivated, and possesses fewer natural resources than at any period in its history since the time of Solomon. How is it, we are tempted to exclaim, that cities formerly so celebrated for their magnificence and populousness now lie deserted and in ruins—that plains possessing a fine cultivable soil are now desolate and neglected, that the country generally is deprived of inhabitants, and that the small population at present existing, is collected in thinly scattered villages and towns, while the intermediate district is left uncultivated? Does not the country possess the same natural advantages as formerly, and is there not the same soil and the same climate? What is become of the cities which are enumerated in comparatively recent times, as having been captured by the Moslems after a stout resistance, or ransomed for a heavy tribute? Where is Abyla with its fair, and the thousands of people who annually assembled there for purposes of traffic and commerce? Where Chalcis, which was taxed by the Saracens "at 5000 ounces of gold, 5000 ounces of silver, 2000 robes of silk, and as many figs and olives as would load 5000 asses?" What is the present state of Antioch, "the throne of the successors of Alexander, the seat of the Roman government in the East, which had been decorated by Cæsar with

the title of free, holy and inviolate," and which was ransomed of the Saracens for 300,000 pieces of gold? Where Cæsarea, whose citizens solicited their pardon with an offering to the Saracens of 200,000 pieces of gold? Where such caravans of silk and merchandize as are described to have been captured by the Saracens on their way to the then populous and wealthy city of Baalbec? What now are the state and aspect of Emesa or Hems, Heliopolis or Baalbec, which under the last of the Cæsars were strong and populous?—"Their turrets glittered from far, an ample space was covered with private and public buildings, and the citizens were illustrious by their spirit or their pride, their riches or their luxury." *

Of the various cities that are enumerated in the antient geography of Syria the very sites of many are now undetermined, and others are dwindled to a mud village or a heap of ruins. What now are Antioch and Cæsarea, Tyre and Sidon, and what the antient Berytus? where its famous law school which, less than a century before the Saracenic invasion, distributed annually its hundreds of students throughout the eastern empire, to defend and explain the complicated rights connected with the property which then existed in the country, but

* Gibbon.

which no longer exists to employ the talents and ingenuity of the learned professors of that science? "The court of the Prætorian Prefect of the East could alone furnish employment for one hundred and fifty advocates, sixty-five of whom were distinguished by peculiar privileges, and two were annually chosen with a salary of sixty pounds of gold to defend the causes of the treasury."*

The inhabitants of these countries were sunk in effeminacy—they were unaccustomed to war—they were enervated and relaxed, and were without spirit, bravery, or patriotism. The Saracens poured like a devouring torrent over their peaceful plains and smiling valleys,—they were animated by the booty which awaited their grasp, and their fierce religious zeal hurried them irresistibly forward in their enthusiastic course; they seized the strongholds of the land, and ruled the country by the sword; they were not cultivators of the soil, nor did they seek to extend their empire by promoting the arts of industry and of peace. They were all mere consumers—they lived themselves upon the industry of the people whom they conquered, and on the wealth and capital which they found in the country when they took possession of it.

* Gibbon.

From the very first establishment, however, of the wide extended empire of these fierce spoliators, it was plainly manifest that it carried with it the seeds of a sure and rapid decline. The industrious classes, upon whom these conquerors must of course have leaned for support, were rapidly diminished by oppression. The robber chiefs and their wild bands turned not their attention to the cultivation of the soil; the arts of peace were not their trade, and they very soon destroyed all habits of industry and all incitement to acquire property among the population whom they conquered, by their arbitrary exactions and the insecurity that was felt under their sway. Production diminished, capital diminished, and the population, year by year, gradually declined. The conquered population felt no motive to acquire property, which was every moment liable to be taken from them, and all their labour to be thus spent in vain.

When these ruthless conquerors had devoured the substance of the vanquished, their cupidity reacted against themselves; they fell out, they pillaged one another, and, from the highest potentate to the meanest governor, the land presented one scene of robbery, plunder, confiscation, and massacre; disorder was introduced among all classes of society; there were no settled laws or

fixed principles of justice; year after year person and property became more and more insecure; the natural incitements to industry were destroyed; the annual production from employed capital gradually diminished; the wealth of the country gradually decreased, and the population with the means of subsistence.

Under the sway of the sultans of Constantinople, the country has been desolated by the wars of rival Pashas, and the unfortunate inhabitants have been massacred and pillaged in civil strife. When one Pasha became sufficiently powerful to excite jealousy at Constantinople, the Ottoman Porte encouraged and assisted others in humbling his power. It is only necessary to look into the modern history of Syria, and peruse the bloodshed and strife connected with the names of Sheikh Daher, Osman Pasha, Sheikh Youzeef, Mohammed Bey, Djezzar Pasha, the Druses, the Bedouins, &c., &c., to observe a mournful catalogue of pillage, spoliation, and massacre, and to see a miserable population the victims of the avarice and the ambition of their rulers. We see the country unsettled and torn by faction and civil war,—we mark no lengthened interval of repose and peace, but we observe both person and property every where insecure; crops seized, land going out of

cultivation, and population diminishing. Many villages and towns are now no longer recognizable, from the accounts of modern travellers. Baalbec is described by Burckhardt, when he visited it, as possessing a population of 5000 persons, several mosques, the serai of an Emir, and cows and goats worth from £30 to £35 a piece!—but what a different aspect does it now present!

The attention of Europe has of late been directed to the stirring events of which Syria has been the theatre, and various have been the speculations as to the influence which the occupation of this interesting country by the troops of Mohammed Ali may have upon its future destinies.

The leading events of Ibrahim Pasha's campaign, are too recent and too well known to need recapitulation. Many individuals have industriously employed themselves in analysing the motives which prompted Mohammed Ali to the conquest, and have attempted to give us satisfactory reasons for the permanent occupation of the country by that grasping and ambitious potentate. There can be no doubt whatever, that Mohammed Ali had been long planning the conquest of Syria, and had for a long time been watching a fitting opportunity for putting his ambitious schemes into execution. The events of the Greek war mani-

fested the Sultan's weakness, and the withdrawal of Mohammed Ali's forces from the Morea, without orders, was the first symptom of a coolness between the Sultan and his powerful vassal.

The two chief motives which prompted the Pasha to undertake the conquest of Syria, were to obtain recruits for his army among the Syrian population, and an increase of revenue to his exchequer by introducing into the country the same grinding system of taxation and monopoly as that which had been introduced into Egypt. The rapid success of Ibrahim Pasha dazzled the eyes of Europe; but Syria had been taken completely by surprise, and there was no organized force to check the progress of so experienced a general and so well disciplined an army as that which invaded the country.

Pompous dispatches were published in the city of Alexandria during the progress of the campaign, entitled "Bulletins of the army of Syria," in which the different exploits of the Egyptian army were made to appear most brilliant to attract the attention of Europe, and gratify the vanity of Mohammed Ali by giving a high idea of his military power. From the capture of Acre, Ibrahim's progress through Syria was a mere triumphal procession. He took possession of Da-

mascus without scarcely firing a shot. He entered Aleppo and Antioch almost unopposed, although his contest with the irregular bands of countrymen collected together by the Pashas of Aleppo, Tripoli, and Damascus figured, in the Alexandrian bulletins, as a great battle fought against an army of 20,000 men, in which 2000 were killed, 4500 taken prisoners, and tents, ammunition, and thirty-one pieces of cannon, &c., &c., captured. Ibrahim forced the defiles of mount Taurus, and the only serious opposition that the great general appears to have encountered was at Koniah.

When the Egyptian army had passed Mount Taurus, and was encamped in the plains of Asia Minor, addresses were distributed to the population, holding out a hope of a better state of things under the protecting and benignant sway of Ibrahim Pasha, who was come, in the language of these documents, to emancipate the country from the tyranny and oppression under which it had so long groaned.

By the end of July, 1833, after the conclusion of peace, Ibrahim repassed Mount Taurus. He halted at Adana, and employed European engineers in fortifying the passes of the mountains, and strengthening his newly acquired frontier. The Syrian people were dazzled by his rapid and

brilliant success. They formed great expectations from the language of the addresses which he had distributed among them, and from the general reports that were circulated, of a better state of things arising under the government of Mohammed Ali than under the old system. The tyranny, the oppression, and the insolence of local governors would now, it was said, be effectually annihilated; the sanguinary wars promoted by rival Pashas, and the pillage and devastation of the country, would give way to tranquillity and happiness under a strong government, which would extend equal protection to all.

The too sanguine hopes of the Syrians were, however, soon most miserably disappointed. The principle that the chief aim of government ought to be to promote the interest and happiness of those committed to its charge, is not received by Mohammed Ali, any more than by other Eastern governors, and the lightening of the burdens of the people, and affording security to property, comported not at all with his ambitious views and designs.

The Syrians still possessed property to be seized, and there was still some small rural population left which would serve the Pasha for soldiers, of which he stood in great need. The fair promises,

therefore, which had been made were not intended to be realized; nor was the language of the addresses a true exposition of the principles upon which the Pasha intended to conduct the government of the country. The addresses were distributed when a powerful army was in front, and a doubtful population was in the rear. They were issued to calm the minds of the excited, and to inspire confidence in the new government. Peace, however, being concluded, and the frontier fortified against an attack from the Turks, the real designs of Mohammed Ali were very shortly unfolded.

The ambition and the grasping propensities of this potentate had extended his dominion to the north, east, and south of Egypt. His troops were already in the occupation of Sennaar, and were pushed on to the confines of Abyssinia. In the Hedjaz he was engaged in a difficult and expensive war with the Wahabee Arabs; and on the Syrian frontier he was constructing stations and fortresses, and establishing garrisons to protect his newly acquired dominions from the attempts of the Ottoman Porte. To support all these operations men and money were required, and they were shortly exacted with a merciless rigour. The hopes of the Syrians were blasted, and the language of the Pasha's addresses, so full of promise,

was falsified. The grinding system of taxation, the heavy exactions that were made in the Syrian towns and villages, and the harshness employed to compel the people to enter the military service, threw the population at once into despair.

In the commencement of 1834, insurrections broke out in the mountains of Nablous, on Djebel Khalil, and in various parts of Palestine. Some of them, it is admitted, were promoted by the lawless and the disaffected to all settled government; others were fostered by the Sheikhs, who were discontented at their exactions from Christian pilgrims being put an end to, and many by the Bedouin Arabs and the mountaineers of Lebanon, who were discontented that the contributions they had been in the habit of imposing upon villages had been stopped. The Egyptian regiments were discomfited in the neighbourhood of Nablous by the insurgents from the mountains, with great loss. The Bedouin Arabs crossed the Jordan from the eastward, drove back the Egyptians, and threatened Jerusalem, and the aspect of affairs in Syria generally was so alarming, that Mohammed Ali left Egypt on the 24th of June for Jaffa with 8,000 men. This reinforcement soon quieted the country; the villages in the mountains of Nablous were carried at the point of the bayonet, the

insurgents and Bedouin Arabs were defeated with great loss, the town of Nablous itself surrendered, and the whole district shortly submitted to Mohammed Ali. The war carried on here and in the Haouran was of a most exterminating nature. The orders given to the soldiery were, to take all males available for the army and navy, and to exterminate the rest of the inhabitants. In October, 1834, an insurrection broke out in Aleppo, caused by the impressment of soldiers and the despotic acts of authority. It was suppressed after sanguinary conflicts and numerous executions. Revolts took place at Beirout and Antioch, and the population of Kesrouan, a part of Anti-Lebanon, rose in arms.

These outbreaks sufficiently manifested the unpopularity of the government, but must not be entirely attributed to despotic acts of authority; some were promoted by the Bedouins, whose interest it was to keep the country in a state of weakness and turbulence, and others were ebullitions of discontent, partly caused by the favour and protection shewn to Christians.

Ibrahim Pasha, to keep the people in due subjection to his government, disarmed the whole population, and forbad any individuals, on pain of the bastinado, to carry dirks, daggers, or muskets

about with them. Large sums continued to be expended in fortifying the new frontier, and men and money continued to be unrelentingly exacted. The villages and the towns were surrounded by troops, and the youngest, the healthiest, and the strongest of the population were marched off into Egypt, to be trained as soldiers. Of all the arbitrary measures, none created such abhorrence as this; young men maimed themselves, and women maimed their children; some were blinded, and others had their fingers cut off, to avoid the conscription, until the Pasha enforced a stern decree to shoot all such offenders. Many of the most vigorous of the young men were drafted from Beirout; their resistance was overcome with threats and blows, and they were marched off amid the bitter anguish and consternation of their relations, to die of sickness in the interior of Africa, or to leave their bones to whiten on the desert sands of the Hedjaz.

The war in that part of the world proceeded very unfavourably; the troops which had been dispatched to the conquest of Yemen were attacked and utterly defeated by the Arabs; their magazines, stores, and provisions all fell into the hands of the victors, and the Egyptian army was

obliged to fall back upon Mecca, and from thence to flee into Egypt: hence arose the demand for more men and more money, fresh conscriptions and fresh exactions.

In the commencement of the present year, the houses of Damascus were surrounded by troops during the night, and in the morning the strongest and healthiest of the population were picked out and carried off for soldiers. Shortly afterwards, the commander of the garrison at Beirout gave orders to arrest every man, young and old, in order to select from among them those most proper for the military service. All the avenues of the town were guarded by sentinels, and sentinels were placed at the doors of the different consulates to prevent individuals fleeing there for protection. Men were knocked down in the streets amid the screams of women and children; the doors of the houses of all ranks were indiscriminately broken open, and the aged and the infirm were driven into the streets for a proper selection to be made for the service of the army.

At this present time, Syria may be said to be everywhere tranquil; insurrection and rebellion have been crushed by the vigour of the government. The mountaineers of Lebanon have been

entirely disarmed, and the trained regiments of Ibrahim Pasha, everywhere overawe the population into obedience to the government.

Under such circumstances the question naturally asked is, Do you not consider that Ibrahim Pasha's rule is beneficial to the country, and that there is now a hope of the natural resources of these fine regions being again developed, and some chance of their antient prosperity being again restored? An answer in the negative is received with astonishment, or a smile of incredulity.

What! you are asked,—is not the country tranquillized, and the population everywhere reduced to subjection to the law? Can you not now travel everywhere with perfect safety? Is not the whole population now protected without distinction of creed? And are not the rights of the Christians now asserted with the same vigour as those of the Mussulman? Are not the incursions of the Bedouin Arabs, and the contributions levied by them upon villages, put a stop to? Are not the jealousies and quarrels of the rival Pashas entirely suspended, and the probability of civil war rendered much more remote? Is there not a powerful, well disciplined army maintained in Syria; and is not the country stronger in a military point of view

than it ever has been since the downfall of the Caliphs?

All these queries must be answered in the affirmative; and yet it will be maintained that the condition of the people has not been at all bettered by the late changes, nor the constant decline manifested by all this part of the world for centuries past at all checked. Both person and property are even less secure under the present government than they were under the late, and the natural incitements to industry and exertion are even more thoroughly repressed.

To form a correct opinion upon the increasing or diminishing prosperity of a country, we must not regard its momentary military strength, the splendour of its fleets and armies, and the imposing expenditure of a monarch; but we ought to compare closely the internal state of the country at two different periods of time, in a strict observation of its general aspect, in examining whether new houses are built, whether waste land has been brought into cultivation, whether towns and villages are generally on the increase, whether the population is generally better clothed, whether they seem to be in the enjoyment of more comforts, whether they are generally more industrious, and lastly, whether the amount of capital

fixed on the soil, is increasing, stationary, or diminishing. Within the scope of my own observation, I can discover no improvement here; I see no new houses building, no land brought into cultivation which before laid waste. In no direction do I find towns and villages on the increase, but on the contrary, everywhere decreasing; the old inhabitants will point out Baalbec, Kerak, Kusby, &c., in the antient Cœlesyria, and many others in other parts, as much larger villages when they first knew them than they are now, and surrounded by a much larger circle of cultivated ground. All the intermediate districts between the detached villages will be found uncultivated and deserted of inhabitants; you see no produce growing on the soil which is of any value, but where the land is cultivated on the banks of a stream, or in the environs of a village, fruit, roots, and perishable commodities chiefly are grown, such as afford the bare means of subsistence, and hold out no temptation to the grasping cupidity of the government.

Knowing that the passing observations of a traveller are liable to be erroneous, I made enquiries among different classes of individuals for facts connected with the present state of the country as compared with what they could recollect time back, and the statements I have re-

ceived in connexion with my own observation, do not convey any hope or expectation that the circumstances of the country are improving. I make an extract from a written statement furnished me by one of the principal English merchants of Beirout, whose opinion I requested upon the present state of the country.

"With regard to the effect produced on this country," says he, "by its passing under the Egyptian rule, I think it impossible that any person having opportunities of remarking can arrive at any other conclusion than that the much vaunted reforms of Mahomet Ali are a curse to the country.

"In the first place, new imposts have been levied on all the staple products of the country (or at least most of them). On silk a new tax of one piastre for each mulberry tree has been imposed, and very heavy ones on grain of all sorts, flour, oil, cotton, wool, &c. Meat at the present time in Beirout is just 100 per cent, and bread 50 per cent or more, dearer than when first I arrived six years ago, and this after making due allowance for the depreciation of the currency; nor has this rise taken place from a greater abundance of specie, but entirely from augmented taxation and increased value of labour caused by the heavy drain made on the country for soldiers, and the

exterminating war carried on two or three years since in the revolted districts south-west of Aleppo, and in the districts of Nablous and the Haouran.

"In all these places the orders given to the soldiery were to take all males available for the army and navy, and to exterminate the rest of the inhabitants; and many villages before well inhabited are now totally abandoned, and land once cultivated now lying waste. I have known all commerce entirely put a stop to for a month together, by the strict press among the sons of merchants and shopkeepers in Damascus and Aleppo. In the latter place, a few months ago, the troops broke into the houses by night and took by force 7000 men, of whom 700 were ultimately retained for soldiers; and the mosques have been frequently beset during prayer time, and the young and serviceable men entrapped.

"In the summer of 1835, thirteen persons were taken from the house of Mr. Farren, whither they had fled for refuge, by a party of armed men sent by night by the governor.

"Whenever the government requires to transport troops, stores, or ordnance, the mules, horses, camels, &c., are immediately seized, and a stop put to all sorts of business for weeks at a time.

A capitation tax of from three to fifteen pounds

per annum is imposed on all the male inhabitants throughout the country, in addition to the kharaj paid by the Christians.

" The sale of soap, meat, wine and spirits, and many other similar articles, are farmed out to the highest bidder, who buys the exclusive right to deal in them, and then retails them at a greatly augmented price.

" The government frequently prohibits the sale of different kinds of produce, till they have bought a certain quantity themselves, and at a price arbitrarily fixed, in consequence of which the growers lose heavily, and the exporters are at a stand still. Attempts have been made in some instances to monopolize the whole growth of produce, as silk, wool, and cotton; but as yet the remonstrances of the consuls in Egypt have prevented their success, though not without greatly inconveniencing the merchants in the interior.

" To avoid the oppressive acts of government, the natives frequently pay considerable sums to the European consuls to extend to them the protection of their governments, and pass off Arab vessels, &c., as their own property, which causes frequent disputes with the local authorities, and casts contempt on the Europeans. But I never knew their authority to be thus abused for profit

by any British consul, though they cannot always prevent their employés from misusing it.

" The best instance, perhaps, that I can adduce of the effect the Egyptian rule has on the country is, that until lately Syria exported large quantities of grain, so much so, that the late Mr. Abbot, consul at Beirout, had at the breaking out of the Greek war three English vessels loading wheat. Now, however, a regular supply comes from Cyprus, and I have seen in Beirout, for sale, cargoes of wheat from the Black Sea and flour from Europe, and this not in a season of particular scarcity.

" The above are facts for the truth of which I will vouch and speak more clearly than opinions.

" I do not think the British trade with Syria susceptible of much further increase under existing circumstances on the present rate of export of about 400,000*l.* per annum. With a good government, I believe it might readily be trebled in ten years at farthest. Indeed, I consider the country with fair play capable of anything." . . . . . .

The admirers of the Pasha tell us that he is employing Mr. Brettell, an English engineer, on Mount Lebanon, to search for coal, which when purified at a great expense will be a benefit to the country. They tell us he is sending individuals

into Europe to be instructed in the science of war; that others have been dispatched to the West Indies to study the production of sugar. That Mohammed Ali employs English engineers in constructing cotton mills, steam engines, cannon founderies, printing presses, &c., &c. They bid us mark his new and splendid arsenal at Alexandria. They point to the splendour of his fleets, to his trained bands of soldiers, and then exultingly ask us whether the Pasha is not a benefactor to the country. Alas, it is this very display, this very love of parading his mighty mind and transcendent genius before the nations of the world, that causes the misery and impedes the prosperity of the country. It is the outlay required for the support of all these vast establishments that creates the drain upon the land for men and money, and destroys all the incitements to active industry by rendering person and property insecure. As long as personal rights are constantly violated, a feeling of insecurity pervades all classes, and it is folly to expect that the country can become more prosperous, that the people will be rendered more industrious, and that wealth will be accumulated. A man of Mohammed Ali's penetration must plainly perceive that the country can never prosper under the present

system. What cares he, however, for the prosperity of the country, or what it may come to after he is gone. His only object is to maintain his present elevated position, and make some stir in the world whilst he is alive. He feels that the only title he possesses to the country which he rules rests on the sword, and that his only safety lies in the maintenance of a strong army and navy, and on the assumption of an imposing military attitude. The Pasha is a mere military usurper; he possesses no hereditary right, he has no claim upon the affections or gratitude of the people, and there is no influential class upon whom he can rest for support. He has a powerful enemy in the Sultan, who feverishly watches his movements, and crouches in the constant anxious hope of meeting with an opportunity of springing upon him and hurling him from the power which he has clutched so cleverly. Mohammed Ali's only support, therefore, rests upon his army and navy, and his only object is to maintain these on a respectable footing, heedless of the eventual consequences to the countries over which he reigns. His sugar and rice mills, his cotton manufactories, and printing presses in Egypt are all the result of vanity, and are established for the sake of gaining an eclât, a name in Europe, rather than from an honest desire

of doing good to the country and bettering the condition of his people. When I hear individuals maintain that the Pasha is seeking to do good, to better the condition of the population under his rule, to make them more happy, prosperous and comfortable, rather than to aggrandize himself and to keep his hold of his present usurped authority, I wish they could see the scene of excitement, terror and agony in a Syrian village when a press for soldiers is going on, the exasperation among the villagers when their horses and mules are seized for the use of the government, and the stupid despair of some poor cultivator of the ground who sees all his hopes of acquiring a little competence for his family blasted by the grinding exactions made for an arrear of taxes.

The Pasha cares for the country and wishes to improve it, say his admirers. The Pasha cares for himself and for his own aggrandizement, but he cares little what the country he rules may come to after he is gone, "il est arrivé que, poussés à bout par la tyrannie et l'outrage, des villages se sont revoltés; et le Pasha s'en est rejoui: il leur a fait la guerre, il a prit d'assaut leurs maisons, pillé leurs meubles, enlevé leurs animaux; et quand la terre a demeuré deserte; *Que m'importe?* a-t-il dit, *je m'en vais demain.*"

Unfortunately, the most important class of the population—the cultivators of the soil, possess the qualities most calculated to make excellent soldiers; and this, with the Pasha of Egypt, in his present situation, and with his present objects, is a primary consideration; and the circumstance that the country will be in the end ruined by the abstraction of these productive classes, is with him quite a secondary feeling. To a paternal government, one that has been long established, where the family on the throne are desirous of promoting the national prosperity and the national strength, and of handing down to their children after them an improving kingdom and a noble possession, the encouragement of the hardy rural peasantry is their first care, as it is their most sacred duty. These are the only truly important class; these are the men of toil upon whom the entire population leans for subsistence; these are the men attached to the soil upon which they were born, and to the princes who protect them in their just rights; these are the true defenders of the country in time of need; and policy will prompt every wise government to render their lot happy, did not humanity and justice command it. The tendency of all the Pasha's measures is assuredly to complete the

utter destruction of this class much more rapidly than it was being accomplished under the old system of government. Egypt is arrayed against Turkey, and Turkey against Egypt, and both nations press with increased weight upon the productive classes; and the rural population in both is in the course of being utterly annihilated.

We are told that the revenue has increased, and the fact is pointed out to us as a proof of increased prosperity. What a fallacious test! A spendthrift with 500*l.* a year, is gradually ruining himself by spending 1,000*l.* per annum; and then, when he cuts further into his capital, and spends 1,500*l.*, the fact is pointed to us as a proof that he is becoming more prosperous. The government, by increasing its expenditure beyond the natural surplus income of the country, and by disproportioning its expenses to its natural resources, clearly entrenches upon the funds destined for the employment of productive labour, and year by year gradually diminishes the capital of the country employed in the hands of the industrious classes in producing an annual valuable return. Whenever in a state the number of the consumers preponderates over the productive classes, either from habits of idleness becoming diffused

among the population, or by a despotic government so increasing its military establishment and the number of mere consumers, as to render their consumption greater than the annual produce which is abstracted from the soil by the industrious classes; from that moment the capital of the country becomes diminished, and the wealth of the nation begins to decline.

If we look at the immense army kept up in Syria, and the heavy expenses of the government as compared with the present resources of this impoverished country, it is evident that the government is preying upon the capital of the country, is squandering away the property of private individuals, and that its career must be at last stopped by the universal impoverishment it will produce.

All the individuals who have been taken from the plough, and from the different occupations by which they gained a livelihood, to shoulder a musket, no longer leave any result of their labours behind them, nor add in any degree to the wealth of the state. When engaged in agricultural occupations, their labour produced an annual valuable return to the community which is now lost, and they yearly consume so much grain, corn, and capital, without in any way replacing it. The labour of every individual so taken away is lost

to the community, he becomes a mere consumer, and lives upon the industry of the remaining portion of the population. The present system will go on only until the substance of the country is entirely wasted away; and that it carries the germ of destruction with it, unless some change takes place, is very evident.

But the great evil of these arbitrary and tyrannic measures, is the utter destruction they cause to all feeling of "security of person, and security of property;" and when once that feeling is entirely destroyed by the oppressive acts of the government, a nation can never prosper. "It is better," says the proverb, "to play for nothing than to work for nothing." What permanent interest can the cultivator feel in the soil? What motive has he to employ his labour in its improvement—to expend his little stock of capital in purchasing trees whose fruit he may expect to reap in after years, when at a moment's notice he may be kidnapped for a soldier and borne away from his blooming garden to the sandy wilds of Egypt and Arabia? Where in this land of despotism is the cheering motive to industry—the incitement to a love of toil? What motive is there to induce a man to expend the vigorous labour of his younger years in increasing the value of an

immovable possession which he may be forced to quit at a moment's notice? Where that animating incitement to exertion, the desire of securing a heritage to our children, and of establishing our family upon some little secluded spot whose blooming beauties are the result of our own labour and toil expended on the land? Where those cheering impulses to bring into the world a young family, and the desire to see ourselves surrounded by a numerous offspring, for whose happiness and subsistence we hope to provide by our toil and labour, when we see that we are only ushering them into a land of oppression and misery, where we live in constant expectation of having them torn from us to perish in distant inhospitable climes?

What encouraging hope is there of bettering our own condition by industry and exertion,—what motive to rack our brains and tax our ingenuity to invent improvements in husbandry, for the purpose of increasing the productive power of the soil? Alas! in this unhappy country, every step that the poor peasant takes in advance serves only to aggravate his wretchedness, by more completely shewing him his abject condition, and the desperately despotic nature of the authority to which he is subject. From the oppressive mea-

sures that are being carried on around him, he sees that he has no certainty of enjoyment, no secure heritage—nothing, in fact, that he can call his own—or one single temporal possession that he feels any security of being able to retain. His next door neighbour is carried off for a soldier, and he waits with trembling anxiety for his own turn to come; or, wearied with a life of fear and of constant uneasiness, he flies to the mountains to escape his persecutors, and dies perhaps of hunger and fatigue, or throws himself upon the mercy of the Bedouin Arabs, and takes up with their wandering life in the desert. Of what avail to him are the fruitfulness of the soil and the propitiousness of the seasons?—he has no permanent participation in the bounties of nature.

However industriously disposed, however desirous of acquiring property and of adding to his possessions and comforts, he is deterred from employing his industry and his labour on the soil, as the result of every day's experience teaches him this sad lesson, and gives him this melancholy warning:—

The land on which you labour is not your own, and you have no security of enjoying the increased production which will be the result of your industry, therefore acquire not too much affection

for it; toil not in draining the marshes; expend not the few shillings you possess in purchasing and planting trees whose fruit you may hope to reap in after years; cut no canals for irrigation; do not exhaust your little capital and your labour in the planting of vineyards; expend not a shilling upon the soil which you may run the risk of losing; trouble not yourself to clear the ground. Improve the present moment, if you can, but think not of the future, and build no expectations of a permanent occupancy, for you may be carried away for a soldier, or pillaged by the rapacious governor. You have no secure laws to appeal to; equity and justice are unknown in the land. The strong will dispossess you of your acquired enjoyments, and you will only reap bitterness, and disappointment, and vexation of spirit.

Thus it is that we see the land lie waste, the fertile plains untilled and devoid of inhabitants; a fine country, blessed with all the bounties of nature, and possessing every capability of supporting a numerous population, covered only with the fleeting ruins of modern times, or with the lofty columns and crumbling buildings of antiquity,—memorials of wealth that no longer exists, and of a happy and industrious population, now annihilated. In every direction misery and desolation, poverty

and wretchedness meet our view. A storm of destruction has swept over the breadth and length of the land; industry and happiness no longer exist within its borders, its numerous advantages are neglected, and the once luxuriant, populous, and fertile country is now covered with a gloomy nakedness.

"How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains!"

ADDISON.

THE END.

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